

# MC CALLS



JUNE

10¢

*The Indian-American Girl*  
Neyss McMein's Portrait of Te Ata,  
★ Daughter of a Chickasaw Chief

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES *In this Issue*



## A Dining Room to be Proud of!

Quaint double door, many-paned windows, old cupboard—all fit in so companionably with the modern furniture and gayly patterned *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug.

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**CONGOLEUM**  
ART-RUGS



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There is only one genuine guaranteed Congoleum and that is *Gold-Seal* Congoleum identified by the Gold Seal shown above. This Gold Seal (printed in dark green on a gold background) is pasted on the face of the material. It guards you against substitutes and gives you the protection of our money-back guarantee. Look for it.

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## Letters That Come to McCall Street From Happy Readers Far Away

Dear Editor,—that is how they begin, the thousands of letters which each day's mail brings to the Editor from the many dwellers on McCall Street. Some of the letters are complimentary—and how we enjoy those; some of them take us to task—we worry a little about them; many of them are suggestive, telling us what the writers would like to see in the magazine.

But all of them are intensely interesting since they tell us what you—the dwellers on McCall Street, are thinking, what you want in your magazine, what you enjoy most. McCall's Magazine is edited for its readers; it is *your* magazine. Because we believe you will be interested in some of these letters from the dwellers on McCall Street we are opening the postman's bag as it comes to us, to share them with you.

Dear Editor:

Can you tell Gene Stratton-Porter that I love her articles in your magazine? She seems like a dear and honored friend of my own age (50) who visits me each month at my home on the North Dakota prairie ten miles from town. I am grateful for your good magazine with its subscription price in reach of us farm people.

Mrs. J. D. AMES, Oakes, North Dakota.

Dear Editor:

I have been a subscriber of McCALL'S for all of fifteen years—my mother or I. She has taken it for twenty-five years at least, and it is one of my early memories. Several times in cutting down expenses I have not renewed on time—but I don't stay off McCall Street long. I miss it like one of the family! It's getting better every issue, in every department. Long life and success to McCALL'S!

Mrs. DAISY C. SCOTT, Santa Ana, Cal.

Dear Editor:

Mr. Woolcott didn't tell half the wonder of Neysa McMein. I doubt if anybody could, it's indescribable! And this is what I want to find out:—Are you going to make some prints without lettering on them that will be suitable to frame? I will want all twelve of the covers to frame!

And please have some more Fannie Heaslip Lea stories—I adore them! Think I'm a nuisance? I don't mean to be. I am a McCALL reader, and most sincerely

MARY HARBELL, Austin, Texas.

Dear Editor:

I cannot express my appreciation of Sarah Field Splint's article on breakfasts. It seemed to come just when I was trying to solve the many problems we mothers have over that meal. And to think we are going to have a series of articles by her. Thank you!

Mrs. HARRY STONER, Parkesburg, Pa.

Dear Editor:

During the winter I was so very busy that I did not

read any of my magazines very thoroughly—just laid them aside till I had more leisure.

For this reason I missed your offer of the little booklets, each one treating of a subject in which I am particularly interested. I hope I am not too late to take advantage of the very generous offer. Have checked them all. May I thank you for the very practical help your household department has given me during the many years I have been a reader of McCALL'S. Also for the special articles, and for the splendid quality of its fiction.

Most sincerely, with all good wishes, I am  
Mrs. M. J. RICE, Pittsfield, Mass.

Dear Editor:

For some time past I have been an occasional reader of your magazine, but since you have added a page by Gene Stratton-Porter, I have become an addict.

After reading the first issue I thought it rather improbable that the author would continue to tell the truth fearlessly about the things which concern each and all of us in our daily relations, but as each issue brought home to me a vital message stripped of all non-essentials, my wonder and admiration grew. I have delayed expressing my appreciation of Mrs. Porter's work till I can no longer contain myself in silence.

Oh, how refreshing it is to pick up your magazine and turn to Mrs. Porter's page and find there that at least one of our celebrated authors is portraying the follies of our time. Picturing them, fearlessly, without regard for the popular favor, picturing them with understanding and appreciation. We need more Gene Stratton-Porters, hundreds of them, in this land of ours. We teachers realize this as perhaps few others, but our voices are seldom heard outside the school

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McCall's will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. Any advertisement found to be otherwise should be reported immediately to THE McCALL COMPANY.

# Gene Stratton-Porter's Page



*All that our young people of today need in order to dance these rhythmic, lovely, and chaste dances is the music and instruction*

## Having the Courage of Your Convictions

By Gene Stratton-Porter

Illustrated by Frank Street

**T**HERE is an old adage concerning the determination of the direction of the wind by the flight of a straw. In practise this has proven so true that there is no common saying better established, while it applies to almost every ramification of life. One of the straws on which I have had my eye lately and watched very particularly is that which might be denominated public opinion.

I notice that whenever there is an overwhelming expression of public opinion on any subject, that subject is settled as the majority decides. We have so many laws on our statute books at present that it is impossible even for the lawyers to keep track of them, but this matter of public opinion is above the law. It is not on the statute books, but it determines what shall be done infallibly. Remember what we did to Dewey when he

wanted to give away a piece of property with which we had presented him. Remember what we did to General Grant when he wanted a third term of the presidency.

**I**T WAS the majority that ruled on the temperance question, and for that matter, it is the majority that elects any President that we have. So far as I can see it is public opinion that is controlling the country today; and looking slightly further down the line in an effort to decide precisely who is the public, I find that it is you and it is I. So, after all, what we think about things makes a great deal of difference, makes all the difference there is, in fact, if we think conclusively and with unalterable determination. In the final reckoning it is what the people demand overwhelmingly that happens. It seems to me that the greatest trouble with us is that

we are so slow about getting together and deciding what we really want, what is best for us, what will be fair and right for our children. All of us have opinions and we do a great deal of talking and we make a large number of ineffective gestures. We allow ourselves to be driven to the breaking point with things that we do not like, that we do not want, that we feel in our hearts are not for the best, because at heart we are a long-suffering people. We are accused of being the swiftest nation in the world, and no doubt we are when it comes to commerce, to manufacture, to projects concerning the amassing of money; but we are a slow, long-suffering people when it comes to demanding our manifest rights concerning things of the spirit. There seems to be a reticence about revealing the heart, about stating exactly what we think and feel on

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# Select the style you prefer but be sure it is a Victrola

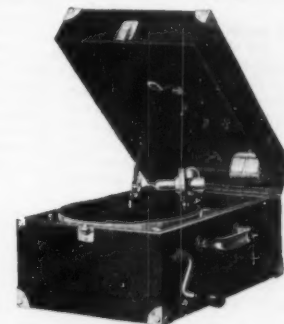
That Victrola Instruments and Victor Records are the world's finest products of their kind is universally admitted. Such things don't just happen—they are achieved. In our case contributing factors are more than twenty-five years of effort concentrated on a single purpose, enthusiastic cooperation of the greatest artists and unequalled facilities for complete manufacture in the largest plant ever devoted to the production of one musical product. Victrola Instruments are better—Victor Records are better—used together they are beyond comparison.



DE GOGORZA  
Victor Artist

DeGogorza sings with equal ease and with equal beauty and depth of appeal, in half a dozen languages. He seems a singer of the European continental type. He is an American who has been so closely associated with the talking-machine art that he brings to the making of these records a technical skill which can come from experience alone:

	Double-faced	
Non è ver O sole mio	6075	\$2.00
Beauty's Eyes Could I	573	1.50
In Old Madrid Juanita	581	1.50



Victrola No. 50 (Portable)  
\$50  
Mahogany or oak



SAMAROFF  
Victor Artist

Olga Samaroff touches the piano, not as though it were a thing of wood and metal, but a living creature asleep. It seems to wake and to tell its dreams, sweet or placid, tender or sublime, at the touch of her fingers. That this great artist should make records for the Victor and having given her approval of them as worthy examples of her capabilities is to give them an identity and a value to every lover of music or of beauty.

	Double-faced	
Liebestraum Nocturne in E Flat (Chopin)	6269	\$2.00
Sparks Turkish March (from "Ruins of Athens")	825	1.50
Spring Song (Mendelssohn) Naiads at the Spring—Etude	826	1.50



Victrola No. 240  
\$125  
Mahogany, oak or walnut



ZIMBALIST  
Victor Artist

Upon a Victor Record, it is easy to distinguish the tones of Zimbalist's violin from those of other great violinists, because his technique and his peculiar lyric quality are reproduced as Zimbalist himself produced them. Here are three which are well suited to exemplify this fact:

	Double-faced	
The Deluge—Prelude Orientale	886	\$1.50
Salut d'amour Serenade (Piercé)	890	1.50
Le Cygne (2) Waltz (Chopin) Menuett in G (2) Gavotte in D	6332	2.00

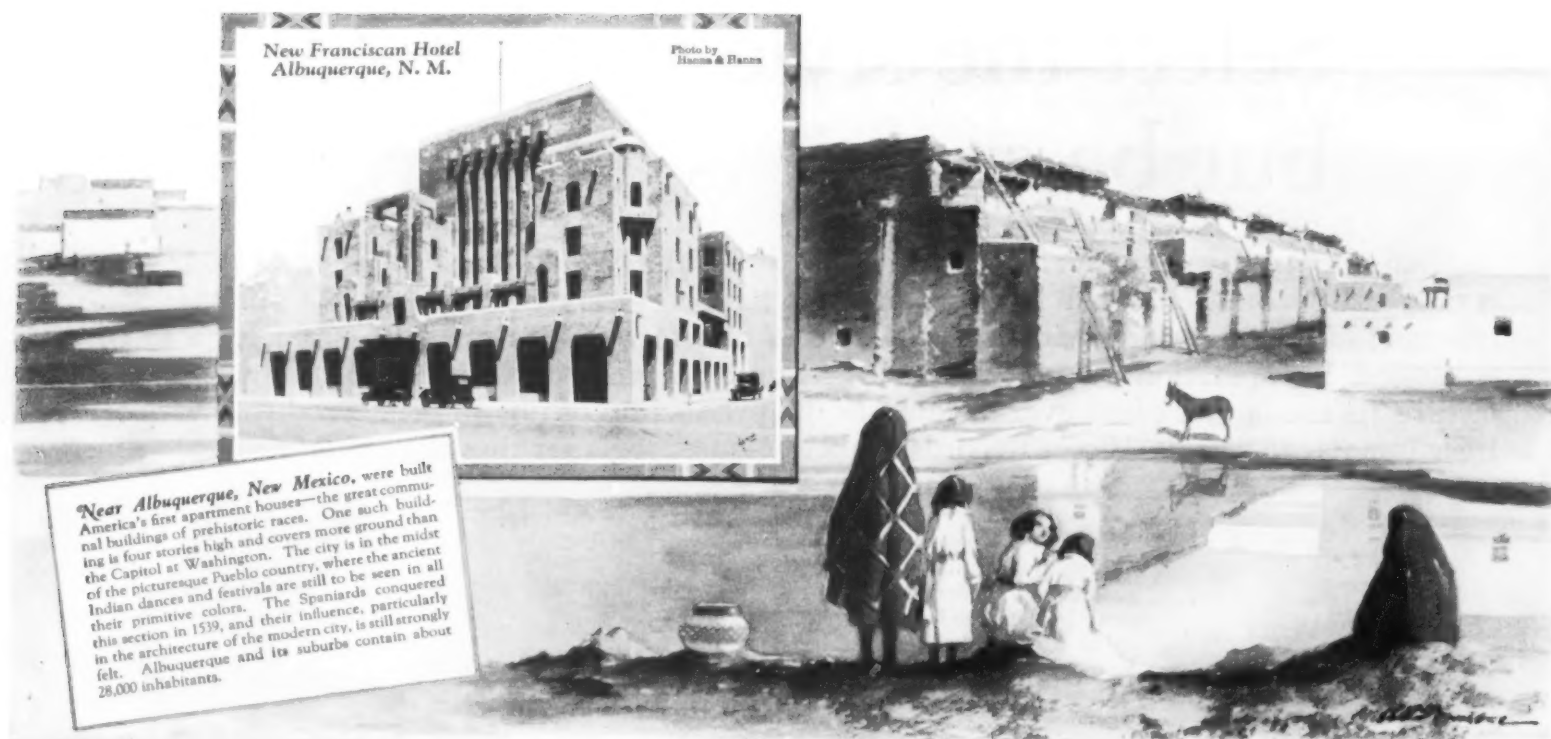


Victrola No. 405  
Walnut, \$250; electric, \$290

There is but one Victrola and that is made by the Victor Company—look for these Victor trade marks



TRADE MARK  
**Victrola**  
Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.



## How one laundry soap has achieved national supremacy

IN all the United States there could scarcely be found two towns more different than Albuquerque, New Mexico, with its Spanish mission and Pueblo architecture, and Bangor, Maine, with its spreading elms and white Colonial homes.

Yet in both of these towns P and G The White Naphtha Soap is the largest selling laundry soap.

This is indicative of the condition the whole country over—P and G is the largest selling laundry soap in America.

Why? Because women everywhere have found that P and G, a white soap, has a peculiar ability to remove dirt quickly, with little rubbing or boiling, without harm to colors or fabrics, thus saving time,

energy and clothes. They have found, too, that P and G makes a quick, rich suds in water of any temperature, and rinses promptly and thoroughly, leaving no odor or other unpleasant soap reminders.

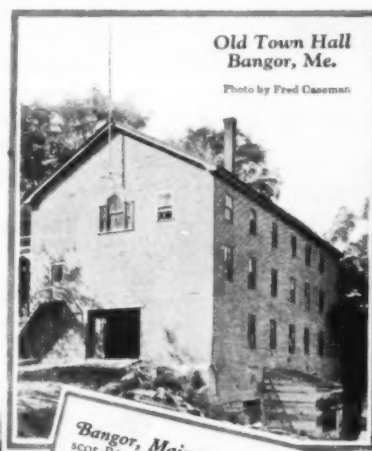
You will learn the advantages of P and G's qualities in a single trial, whether you do the washing yourself or employ a laundress.

If you do employ a laundress, you realize that she cannot achieve satisfactory results unless she uses a satisfactory soap. The selection of the soap should be your responsibility, and if you provide P and G you will soon notice a decided improvement in the appearance of your clothes—a return to their original new whiteness.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



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The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati



Bangor, Maine, on the Kenduskeag and Penobscot Rivers, about 50 miles from the rocky Atlantic coast, was founded in 1769. On Valley Avenue, overlooking the Kenduskeag, is a precipitous cliff, from which, legend tells us, Indian lovers, forbidden to marry, leapt hand in hand to their deaths. On Cumberland Street still stands the old Bangor station of the second steam railroad in America, running from Bangor to Old Town and built in 1836. Bangor is today a beautiful New England city of 26,000 inhabitants.



# Birds

By Robert W. Chambers

Famous Author of "Cardigan,"  
"The Fighting Chance," "The Hi-Jackers," etc

Illustrated by W.E. Heitland

Peggy's slant-  
ing and hazel  
eyes took his  
measure at  
midday dinner

Only in McCall's can you read the works of this great American author for he writes exclusively for us. Here is one of his most brilliant short stories—the tale of a flapper who married in haste



HE mother was a lady of clubs, political economics, world urges. The father had mines in New Mexico. He went there, sometimes, to be rid of his wife. Their social status was good enough. Their only offspring, a pug-nosed, slant-eyed flapper, was asked everywhere; and went.

She had a small, perfect, silky-blond figure with beautiful little hands and feet and a skin of snow and roses. Her education had been fashionable and expensive; her congenitally idle mind remained restless, alert, and audacious.

Now, even before she officially came out she had had adventures enough to make five generations of respectable Manhattan ancestors writhe in their vaults. She was enormously popular, superficially clever, amusing, and was supposed to be ready to try anything—once—a slightly exaggerated reputation.

She animated all parties; galvanized the smart dances;

flapped noisily with the other flappers at their day-break rendezvous at Child's; slept like a chorus girl till noon, and still kept her freshness and her figure. And all day long her lissome and agile mind was hatching mischief, devising novel pleasures, and busy with a million swarming and futile thoughts of no value to anybody.

Her second season rather jaded her. She had tried everything once—or nearly everything. Her love affairs had been brief but desperate; her only punishment a headache; and her only penance an attempt to read something worth while.

On one occasion Peggy got too much of everything—food, drink, dancing. Her mother, immersed in political ethics, noticed her daughter about the house—which was so rare an occurrence that she made detached inquiries—and was informed that her offspring was "all in" and desired bucolic refuge.

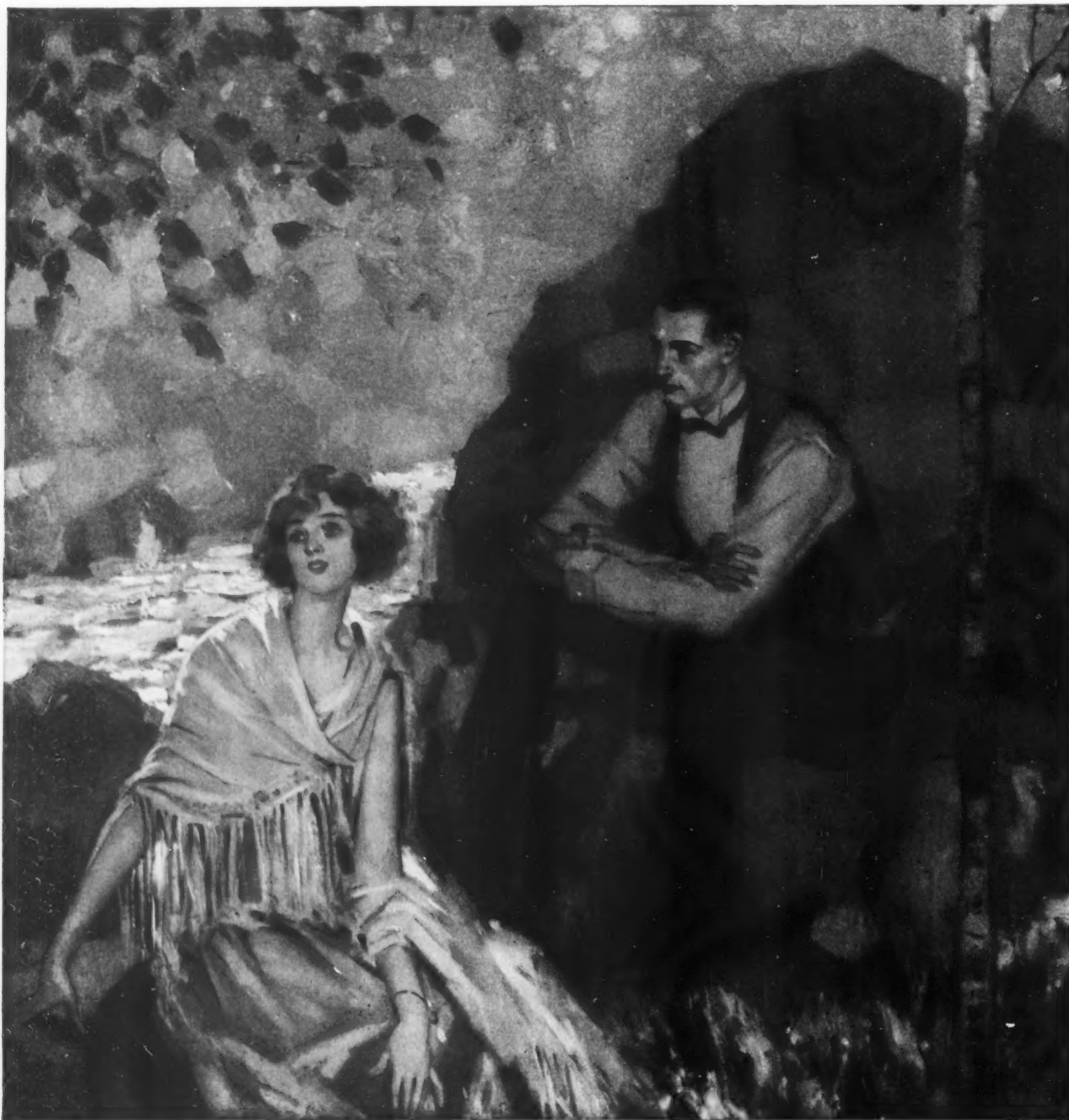
There were plenty to be had—yachts offered, country houses and clubs at this popular maiden's disposal. No:

she wanted rusticity—not the Marie Antoinette variety, but the real, dull, dingy, old-fashioned kind.

She wanted to take her runabout and go. No; she didn't wish for a maid—fought the idea to the last ditch—threatened to hunt a job in moving pictures if opposed. Finally, after a counter-threat to telegraph her father in New Mexico, she consented to take her maid. It transpired that once she had lunched with a party of flappers and button-heads at a little inn somewhere in darkest Westchester. Thought she could find the way there. Promised to telephone on her arrival.

"Call me at the Political Ethics Club," said her mother. "I'm lecturing there."

It was a small and ancient inn, off the beaten track of travel, situated on a tree-clad hill overlooking a little woodland lake. Three spinster sisters ran it with cleanliness and economy. The month being early June, few temporary guests had stopped there, and it harbored only one permanent one.



"This is very beautiful," she said. As he remembered her she had not noticed beauty except in gowns and jewels

He was an active man of forty, much sunburned, and in knickers all day long—merely changing to others at supper. Peggy's slanting and hazel eyes took his measure at midday dinner—or supposed they did.

He took hers—noting that her light brown hair was too nakedly bobbed—but not caring whether or not she looked like a soubrette in *opéra bouffe*. He made a civil remark or two at table—noted the tilt of her rather pretty and delicate nose—left the table when dinner was ended, and went upstairs to his room, yawning. He was very much older than anything that Peggy ever had made eyes at. However, she was ready to try anything once.

She learned enough about him, that afternoon, to bore her. Only his indifference and youthful figure saved him from a premature discard.

His was the Siconnet Trust Company, she learned. He came here to convalesce from overwork. For relaxation he was writing a volume on "Bird Migration in Westchester County." Otherwise he walked about the woods

examining birds through a pair of expensive field-glasses. Intellectual men of forty, with clear, intelligent eyes and determined jaws, seem to fall an easy prey to the supple audacity of youth. They fall hard.

Solemn as an owl on their first moonlit evening on the veranda, Peggy made him kiss her the next evening; and, by the end of the week, had so bedeviled him that he wanted matrimony.

What on earth put it into her golden bobbed head to try even that, once, is beyond explanation. She liked him; he was older, more amusing than button-headed youth. His sophistication rather excited her with its tinge of that slight, unaffected weariness which experience brings—and which youth calls cynicism; and adores it; and attempts to imitate it.

Peggy liked it because it was genuine and aroused her curiosity. There was so much that this man had seen and done and been—mysteries that, somehow, she did not know how to invade. If only she could have turned

this gentleman inside out she'd have had enough of him. She didn't know how. There seemed a blandly humorous barrier between her persistence and his amiably passive defense. Besides, she was not any too sure of him. Women called him up on the telephone from New York. She learned that. Women wrote him lilac-tinted letters. She discovered that, too. He never mentioned women at all—unlike the button-headed fellowship. She gave him every insidious opportunity to brag. He wouldn't.

She went about with him in the woodlands and he showed her birds through the field-glasses. Acquisition of their feathers for personal adornment was all that really interested her. She sat in a boat with him and helped him catch yellow perch; and didn't care for it very much. He did not bore her—especially when she incited him to make love to her; otherwise his pursuits did, a little.

She wrote to her mother, mentioning his name; and her mother replied that

[Turn to page 32]



# It Was Not Love

By  
Fanny Heaslip Lea

Illustrated by James H. Crank

*What is love? Is it infatuation—or quiet friendship? Is it an experience of the soul—or only a thing of the flesh? Perhaps the memory of this lovely, pathetic story of two lonely people may help you to recognize true love, when it crosses your path some day*

**S**UNDAY morning . . . a fine, clear, windy Sunday, early in November . . . blue-skied, benignly blue-skied and cloudless . . . laced with the meek vibration of church bells—as coffee is laced with cream. An echo, in the air—of summer ripples and croonings. A faint foreboding in the air—of wintry whistlings and moanings. . . . The crackling of a newspaper, a voluminous, garrulous newspaper, freshly unfolded . . . the sharp, delightful odor of bacon . . . the bitter, desirable sweetness of marmalade spread on toast. . . .

Behind a sunny window, at one end of an extraordinarily pleasant and uncrowded room, Ladd Sanford was having breakfast. From the top of his smooth, dark head to the tip of his well-polished shoe the picture of ease and contentment. Shaved and tubbed and brushed he was. Food at his hand and news on his knee—a long untrammelled day before him—the memory of a pleasantly crowded night not long overpast.

He stirred his coffee with a steady brown hand and ran a casual eye down the columns of the Sunday Times. The eye was clear as brown brook-water. Even Sunday morning sunlight showed no sallowness nor coarsening in the tanned-clean contour of Ladd's cheek. Groomed, to a hair—and fit. Arrogance touched the clean, lovable line of his lips—fuller than one might have expected beneath the small mustache—and lingered subtly within the cool, humorous depths of his eyes. If at thirty life had ever shown him the door, he retained no scars of the experience. In his smile, merely a vague suggestion of undercurrent shyness . . . a left-over of questing youth.

He fingered his newspaper lazily, but with a certain purpose, seeking obviously a page—a paragraph. Both revealed themselves shortly: an ornate, large-lettered, fat-scrrolled page, set with feminine features . . . an imposing paragraph, centrally ensconced, beneath the largest, youngest and prettiest of the portraits.

"Miss Lydia Webb, Youngest Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fessenden Webb, Whose Marriage on Tuesday Night to Mr. Ladd Sanford Will Be the First Large Event of the Season."

There was more in detail. He straightened the page with a sweep of his hand and grinned suddenly—an altogether delightful grin.

"The banns are out!" he said to himself and continued to gaze pleasantly. Miss Lydia Webb, wide-eyed, slim-shouldered, smooth-haired and inconceivably calm, as her generation has displayed itself, looked back at him undismayed.

The eyes of her accepted, more, her announced lover kindled slightly—though with no devastating fire. He might have been remembering either the gay, warm sweetness of her lips when he said good night, or anticipating the entire desirability of the state which would be his when Mr. and Mrs. Fessenden Webb should

give their youngest daughter into his keeping. Her eyes were blue—childishly so—she had worn a blue and silver gown at the dance given in her honor the night before—and carried orchids—Ladd's orchids.

He had told her she should have had larkspur . . . and she had been indulgently amused: "Ladd darling—how perfectly ridiculous! Fancy giving a girl larkspur—to take to a dance! Larkspur's only garden truck. People would roar!"

**L**YDIA was one of the season's most popular debutantes. And with more justification than such popularity can sometimes be said to possess. She rode, she golfed, she swam, she danced—she sang well enough, and acted a little, in charity things. Her name was on a dozen Junior League committees. She would in later years, beyond the shadow of a doubt, evolve into a charming matron; run her house capably; bring up her children, not too many of them, [Turn to page 24]



"I'll never have another week like this!" she whispered—her last unsteady word to him

# The Man With the Black Patch

By Frank E. Verney

Illustrated by Dalton Stevens

*If you would know the most fascinating man in current fiction, read this story introducing "Dancing Even," soldier of fortune and amateur detective, whose strange adventures, in the form of complete short stories, will be told from time to time in McCall's*

**I**F YOU have danced much in London, Paris, Vienna or New York, at any restaurant, café or club which is the fashion of the moment, you must have seen a clean-looking, sunburnt man, with a black silk patch over his left eye, and a gay smile on his lips, who is such a perfect dancer that you were disposed to dislike him on the spot. You wondered how it happened that this dancing fellow with the black patch, whose whole existence seemed devoted to the syncopation of fox trots, two steps and tangos, contrived to look like a real man whose natural setting in life was a charging squadron of cavalry or a scurry of hounds in the cold-fresh dawn of a cubbing morning. But if you were a man of average prejudices, the frequency of the fellow's presence in the dance places you visited and his immoral mastery of musical movement, waned your interest and caused you to decide that he was some "fool of an ex-officer" whose brains were in his feet and his clothes.

IT IS probable that the curiosity of your lady friends in the good-looking dancing man was not so easily dissolved, especially if the glance of his one tired but vivid blue eye had rested upon them; and sooner or later feminine persistence must have uncovered the limited information that his name was Captain Even, known to jazz circles as "Dancing Even." The nickname, of course, confirmed your mental valuation of the man with the black patch.

On the other hand, for instance, if chance, exploration or big game has taken you into the basin of the Zambesi between the months of October and January, you must have met or heard of an individual whom the natives call by a Barotse name which means *He-who-sees-once-but-strikes-hard*—Dancing Even, lean and tireless, fitting into the primeval wilderness like one of the naked savages of his Ulendo.

But the Central African Bush is well away from the paths of civilization, and Dancing Even was in little

danger, in dancing circles, of being considered more complex in qualities than any other dancing idler.

However, since his heavily bronzed, slightly square-cut face, with its patch of black silk and its one tired eye of vivid blue is, in striking contrast to the eventless features and tame complexions which usually revolve around him, it is natural that he should attract attention; with the equally natural result he should get drawn into the circles of some of the dramas and comedies that are represented by the varied types of humanity which rush for relaxation to the dancing places of great cities.

AT a small, flower-decorated table on the dance floor of the Ambassador, a clean shaven, white-haired gentleman was entertaining at supper a slender, good-looking girl with blue-black hair and grey eyes, and a youngish, keen-featured man of no particular characteristics.

Their quietly distinctive appearance suggested a family party from upper Fifth Avenue enjoying an informal evening. It was a representative assembly of the rapid set of New York: dancing, drinking, eating, laughing and talking, to the music of two renowned jazz bands. Politicians, actresses, Wall Street magnates, army and university graduates, society beauties, cinema stars, respectable people, and adventurers; a hotch-potch of the top stratum of a great city, flirting and solemnly pursuing its

way to a frivolous climax to the day's labors and amusements.

The attention of this small group centered on a sunburnt man with a black silk patch over one eye who was steering his partner with consummate skill across the gleaming floor. His face wore the intent, self-conscious expression of the semi-professional dancer, who believes that he is doing better than any one else in the room the one thing in the world that is worth doing.

"H'm!" remarked the white-haired man, reflectively—"so that is the fellow. He looks as though he might be just our man."

"He is a wonderful dancer," agreed the girl, slowly, "but he's quite different from what I expected. He looks like the kind of man one sees playing polo, except for that stupid smile."

The elder man smiled faintly. "My dear daughter, who does look his real self, except a policeman? In some cases it's Nature's deception and in others it is Art's. Half the folk here are trying to look what they are not, and the other half are trying not to look what they are. Where did you first meet him, Charles?"

"Murray's, in London, and Ciro's, Paris. He's just a sporty dance hound. Probably buys his bronze in a beauty parlor, does nothing but press his clothes and hang around the smart jazz joints. A stranger to New York; hasn't got too many dollars; a mutt except for dancing; the only snag for your purpose is the black patch."

"Well!" exclaimed the white-haired man—"I can trust your thoroughness. The fact that he is reticent about his own history indicates he has either made a break or has nothing to boast of. In either case, so much to the good. Get him over here and I'll see if he is our man. The great thing is, he is a stranger to New York, and some dancer."

"It's a curious thing," remarked the girl, watching the man with the black patch glide his partner to a gentle halt on the last beat of the band, "a really decent man can never dance like that."

BOTH men smiled as if at some incongruity. "We are not looking for a moral paragon, my dear, or a super-man," observed her father, "but a super-dancer: a person minus the wisdom teeth of the professional performer, and plus the moldable ardor of the amateur."

Gladise laughed. "Correct, papa dear. I was not criticising his suitability for our purpose, but merely commenting on a psychological fact."

"Gladise," the older man continued, as Charles left the table, "you are the most level-headed woman I've ever known, and I needn't doubt your discretion. But you are a girl of strong likes and dislikes, and I know you haven't any use for a man who can't show better than he calls. We need the right person badly, and I gather this is our man; so play him carefully. If dollars are no argument, beauty should be. I never met the man without his price in one or the other."

"I daresay there will be no occasion to make him dizzy with either," she retorted coolly. "If there is any difficulty, it will be because he is scared. But all men are vain enough to be stimulated into taking chances. Before you put the proposition, I'll dance with him. I know what



*The lights flashed on, disclosing the dishevelled figure of Ruoff, leaning against the wall*





*Dancing Even took the slight golden figure in his arms; they glided gently and slowly into the first movement*

these dancing men are. They'll eat out of the hand of a passable-looking woman who dances up to their standard."

Her father smiled. "My dear, you possess two qualities which have proved invaluable to us many times—your knowledge of my sex and your nerve."

"You've trained me well, papa. Here comes Charles with his prize."

AS THE two men reached the table, the older man rose to his feet, courteous and urbane, and Charles performed the usual formalities. "Miss Gladise Stronge, Captain Even. Captain Even, Mr. Stronge."

"I'm very pleased to meet you, Captain Even," said Mr. Stronge cordially. "I trust your engagements are not too pressing to permit your joining us for a while."

"Never have any—except dancin'," answered Dancing Even with a light laugh. "Splendid form of indoor exercise," he added, "though I can't say it's been frightfully thrillin' tonight, so far. Are you a dancin' man, Mr. Stronge?"

"It's one of the few things in the world I don't do, Captain Even," answered the old man. "My daughter here, if you can persuade her, provides the dancing skill of the family."

Dancing Even looked to Gladise with a flicker of

interest. "You know, that's what Charles said about you, Miss Stronge." He surveyed her a second time in an impersonal manner that was deliberate but offenseless, as though he were trying to read if the lines of her held the grace of the exceptional dancer. She regarded him steadily with wide grey eyes, a faintly derisive smile on her lips.

He bowed. "That's a toppin' tune the band's playin'. Shall we try it?"

"If you promise not to tread on my feet," she said, as she moved towards him, "I shall be delighted."

"That would not be difficult," he remarked lazily, as he offered his arm, "they are so small."

"I hope you really can dance, Captain Even," she remarked maliciously; "there's nothing worse than an indifferent partner."

JUST what I was thinkin'," he agreed; "but we can always stop and have an ice or somethin' if our steps don't fit—can't we? However, I daresay we shall manage to stagger round." His right arm slid round her slender body and they glided smoothly into the moving crowd of dancers.

At the little table Mr. Stronge and Charles sat watching. When the music of the band ceased the older man

spoke: "Charles, they are—*it*. There's no doubt of it, they will carry off the stunt to perfection. We must rope him in somehow. Now you can fade away." By the time Dancing Even and his partner had threaded their way back to the table Charles had faded.

THANKS, awfully," said Dancing Even to Gladise, as he restored her to her chair, "that was simply rippin'. How long have you been takin' such an intelligent interest in dancin'?"

She smiled provocatively. "Does dancing require intelligence?"

He laughed lightly. "Well! now you mention it, perhaps it don't, seein' that I haven't any."

"I warned you she was some dancer," remarked Stronge, "and I'm glad you're not disappointed. Now, Captain Even, it might interest you to know that we came here this evening specially to make your acquaintance."

"That's very flatterin'," observed Even, seating himself and lighting a cigarette. "Collectin' butterflies or somethin'?"

"I heard of you," continued Stronge, "and took steps to make your acquaintance."

"You don't look like a Salvation [Turn to page 64]

# An Interview With the Prince of Wales

By Lloyd Morris



*In one of his rare talks for publication Europe's most attractive young man tells an American how he manages to work harder than any other man in England and yet to keep his youth, health and mental alertness; what he does during the twenty-four hours of his crowded day*

*He is simple and democratic; he works hard and plays hard; the poses above show him while golfing, swimming, canoeing and riding; the snapshot in the center was taken in India after a tiger hunt in which he participated; in the upper left-hand corner the Prince appears in citizens' dress*



FEW years ago we in the United States had a brief opportunity to see Europe's most attractive young man when he paid a flying visit to this country. He came very simply, abandoning his official status whenever he could, and proceeded thoroughly to enjoy his stay here, much as his grandfather did on a similar visit fifty years earlier. In the short time that he was in the United States the Prince of Wales endeared himself, quite without effort, to the American public. And it may be added that the Prince reciprocates the sentiment and is looking forward to coming to see us again.

It is easy to understand, after you have met him, why the Prince is universally popular. He is a clean-cut, clear-eyed, rosy-cheeked young man whose engaging manner and jaunty appearance emphasize a large reserve of quiet ability. He is unpretentious and simple and democratic in his tastes. He dislikes formality and rigid etiquette, though he accepts them, when necessary, as being part of the obligations of his official position. He has an inexhaustible capacity for enjoying himself under

any circumstances, and is never bored. He works hard and plays hard. When you look at the Prince, you instinctively feel that he is capable of meeting any emergency and rising to any situation. His eager, flashing eyes, his cordiality and good-fellowship, and above all his modesty drive home a distinctive personal charm. There is nothing self-conscious or affected about the Prince of Wales. He is warm-hearted, impulsive, enthusiastic, fun-loving and boyish. As a human being he is, to use an old but very apt phrase, really a prince.

THERE is an aspect of the Prince of Wales's character that is practically unknown to the general public. A good deal has been written about him, but it has hardly ever been pointed out that the Prince is an exceedingly hard-working, industrious and serious-minded young man who is carrying through with unmistakable success a trying and difficult job.

"Who is the hardest working man in England today?" If the question were asked of any Englishman, the reply undoubtedly would be, "The Prince of Wales."

For Great Britain's future king has probably less leisure than any other man in the United Kingdom. The eight-hour day and the six-day week do not exist for him. His day may comprise anywhere from ten to eighteen closely-packed hours. His average program, punctiliously—and punctually—adhered to, would rapidly exhaust even the most energetic and tireless man of business.

It is precisely this condition of affairs which explains the Prince's phenomenal popularity among all classes of his countrymen. The British are keenly aware that their future sovereign is perpetually "on the job." They respect his industry and his extraordinary application. And his duties are far more formidable than even his crowded days would suggest. In a measure, to use a term made familiar by the war, the Prince acts as a liaison between the House of Windsor and the people of the Empire. He is constantly before the British public, and if few men have less leisure, few certainly have less opportunity to relax into private life.

In many respects the Prince [Turn to page 62]





Illustrated by  
H. R. Ballinger

"One second more, Jeannette!  
Keep them out! I am  
nearly ready!"

# The Unknown Quantity

By Ethel M. Dell

Famous Author of "Charles Rex," "Tetherstones," etc.



BEFORE the huge oak door of her father's study Jeannette Wyngold halted, troubled by an unnamed fear. All about her there was gaiety. For it was the celebration of her twenty-first birthday and the great castle echoed with music and the laughter of youth. Only a moment before she had left her chosen man, Lord Conister, in whose dark eyes there had been an ardent answer to her own love. Beauty, wealth, love—all were hers. She seemed on the very threshold of a life of social triumph and radiant happiness. And yet Jeannette is afraid—of what she does not know. But there is a persistent sound—almost like the flapping of the

*In this, the greatest of all Miss Dell's novels, Humanity's eternal struggle for happiness—that happiness which is, after all, life's "unknown quantity"—is typified in beautiful Jeannette Wyngold's strange career amid the brilliance and folly of English society today*

wings of the angel of death—though perhaps only the summer wind sighing through the far-away eaves of the castle. Trembling, Jeannette slips through the door to her father's study.

HE was kneeling by the writing table with his back towards her, his head bowed upon his arms, his whole attitude eloquent of a suffering such as she had never before witnessed.

At the sound of the opening door and her quick exclamation he started, and before she reached him he was on his feet. But his face was ghastly, and though he smiled at her, he could not hide his haggard misery.

"My dear!" she said. "What is it?"  
He patted her shoulder reassuringly. "Nothing, dear, nothing! I thought I was alone, and—I have a good deal to think about—tonight."

She looked at him searchingly. "Father, please! Won't you tell me what is the matter? You know you can trust me."

He made a slight movement of restraint. "Don't question me, Jeannette! I have told you—nothing is the matter. Can't you understand? You—with your quick sympathy!" He ended with a sigh.

She pressed close to him instantly. "Yes, dear, yes! Of course I understand. Don't doubt it for a moment! Only I can't bear to leave you in here alone—brooding over the past. You mustn't—truly you mustn't."

There was a slight quiver in her voice betraying an emotion very rare in Jeannette. Her father stooped and kissed her.

"I shall be all right, Jeanie. I have finished my brooding. Run along with your lover and be happy!"

SHE clung to him for a moment. Her words came muffled against him. "Father! I can't leave you! I can't!"  
"Oh, nonsense!" he said. "Nonsense! Run along, dear! I am going to be busy."

Yet for an instant longer her hold tightened. She was trembling a little. "Father, you would—really like me to—marry Lord Conister?"

He smiled down at her, and she saw that his eyes were more normal; the strain had passed. "Yes, darling, yes," he said. "I should like to see you married to him as soon as possible."

She rubbed her cheek against his shoulder and released him.

She threw him a nod from the doorway. "I shall be back before long, so be good!"

"Oh, I'll be very good," said Norman Wyngold.

She closed the door and ran, fleet-footed, back to the garden with its flowers and its fairy lights and the lover who waited for her.

She found him pacing to and fro in the shadows where she had left him.

"In that gown you are a beautiful pagan, Miss Wyngold," he said, with a vague, almost dangerous smile.

"We won't go down to the water yet," said Jeannette. "Let them all get away first!"

She spoke a trifle breathlessly, for his silence was somehow disconcerting.

HE SPOKE at once in his grave, courteous fashion. "Where would you like to go?"

"Let us walk up to the summer-house on the hill!" she said, and they took a path through the shrubberies that led upwards to her favorite haunt.

The night air was soft and warm with a suggestion of rain. There were filmy clouds overhead through which the moon shone dimly at intervals.

A quiet voice came to her through the darkness. "You are not worried about your father, I hope?" said Lord Conister.

"He works too hard," said Jeannette. "I hope he will take a holiday soon. I should like to go abroad for the winter if he can get away."

"Why, you have only just come down here," said Lord Conister. "We can't spare you so soon."

"Those are my plans," said Jeannette practically. "They may not come off, of course, but I shall do my best."

HE WAS silent for a second or two. Then: "Will you forgive me," he said, "if I say that I hope they will not come off?"

Jeannette uttered a little laugh.

"You can say what you like," she said, "but they generally do."

He stiffened slightly, but in a moment relaxed again. "Unfortunately, Miss Wyngold, I am not like you," he said. "When I want a thing I can't just reach out my hand and take it. I wonder if I might ask you something," he said.

"I dare say you might." Briskly she made reply. "I reserve to myself the right to answer or not according to my discretion, of course."

"Of course," he conceded. "That is only fair. But I should very greatly like to know what is the thing you desire most on earth."

"What an extraordinary question!" said Jeannette. "I couldn't possibly answer it off-hand."

"No?" Again his voice had that somewhat dubious note. "Shall I tell you—would it interest you to know—what is my greatest wish at the present moment?"

"I don't know," said Jeannette. "You—you can tell me if you like. I'll tell you afterwards if it interests me or not."

And then, almost before she knew it, his hands were grasping hers, and he was speaking very earnestly, but with a restraint that she found intensely comforting.

"Yes, I will tell you," he said, "and take my chance like the rest. My greatest wish, Jeannette, is to win your love and to make you my wife. I think you knew it before, and I hope you have given me this opportunity because you are disposed to regard me favorably. I believe I could make you happy if you would allow me to try, and I would certainly do my best."

Yes, it was earnestly spoken, and there was a dignity in the words that appealed to her. Yet she stood before him in silence, as one listening, almost as if there were something missing in his avowal or as if she expected something more.

He waited for a few seconds, then very gently spoke again. "Won't you answer me, Jeannette?"

"Are you sure you love me?" said Jeannette.

His hold tightened unmistakably. "I am quite sure," he said. "Do you doubt it?"

"I don't want to," she said after a moment. "Only—you didn't make it very clear, did you? Of course, I know it's a great honor you are doing me. I appreciate that. But—it's not all on your side—the worldly advantage, I mean. I'm not—not a mere nobody."

"You funny little girl," he said, "to think of that!"

SHE shook her head. "No, I'm not being funny. It's common sense. When people are making up their minds to get married, they must try and see it sensibly. I shouldn't marry you just because you are Lord Conister and belong to the Royal Household, any more than I would like you to marry me because I am the daughter of Norman Wyngold, the great bank magnate. We must have something more than that to go upon, mustn't we?"

"Emphatically, yes," said Lord Conister.



"In that gown you are a beautiful pagan," he said, with a vague, almost dangerous smile.





*She felt a sudden, involuntary response and, to hide it, looked away over the sparkling lake*

"Without being sentimental," said Jeannette, feeling that she was in pursuit of something far beyond her reach, but gallantly struggling on, "without being sentimental—which of course wouldn't appeal to either of us—we ought to be in a position to know for certain that when we are married we shall get on all right."

"You funny little girl!" he said. "Well, I promise you this. I don't want to marry you in the least, unless you feel that you would like to marry me. I quite agree that that is the only solid ground to go upon. I'm not taking anything for granted, you see. I don't trust unknown quantities. But if once we can settle this point, I feel that there is a good chance of our being happy together—for good. I am like you again there, Jeannette. It must be for good. My family honor is very precious to me, and no breath of scandal is ever going to touch that through my marriage."

Jeannette's chin went up. "I shall never sully it," she said proudly.

"No. I know that. I shouldn't have said it. I am sorry," said Lord Conister and drew her to him with a steady mastery that took no note of her half-hearted

attempt to resist. "You have not sent me away, and therefore—therefore, Jeannette—I mean to stay."

He had her in the close holding of his arms as he ended, and Jeannette resisted him no longer. Only with amazing, overwhelming shyness, she hid her face from him, striving to still the wild clamor of her heart and to calm the awful sense of being caught and held against her will that oppressed her in that moment. She knew that when she lifted her face, she would have to meet his kiss.

DON'T be afraid, my little girl!" he said. "I am not one of your fortune-hunters. I want you for yourself. And you like me a little, don't you, Jeannette?"

"Yes, I like you," she whispered. "But—you know—I'm not the kind that falls wildly in love."

"I am not offering it."

That reassured her, albeit again her resentment was vaguely awakened. She lifted her face from its shelter.

"Now may I kiss you, Jeannette?"

She gave him her lips, but she did not return his kiss.

Somehow, unreasonably, she wished that he had taken what he wanted without asking. She had expected a sensation of triumph at least, but as they walked down the hill together she was conscious of no elation. Perhaps it was the reaction after the unwonted agitation of the past hour, but she was scarcely aware of any feeling at all. The only active thought in her brain was the desire to get back to her father. Lord Conister seemed to understand her mood, and he made no attempt to hinder her. They spoke but little, but there was no sense of embarrassment between them.

Only, as the sound of laughing voices rose from the hidden lake, Jeannette said with sudden impulse: "You won't mind if we don't tell any one—except my father—before tomorrow?"

"Why, no," he said. "It is what I should prefer myself. We will keep tonight sacred, Jeannette."

Something in his tone moved her. She put out a hand to him. "You do think we shall be happy together?" she said half-wistfully.

He gave her hand a warm, steady clasp and released it. "Yes, dear. I am sure of it," he said.

THE next day when she saw Lady Varleigh, Jeannette told all that had happened—or nearly all.

"And you accepted him! My darling, what a thrill!" said Lady Varleigh. "I do congratulate you with all my heart."

"But no one is to know of it before tonight," said Jeannette.

"I am as safe as houses," declared Lady Varleigh. "Come here, you funny child, and let me look at you! It was dear of you to come straight here on your birthday morning and tell me; and I am going to reward you. Ah, Jeannette, Jeannette! How wise you are—and how lucky!" She drew the girl to her in her warm, large way and kissed her with fervor.

"I think I am," said Jeannette.

"Have you any doubts, darling? If so, let me hear them—let me hear them all!" Lady Varleigh looked at her with shrewd kindness. "My little swallow!" she said. "Just trying her wings for the long flight! What is she afraid of? Tell an old friend!"

Jeannette hesitated for a moment or two, then decided to be frank. "I am not actually afraid," she said. "But—it is a big step to take, isn't it? And I had a talk with Buck Wetherby last night—afterwards. It was rather an upsetting talk. He made me very angry—though I quite see what he meant."

"Ah! Poor Buck!" said Lady Varleigh. "He is very hard hit, my Jeannette. You mustn't be angry."

"I'm not," said Jeannette. "At least not for that reason. I don't mind his being hard hit. It's his own affair. But he's no right to criticize my actions. I do object to that."

"Oh, great Scott!" said Lady Varleigh. "What a daring young man! My dear, what did you do? Did you pulverize him with one lightning glance of those hawk-like eyes of yours? I'm sure you could."

"I'm not laughing," said Jeannette with a faint frown. "I can't help feeling that there was—well—something in what he said. And I've been thinking about it ever since."

"What an achievement for Buck," said Lady Varleigh. "Well, sit down and tell me all about it! I'd love to hear."

She drew Jeannette down upon her favorite settee and held her hand, watching her with a solicitude that missed nothing.

"Tell me!" she said again.

"He seemed to think I was doing wrong," said Jeannette.

"What nonsense!" said Lady Varleigh encouragingly.

"Yes, I know it's nonsense," Jeannette agreed with some vehemence. "All the same, part of what he said was true. That was why I hated him so for saying it."

"Well, what was it, dear?" urged Lady Varleigh.

"This," said Jeannette. "That I didn't love Lord Conister, and therefore I was wronging—everybody—by marrying him."

"What nonsense!" said Lady Varleigh again with vigor. "Surely you have a right to marry whom you like!"

"That was just it. He questioned my right. Oddly enough, I saw his point—

[Turn to page 35]

*The sweetheart of his boyhood! Sleek-haired was Anne, and dove-eyed; the brown struggling with the pink for the mastery of her cheeks*



## The Spring Flight

By Inez Haynes Irwin

Author of "Phoebe and Ernest," "The Lady of Kingdoms," etc.

Illustrated by Patrick Nelson

*What was Shakespeare himself like—this great man about whom so little is known, whose love affairs even are one of the deep mysteries of literature? Was it easy for him to write his moving dramas; and did he draw his lovely ladies—Juliet and Ophelia, Portia and Rosalind—from life, perhaps from the "dark lady" herself? Here is a remarkable story that reconstructs an imaginary passage in the unstated life of Shakespeare, a story written by an acknowledged authority on the great English genius, herself a writer of much charm*

**T**HE first chilling shadows of the April dusk had settled over London when Shakspeare drew rein in front of the wig-maker's. The day had been untimely hot. His horse was in a lather and he too was dusty and tired; fretted. The city smells caught him; and in that mood he was prepared to dub Silver and Muzzle the foulest corner in London. For a moment, nobody within seemed to take note of his arrival and then a sudden babble burst. "'Tis Will, husband! 'Tis Will Shakspeare!" he caught the characteristic tinkle of Mistress Montjoy's voice, turned shrill with delight. In an instant both the Montjoys were hurrying through the doorway onto the cobbles; Mistress Montjoy, an azure dart, swift and sure and smooth as a swan; the long side-ribbles of her white muslin overdress shearing the air, her iron-gray curls maintaining their perfect alignment. Montjoy himself, big-nosed, mottled-faced, dull-eyed, the puce of his suit the exact shade of his hard cheeks, not a hair of his glossy brown wig disturbed, moved more slowly from force of weight, bulk, or perhaps from his instinctive dislike of Shakspeare. Behind, the doorway filled for an instant with crop-headed apprentice-lads, gaping; then emptied precipitately as Montjoy threw his heavy glance back on them. But by this time, Mistress Montjoy had Shakspeare's hand; had snatched him heartily. "Well, well, lad!" she exclaimed. "Welcome and plenty! We did not expect thee for a month yet. How comest thou to London so early?"

Shakspeare shook hands with his host. He laughed, but not mirthfully. "Upon my word, mistress, of that you know as much as I. A whim! An impulse! I work not well these days. I've worked not well for months. There's a strange slowness to my mind. And then of a sudden, Stratford sounded dead and London smelled fresh. Is my chamber vacant, mistress? I can go a dozen places else."

"'Tis vacant and aching for thee, Will," Mistress Montjoy asserted. "But why stand we here for all London to jibe at! Come ye in, lad!"

**M**ONTJOY unstrapped the saddle-bags; handed them to a boy whom he summoned by another heavy glance and led the horse away. Shakspeare followed his hostess into the house. A half-dozen apprentices, sorting or stringing hair, were making, now that the master had disappeared, but a pretense of work. They gaped; cast slant glances. At one side, a trio of Montjoy's master-assistants, their weaving-needles stuck in wigs fitted to featureless, head-shaped blocks on the long table, idled openly. A girl's face, set with two stark, blue O's of eye and one wondering soft red O of mouth, peered through a door. "A jug of water, Nan!" Mistress Montjoy called shrilly after her. "And fresh face linen, Joan, for the guest-chamber! Ink, a quill, and paper! Candles! Hurry, wenches! Fetch the saddle-bags, Con!"

Close on her words came clatter and clash from the

kitchen. Mistress Montjoy ran nimbly up the stairs and Shakspeare followed close on the heels which flittered like stripes of red out of the azure petticoat. They entered a wide, low-ceiled room at the back of the house. Talking volubly, Mistress Montjoy threw open the casements of the two windows. Coolness, alternately staled by the stenches from the city streets and freshened by odors from Mistress Montjoy's early-blooming garden, flowed into the unaired languor of the room. Came also the twilight sounds; the near shouts of children at play—boys at ball, little girls singing, "London Bridge Is Falling Down"; the far, faint cry of the apprentices on Cheapside, "What d'ye lack? What d'ye lack?" The flood of the silvery-umber twilight, stained scarlet from the sunset, oozed into the room, filmed the fine polish of the floor as with a visible wetness. A low, wide bed, a broad, use-blackened table, two stools, a carved chest made black hulks in this rose-argent sea. Shakspeare stood in the center of the room, a little dazed, staring about him. He was conscious alternately of a sense of fatigue . . . relief . . . release . . . fatigue . . . something like peace . . . fatigue . . .

**T**HOU'RT tired, lad," Mistress Montjoy commented compassionately. Yet how comest thou worn with that sun-blackened face? Thine eyes are lack-luster too."

It was true that though country tan had turned his olive coloring almost black, Shakspeare's eyes were hollow. The faint luminosity that lay in their hazel depths seemed





"True, John!" Shakspeare applauded dryly. "'Tis pity I saw her not first"

to come, not from within but from without—as though the force back of them had died down, leaving them to reflect mere light. Nevertheless, his moustached lips were firm and full; and they produced a smile whose quick glint gave to his face all the candid pleasantness which had distinguished its old-time mirth. The flash of smile lasted but an instant. The look which was normal to him—of a quiet, a reserve almost enigmatic, and touched now with weariness—blanketed it completely.

Mechanically Shakspeare sat down; extended his feet for the boy to pull his boots off. Mechanically he watched Mistress Montjoy rummage in his saddle-bags until she found his shoes; as mechanically he watched the boy draw them on. "Tired!" he repeated. "Tired. Aye. My body's tired. I've ridden four days. But that's not the whole tale. My mind's tired. In truth, I'm staled by country life and country folk and country thought. The quiet . . . the damned, dead, dull quiet . . . And maybe by age . . . I know not." He laughed out again mirthlessly. "By Lady, thou'll not believe it, mistress, but I, Will Shakspeare, the industrious apprentice—'Tis weeks since I have writ a line. Hours I've sat, my head in my hands, my brain stewing, festering. Then five days ago, onto my horse I leaped; turned his nose Londonward—and here am I. How I came, or by what roads, or what degrees, I know not. One night at Oxford at St. George's Inn comes clear; beside that naught but long days of dust and rain."

Mistress Montjoy's brisk glance played a gleam of blue obliqueness upon him. "And Mistress Davenant," she asked in even tones, "how goes it with her? And thy god-child?" She removed his cape; took his hat from his unresisting fingers.

"Well, well; both well," Shakspeare answered. His tone was absent. And when the two maids entered: Nan, blue-eyed and flaxen-curbed with the full hips of the country; Joan, dark and waxy, shapely too, though only a slim bit of cockney flesh, he considered their movements but absently. Nan placed candles on the table; took Shakspeare's cape and hat; disappeared. Joan put a pewter ewer and basin on the stand, wiped up a slop of water; disappeared. Nan returned with a slender sheaf of paper, a pewter inkstand, a quill; Joan with linen. All the time, Shakspeare was answering Mistress Montjoy's inquiries about his family.

YES, Anne was well. And Sukey and Judy were well. Joan was well. And her three boys, Will and Tom and Michael, were well. Sukey's little Betty—for the first time Shakspeare's jaded face gleamed brilliantly as he talked of his only granddaughter—bloomed fairly. Yes, Betty was a great girl for her age, a gay, winsome, lovesome child, the pet of the family. Outwardly Mistress Montjoy seemed to take no note of the perfunctory quality in Shakspeare's answers. But she finally interrupted the flow of her own interrogations with orders to the two maids for supper:

"Fish to be fried . . . a meat-pie . . . a gooseberry tart, Joan. And plenty of ale, Nan . . . and cakes. . . Now hurry, wenches!" And on the instant of their departure—had Will heard of the new theater, the Hope? The town was full of the talk of it. It was to be an addition to the Paris Gardens. Henslowe and Meade—surely Will remembered Meade, the great roaring, hairy bear of a waterman!—were building it. There would also be a new inn built in the Gardens, The Dancing Bears, and there Meade would live. It was to be the finest theater in London, so they said—Yes, for plays. Oh, and, of course, for bear- and bull-baiting too. They were a shrewd pair, those two! Had he heard they were opening the old Swan? And indeed London was play-mad. Surely Shakspeare knew that the unrepentable country parson, Daborne, whom astute old Henslowe had rescued from a debtors' prison, was going to have a company of acting children. Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess* had proved a poor thing. And for her own part, she considered that Fletcher would never hit the public taste alone. But with Beaumont—It was true though that their *Maid's Tragedy* had been but so-so. But consider *The Scornful Lady*, which the town had well-liked, and their *Philaster*, over which it had gone mad! Chapman had deserted play-writing; was away somewhere, Southampton's guest, translating the great ancient Greek poet Homer, a task that would take months. Permitting her guest to extract what comfort he might from this schoolmanly preoccupation of his rival, [Turn to page 53]



Illustrated by W. E. Heitland

# The Man-Eater

## By Henry Milner Rideout

Author of "The Winter Bell," "The White Tiger," "Admiral's Light," etc.

With an angry snarl, Morgan burst into the pent-house den, followed closely by two of his best troopers

**T**WO women have had a subtle influence in the destiny of Captain Morgan, a young officer known among the outlaws of northern India as the "Man-Eater." One is Miriam Bibi, a beautiful native girl who gave her life to free Morgan from the murderous clutches of his mortal enemy, Gulab Din. The other fair patron of his fate is Miss Wayne, the colonel's lovely niece. One day she joined his troupe on their way to apprehend some of Gulab Din's thieving relatives. And it was she who pleaded with him not to hang the robbers as he had sworn to do if the caravan they stole was not immediately returned. But his ominous threat is successful, for even as the nooses tighten about the bandits' necks the caravan appears, winding slowly out of a ravine, near the old fortress which Morgan had chosen as the place of execution. A great sigh of relief rises up from the crowd of natives milling about the old fort—there will be no hanging this time!

**T**HEY came hurrying over the dust, a long-legged caravan tethered with rope head to tail, their *kajawaks*, or box-like panniers, making them all angles and cubes of top hamper. Ali, the Runner, came in first, panting but smiling. In the foremost *kajawak* with an awning tilted over her head perched a lady who resembled other bales of merchandise, but for the window in her shroud and her black eyes looking down.

"My House!" cried the wounded merchant on spying her. "God is great. Now let us see." He left her in her perch, and ran along the caravan to count his goods. Out of the crowd sprang men who ran with him, the drivers, each to his own camel. Beast after beast knelt, grunting; panniers came unslashed by magic; bales and bundles were disgorged, overhauled, repacked; and the last afterglow of sunset was fading over all this confusion before the merchant came back to Morgan. He came jubilating, with salaams.

"It is all here, sahib!"

Turning toward the gate, Morgan set the brothers free by a wave of the hand. "You may go. Loose them."

A *sowar* stepped forward and untied their hands. The three ducked their heads, wriggled off their nooses, jumped to the ground, and next moment stood laughing with their friends, like a troupe of conjurers who had performed some clever trick and now enjoyed the applause.

**I**T WAS twilight when the troopers rode homeward. It seemed a long night march. No one spoke. Miss Wayne knew that along with the gray shadow of her own horse moved a spotted blur which was the captain's mare. He rode in silence, like his men. The girl had no desire to break it.

"Will you forgive me?" Morgan finally asked. "I had to be rude. No choice."

Angry, incensed because her anger was living on a



disappointment which he had no right to create, she could not answer. The tone of his voice, nevertheless, moved and surprised her. Here was a worn-out man, being not only courteous but humble.

"It was my fault," he continued. "Those chaps boasted of killing the poor child. That was another—another case. A man shouldn't let two cases overlap. But I lost my head, you see. Then having threatened them—why, there was the dilemma: if we let them go, we made the Service a joke; if we hanged them, it was the end of me. Oh, I tell you, Miss Wayne, the thing was bitter. Your begging for their lives did the trick, saved the caravan, saved the Sirkar's face, saved all. I was acting, but you were real. You won this day for us."

HE DID not look toward her, but stared straight on into the moon.

"How?"

"By pity," said he. "When they saw me being such a brute to you, they gave in. Here was a devil, they thought, whom not even you . . ." He paused, and heaved a breath. "How little we know! I had to play every card in the game. I had to play you, and what you felt."

His gazing ended. "It's too soon to be forgiven. But won't you take this? Not from me, but from the caravan you saved, along with the rest of us?"

He held out a film of silk, that glistened, and had the same color as the moonlight. "You will? I'll carry it home for you."

He gave a shrug. "You must not believe all we say in a moment of—er—in a pinch like that."

His remark left her puzzled. Watching the lamps blink, a row of sleepy embers in a dark hollow, she did not yet feel certain what kind of person he was; but she began to see why others called him the Man-Eater.

surrounded by a queer little rabble of dogs. These last—seven terriers of more than seven breeds, and three spindling Pathan greyhounds with hairy-tufted ears—were Bull's famous bobbery pack, his pride and joy, though known to his fellows variously as the Pound-keeper's Lament, the Vermin, and Bashan's Trained Fleas. From her window Miss Wayne saw them approach, then discovered that their master indeed had with him "another chap" who rode a piebald mare; and it was very silly, but true, that on the heels of this discovery she felt glad because her clothing chanced to be a new habit of brown holland, well cut and trim. "What's all this?" grumbled the colonel. "Ponch-ers on horseback? At this hour? It's time honest men were in bed."

She heard Bull's piping voice reply, "Oh, I say, sir, this is the 'Unt!—"



The dogs wheeled suddenly toward the right, and began to scamper in line where

an embankment of sand abruptly dropped, curving. Below this a clay-green river, shrunken tributary of Indus, flowed through shadow and glaze not yet touched by eastern light.

"They've hit! They've hit!" Bull rode after the dogs, and vanished like them, slithering his horse down a dry gully.

Miss Wayne, who paused to tighten her chin-strap, found the piebald mare had not followed, but was waiting beside her. "Such fun! Isn't it?"

What Morgan found was that her girl's face, delicately glowing, had an absurd perfection under a great manish helmet of white pith, and that her fingers as they pulled the strap down were charming, like all else, even to the very bend of her linen sleeve. "Yes," he answered.

When she looked, his eyes were not on her, but staring at an object in the distance. A hundred yards or more upstream, the land ran shelving to a beach, and there by the water's edge cocked a little hut of faded yellow reeds, near which two men, with sticks or gun-barrels in hand, waited or watched. "What are they?"

"The guard at the ford," he answered. "Sepoys. On duty. Civil police."

A BOAT lay grounded in front of this pair, with a naked ferry-man hunched on the mud beneath her stem. There was nothing more to see, yet Morgan remained at gaze, fallen into a reverie so long that the girl wondered at him. "What are you thinking of so hard?"

He spoke after a while, without rousing, as if alone. "Of her. That was the way we came home, by the ford. She and I. Miriam."

Here was a reply with a vengeance. "What? Why did you speak my name?"

The dreamer woke. "Your name? I—? No." Each caught, as in a reflection, the same startled doubt.

"No, indeed," said Morgan. "How could that be? I don't know it. Thinking aloud. What did I say?" His face could not whiten, but into it visibly came fear. "Then . . . Some woman at the tennis court did call you so! I thought it was a mistake, a fancy, a trick of—Do you mean your name is really—?"

There was a haunted look about the man, which moved her. "Yes. My name is Miriam Wayne."

He groaned. "You? Again. I—this—I hope I'll never bring you bad luck."

The words were bluntly spoken, and from the heart. She could not fathom their meaning, yet was conscious that under them lay dread of an omen. He sat still, with eyes downcast, fingers mechanically plucking into order a tangled strand of the mare's mane; and then without prologue, emphasis, or change of demeanor, was quietly telling her the story of Miriam Bibi, who had saved him and died for it.

"Poor girl," was all she could say. "Oh, poor thing." At that he gave her a sidelong [Turn to page 61]

In the pitch darkness the little band crept nearer and nearer to its prey

Life at the frontier station moved so drowsily, in a round of days all alike, blinding hot and still, that any one who knew it only on the surface could forget the passage of time, the age of an event, new or old. To a stranger, a woman, it easily became a repetition of the same day.

"Not any place for a woman, this," growled the colonel more than once. "Glad you're with us, my dear, of course. A pleasure to the eye. Fresh as a rose. But it's wrong; and I'll send you packing before you're like the rest of 'em, the color of tinned asparagus."

LIEUTENANT BULL, riding up to her veranda one day, made for once a welcome diversion. The pink-faced child was always arriving with some pretext, thinner than the one before, to see her and cast woebegone looks until he had become a kind of entertaining nuisance. This time he brought an invitation.

"Won't you come out with my bobbery pack tomorrow morning?" he asked. "They're no end of fun, really. I'll ask another chap along with us, you know. It's great larks to see them at work."

Next morning about dawn, therefore, while the colonel sat in his pajamas enjoying an early cup of tea beside the veranda rail, into the driveway came two horsemen

The colonel snorted. "Dear me, dear me. A wretched sight to begin the day."

Morgan gave a chuckle, but his friend spoke up without shame. "They're Spartan breed, sir. Come and watch them. I do believe you'd enjoy a run with us. Come, sir, won't you?"

"Me? I like that!" cried the colonel. "An old soldier with nothing but his reputation—"

Upstairs, in her room Miss Wayne snatched flattery from her glass, then went out to join them in the veranda. All three wore broad grins. The motley pack swarmed along the croton border, whined, and wriggled with expectancy, as a groom came leading her white horse.

"Good morning."

Both hunters doffed their helmets, the sleek-headed nuisance beaming as ever, Morgan with a brief look of what might be pleasure or approval, that in some way enhanced the moment for her.

"His reputation and a niece from America. Well, go on," sighed her uncle over his tea-cup.

"I wish it was a southerly wind and a cloudy sky. Go on. Don't jump my hedge."

They did, of course, Miss Wayne foremost in disobedience—it was a low straggle of withered rose-bush—and left him to wave his fist at them. The dogs poured through the gate, raced round about, then came dancing before their lord, worshipping him with eager eyes, while the horses walked sedately down the road.

They rode by, and did not speak till out of ear-shot.

"Sleepy-heads," said Bull. "The cream of the day, this. Lazy-bones, think of 'em, snoring away the precious moments."

THROUGH a mud village that clung to the outskirts of the station, their road now turned toward open wilderness. Outside the village lay patches of barley stubble, a thin frost-like coat of chaff blighting the earth. Crows made raucous din far off—strange crows with gray heads on black bodies, that hopped and fluttered round a skeleton thorn bush. No other life disturbed the waste of sand and gravel which this morning twilight made darker than in daytime, more flat, treacherously smoothed by lack of shadow, every seam, pitfall, sunken path and wandering nullah bank obliterated. The dull-brown maze of hollows might have been a plain. Beyond it the crinkled western hills rose frowning, blank and sour.

# Devil's Dust

By Nalbro Bartley  
Author of "A Woman's Woman,"  
"Up and Coming," etc.

Illustrated by C. D. Williams



The yogi told her that hers was the soul of an Egyptian princess

**D**APHNE and Peter Cabot, residents of aristocratic Brighton, have taken as protégée Nancy Odell, product of the slums of Dolthan, a neighboring mill-town. Unknown to Peter, Nancy has fallen in love with him, but, due to his urging, she has become engaged to the erratic and wealthy Hilary Morse, stepson of Daphne's sister, Madge, upon condition that Hilary prove himself worthy of marriage by some accomplishment. Hilary reads Nancy the first act of a play he is writing and she is convinced of his determination to cease being a gilded idler. Peter confides in Nancy that Daphne, his wife, has become a drug addict. He asks Nancy's help. Hilary objects to Nancy sitting for a portrait by Victor Strozzi, who is achieving success despite his humble beginnings in the slums of Dolthan. Barney McGuire, another product of Dolthan poverty, is acquiring control of the mills there, once the property of the Cabots.

**T**HE day before Victor went back to New York, Hilary sought him out to offer to buy Nancy's portrait. The abrupt refusal to sell sent the former back to Nancy in a disgruntled frame of mind. "That Dago!" he burst out without warning. "To tell me that my future wife's portrait is not for sale! You were dead wrong to sit for him. I call it overlooking my rights. Why didn't you let me give him a commission and pay for it? Do you think I want your portrait featured by this hometown product? Who is he but—"

"I could not refuse Victor," Nancy said soberly. "When you are calm, you will understand it. You, of all people, to have me refuse a fellow artist?" but there was doubt as well as sincerity in her voice. "Can't you see this is my bit towards his success?"

**Never a heroine more appealing nor more vibrant than Nancy Odell—shown against the background of silent struggle being fought out and decided between native stock and immigrant today in New England**

"Wouldn't my check have helped him more?" Hilary tossed off his driving coat with an angry gesture. His slow, yellow eyes were narrowed, always significant of his displeasure. "Everybody out?" he asked presently, without looking up.

"Yes, Peter persuaded Daphne to go to the Swinertons' lunch."

"Thank fortune. Daphne's a mess, isn't she? No worse than a lot of us, perhaps. And Peter's a duffer. Gad, sometime I'm going to write a story about the man who was such a damned trusting, hesitating idealist, every one degenerated under his generous hands. And, incidentally, the man did nothing himself. I'm for action—right or wrong," he took out a flask and poured himself a stiff brandy. "Well, do sit down," he added in an injured tone. "Aren't you going to talk to me? I've something rather nice to suggest. Damnably tantalizing engagements are all wrong for a woman like you and an unsettled soul like myself. We ought to be married and done with it."

**N**ANCY shook her head. "You agreed to certain conditions, dear—you—"

"I don't remember conditions—I only know I want you. I had to smash a few ribs before you would promise to marry me. What must I do now to make you waive ceremony and let me run off with you now—this day—

this—very—night?" punctuating his words with heavy kisses. "Beat you—drag you by your black hair? Say what! Bother the Cabots and blast the towns of Dolthan and Brighton—confound them all, Nancy—let it be just you and me! Let's go to New York and grab the first Mediterranean steamer. Let's do Algiers, there's Egypt. Cairo—gad, why stay in this rock-bound, ice trimmed, Congregational New England with its moth balls and inhibitions? Let's live like sybarites, savages. I'm deluged with civilization and questions of ethics—time clocks, baked beans, blue laws, frostbitten souls. I want moonlight and feverish cordials and dancing girls—and you!" He gripped her until she winced with pain.

**Y**OU have done nothing but the first act of the play," she said quickly—just as he had dreaded. "You have not even seen managers—"

"I saw two. They were not interested. I spent the rest of my time raising the devil. Now, you know it. I went down the second time to buy two dolls, a Pinner and a Pritze—you called them exotic fancies and turned up your nose at my lustful taste. But they are wonderful wax images—and well worth their price." At their mention, Hilary had seemed to relax. Nancy stared into the fire. She knew the sum he had given for these foreign dolls, one a nude dancing woman, the other a harem favorite. Both were mounted on exquisite enameled pedestals with soft, satiny cases made to fold around and lock when desired. For these abnormal figurines, Hilary had parted with a check of four figures. As he held her close, kissing first her lips, then her throat, then her hair, his thick fingers closing with playful roughness on her white neck, she knew that her duty was to keep him to his promise, holding herself aloof until he had obeyed.





Barney's love-making progressed swiftly

"Marry me now," he was begging. "Trust me; Nancy darling, don't you see I am the result of a house divided—only it didn't fall? Part of it grew iron bars at the window and the other part turned into Sevenoaks! I can't go on alone." He rested his head on her shoulder. "Marry me and I give you my solemn word to settle down and do all you ask. But not here—we must go away, anywhere you say. Hang the dolls, if they are making you frown. I'll pitch them out of the window and set to work. Only marry me now—now."

"WE MUST be square with each other," she told him as steadily as she could. "I will not marry you to reform you any more than I would allow any one to marry me because they pitied me. Both are fatal. Unless you learn to help yourself, you must seek some one else for your crutch. I have never leaned—"

"No—that is why I want you for my crutch," he cried out with passionate honesty. "When it's all said and done, the decent part of me is what wants you. The other part of me wants Pinner and Pritzel dolls and life in Tangier and things I am glad you will never understand—but you are the only crutch I shall ever want—the only crutch I can kiss as well as obey. You'll have the devil's own time with me—but don't you think it will be worth it? Only you can understand—think of yourself, Nance, will you ever have another such a chance?"

"Stop," she cried, rising and pushing him away. "You have said too much. I'll stick to my half of the bargain. I'll not marry you until you have finished the play. I'll not let you kiss me again until you have set to work at it. Those are my terms."

His answer was to catch her in his arms—but she grappled against his holding her there. The old river girl, struggling for her decency, was rampant—she let the pointed tips of her nails sink relentlessly into his white cheek.

"Scratch-cat—I'll never write another line of the play," he broke out, dragging her hands away. "It isn't my play—do you hear that? It is—not—my—play! The author is your friend Peter, the amazing idealist whose generosity makes the rest of us parasites. This wonderful Peter was so keen on seeing little Hilary grow wings and a halo and marry the river girl and let her have a card with a proper matron's title, he thought he would help along—ah, you did scratch, Nance, you spit-fire, just as you used to do in Dolthan—you were handsomer then, at that—I liked your swaggering cheapness, you were more the vixen and less the vestal virgin—"

well, he gave me his play as a pledge of his good faith. He had done the marvelous first act and outlined the others. I believe I told him it was immense, all that sort of drivel, that I was eternally grateful for the gift and knew I could finish it to his satisfaction—he believed in me, you see!

"We agreed you were not to know until long after the play had been produced and I was a permanently reformed and self-starting workman! Gad, a good joke at that—to think you fell for it. You thought my soul had awakened—and you had inspired me. Well, you had—not to do the play but to possess you. I've told you the truth. Will you marry me and give him back his priggish play—let him finish it himself? He's been an idler long enough, without a single redeeming vice! Listen to reason, Nance, you can't break our engagement—it wouldn't sound well for you. You have neither an income nor an ancestor! Whereas, I'd still be an interesting villain. Another kiss—oh, hell—why think of what I've just told you? Kiss me and I'll promise to forgive your righteous indignation."

With a thud, Hilary fell against the fire settle. Looking up, dazed and furious, he saw Nancy's set, white face and clenched fist. For the first time in years, he heard her utter a rough oath. "D—dismissed, am I?" he said lightly, staggering to his feet. "Well, you always did have things your own way!"

TO PETER, Nancy went with the same straightforwardness, some called it ruthlessness, which had been hers, even the day she told Barney McGuire "there is nothing doing." She had waited in her room until she heard Daphne complain about lack of heat and Peter's light step going to his own wing. Stealthily, as if bent on mischief, she slipped after him. "I want to tell you I shall never marry Hilary," she began abruptly, standing with her back to the door lest some one try to enter.

"You never will do what?" Peter tried to lead her to a chair.

"We are no longer engaged." There was an exquisite pain in telling him. "He has broken his promise—and you were very wrong to give him your play! It made me believe in him, Peter." Peter's shoulders shrugged deprecatingly.

"We have had a bad half hour," Nancy went on. "He boasted of your folly—oh, my dear, why were you such a stupid altruist?" Here she lost self-control. "Don't you see what I am trying to say? That it was your play that made me love him—and all the time you wrote it. You—" she held out her arms with a reckless ges-

ture. "Peter, I love you! There, the worst is over. I have loved you for a long time. Because of it, I changed from Nance of the river to Miss Odell of Dolthan. I tried to fool myself and say I wanted to change because it was progress—but it was your love and your wish to have me change that brought it all about. You have made me indifferent to other men, patient of Daphne, even engaged to Hilary! Ah, that last was hardest of all. Can you realize there is something wonderful about a hopeless, hidden love like mine, that it can make one do and believe almost anything?"

LOOKING up into his tender, puzzled face, she made herself add, "Perhaps you think this very poor taste and wish I would go away. I will, presently. I've no doubt that you are as shocked as I am stimulated. But I don't care what you think." The old river recklessness took possession of her. "I love you. I want to save you. I don't know how to begin. You're the dilettante in the play, aren't you, Peter? The one who really understood—and no one suspected that he could. I am the girl—say I am! And all these weeks and weeks I have thought it was Hilary's idea—Peter, whatever made you such an unselfish brute?"

Then he caught her in his arms, almost awkwardly, as if struggling to persuade himself it was what he ought to do. Nancy gave a half sob, half laugh. This man of her heart seemed such a repressed, discouraged thing. "Yes, you are the girl in the play," he said a moment later, "and I the understanding idler. I did it only because I hoped to make you happy. I thought, and Hilary fostered the idea, that he could finish the play if some one gave him a start. He had made out a most appealing case in his own behalf—I love you, too, Nancy—perhaps I wanted to see you married to Hilary, out of temptation's way—are you surprised? Perhaps I have lied steadily and unflinchingly to myself!"

"You mean you love me like—like—" Nancy's startled, happy eyes peered into his disturbed face.

"I mean I love you as Hilary pretended to love you," he admitted, "too much for every one's peace of mind. It began by loving you as a young girl. You see, I, too, understand what a hopeless, hidden love can mean."

"Tell me when it began." She was oblivious to everything else in the world.

"In Switzerland," he said without an instant's hesitation. "Daphne was driving you rather hard. She was undecided what to do with you when we came home. You were beginning to want to take a business course and not stay here as her protégée. [Turn to page 63]



Illustrated by  
W. H. D. Koerner

"Stay here and guard them. I'll get the irons"

## The Ship of Souls

By Emerson Hough

Author of "The Mississippi Bubble," "The Covered Wagon," etc.

**I**N EXQUISITE white singing bird with a voice of gold—that was Christine, daughter of Angus Garth, factor of Fort McTavish. To Langley Barnes, who thought to forget civilization and love and women—to forget above all his wife Alicia—in the waste places of the north, she was as a pure white lily beside her vibrant, beautiful young half-breed sister, Annette. But though the words and wish of the old factor proclaimed Barnes and Christine man and wife, Barnes knew that theirs was no true marriage while Alicia lived and while he read in Christine's eyes love for Churchill, the young English officer who arrived with the Dawson Patrol. The discovery that Churchill was in love with Alicia and the treachery of Annette made action imperative and solution seemingly impossible.

**T**HE three pushed Stikeen out and around the corner. By this time, the legs of Johnnie Atlin had disappeared within the loft. But the dogs kept up their howling; and under the window on the snow lay the first bundle of black fox which Annette had cast out.

"Hi—hi—yah!" shouted Stikeen high and clear. At which Johnnie Atlin, brushing by pendant rows of Arctic and cross fox and silver gray, of mink and fisher and

wolverene, sprang to barricade behind some baled furs in the farthest and darkest corner of the great fur loft, where annually a king's ransom lay waiting for the world.

**U**P you go!" said Langley Barnes. He caught so full a grip at the collar and back belt of Stikeen that the latter was rushed to the foot of the ladder before he thought.

"Cover him, Garth. Come on, Churchill, follow me. If you make a wrong move, you, one of us'll kill you." A swift plan and a resolute, and like most such, one that worked. Accordingly it was Stikeen's head which first appeared at the window. Johnnie loosed off at it, but being like most Indians a very bad shot with a pistol, missed his man. A loud wail from Stikeen halted his hand. "Held on! Stop! Who you shooting at, you fool! This is me, Johnnie. Don't shoot!"

Held helpless at the rear, and afraid to kick at the man behind him, Stikeen bundled through the window. Barnes crawled low behind him, keeping him as a shield. Once within, he straightened and waited for Churchill to come in. Then he pushed his bullet shield swiftly to the corner whence the shot had come; the prisoner all the time adjuring Johnnie to come out and lay down his arms.

two malefactors were well laid by the heels, left the main room and walked into his own cubby hole, crowded with gear and clothing, and cast himself down on his blankets, his arms spread. He was trembling, a strange weakness assailed him. For the first time, the great physical machine that all his life had been his to command now showed lesion. He knew that it was the heart. So, what he stared at, as the cold sweat came, was the very present truth.

Presently old Angus slipped from his bed. On his knees, his gray bristling mane bowed on his flung arms, his fingers clutching into the colored wools of the coverlet, he prayed in agony of conscience to the God of his fathers, as men sometimes do when smitten sore and seeing the end not far. Not so far from nobleman now, he prayed for these two souls of his begetting, seeking, as others have before him, for some charm of grace to set aside the curse of the third and fourth generations. Not ungallant, after all, and not in any panic, though the broken surges of his heart left him trembling.

**B**ARNES, who had held aloof after the capture, rose at last and beckoned to Churchill. They passed through the door of the passageway into Christine's little temple. It was with a sense of profanation done that Barnes

It was all over almost in a flash. The struggling, stumbling mass of dark figures piled on top of the crouched one in the far dark.

"Now then, my man," said the cool and crisp voice of the officer as he reached for Johnnie's gun, "come out of it. March! Get down that ladder."

Johnnie obeyed in silence, Churchill's weapon following him till Garth had him covered fair. Then he sprang down the ladder himself.

"Fifty-fifty!" whispered Stikeen harshly over his shoulder to Barnes. "Fifty-fifty—and I'll get the lot out."

Barnes made no answer beyond the sharp impact of his knee in Stikeen's back. "Get down the ladder. If you run, I'll kill you."

Stumbling down the ladder they found Churchill standing guard over Johnnie.

**S**TAY here and guard them," said Churchill to Barnes. "I'll get the irons."

He hurried away and returned with the handcuffs, which were part of a patrol's luggage. He slipped them on the wrists of the two men, slapped them all over again for hidden weapons, then marched them into the house. Lacking better, he locked Stikeen to a stove leg, and Johnnie to a bolt end, projecting from a log. Then he ordered their bed rolls spread down on the floor, so that they might feel the cold less as they lay there.

"Sorry, men," said he at last. "You brought me through. But this sort of thing, breaking open the Company fur loft, isn't being done. That's our verdict."

"Verdict?" exclaimed Stikeen. "Let me tell you, you've not got us out to any court yet. If you ever did, what case have you got?"

"Breaking and entering; attempt to use weapon."

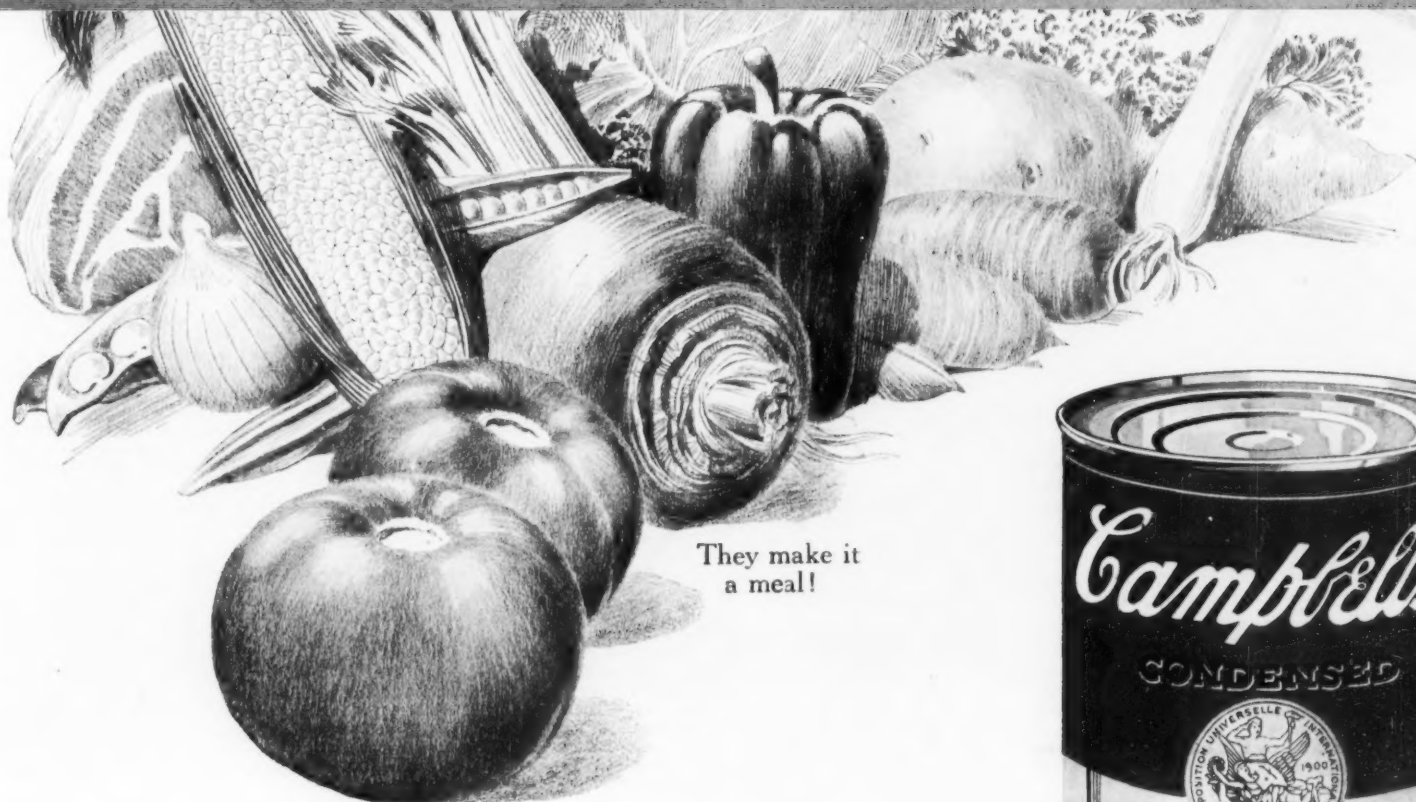
"Breaking and entering nothing! I had to enter that loft, with a gun in my back. As for Johnnie, he didn't break a thing—he opened the door fair with the key, and the key was given him by the daughter of the factor of this post. She said she wanted to store some more fox up there. All he was doing was to help her. It ain't our ladder—it's the regular Company ladder and the Company key. Ay, and the Company fur."

"I'd not talk too much," warned Churchill.

Angus Garth, now that the



# Money can't buy finer vegetables!



They make it  
a meal!

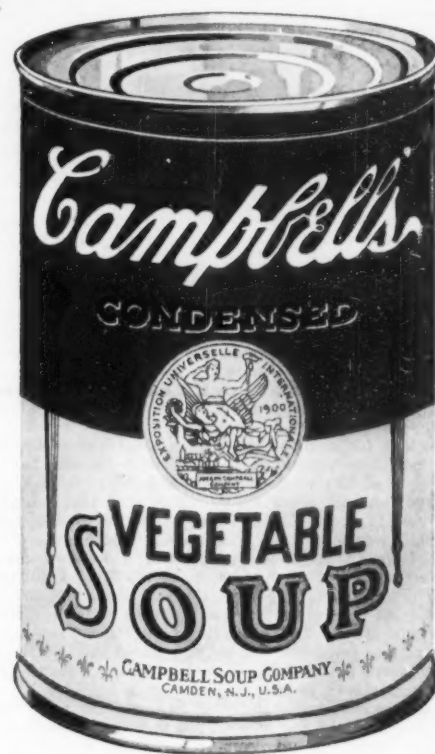
Better vegetables don't grow.  
If they did, they would be used in Campbell's Vegetable Soup.

To make good vegetable soup, the vegetables *must* be good!  
We are constantly at work on our own great farms to produce more perfect, better tasting, more nutritious vegetables.  
We search the markets of the entire country for the finest produce.

No effort, no expense is too great. For "every single can contains our business reputation."

Fifteen tempting vegetables are blended in this hearty and delicious soup. Broth of fine beef, cereals that are rich in nourishment, dainty herbs and seasoning!

Can't you just taste it!



21 kinds  
12 cents a can



Snappy work and sparkling play  
Come from eating soup each day.  
Campbell's make me feel so fine  
I can hardly wait for mine!

Luncheon      Dinner      Supper

# Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

*The poor girl had been completely won over by the bold promises of Stikeen Harry at their first interview*



saw Churchill's red tunic hanging on a wall nail. It seemed intimate, assured.

Churchill closed the door, took down the uniform blouse, and shrugged into it, buttoning it full front. "I suppose I must be official now."

"For me, I don't give a hang what you wear," said Langley Barnes. He spread on the table, the picture of Alicia Barnes on the bathing beach, with Major Arthur Courtenay Churchill. "I imagine as between you and me, clothes don't so much matter now. They didn't seem to as between you and her."

"Oh, very well. Quite as you please, sir."

"I never used to believe that there was any ruling power controlling things," Barnes went on. "But look here." He smoothed out the creases in the sepia sheet. "This is here, in the home of a girl whose shoes neither of us is fit to unlatch."

"Yet I understand you claim the unlatching right, in spite of this," Churchill waved a thumb at the picture of Alicia Barnes. "Man, it's your affair, bigamy across the line. You left the hollowest kind of hollowness, your marriage, down there in the States; and you confess to me you've found a new answer here?"

"Not true! I've not found it," said Langley Barnes hoarsely. "I've given her up. I've told her all about Alicia. That's done."

They sat for a time silent, then Churchill spoke, "I found out four years ago that Christine Garth has a voice—one of the world's great voices, Mr. Barnes, as I believe; and my education once was such that I ought to be able to guess close. Well, I tried to educate her. Oh yes, I was mad enough about her, God knows, even then. I am now. But then I was a married man. Well, my wife died after the war, of the flu. I did not need a divorce then. Thought I'd come back to Canada. Rested a bit in Florida first and came on up here rather fast. But I got here too late. So there you are, Alicia neither loves you nor me, nor any man. Christine does not love me, and she does love you. I found out that much, almost at once."

"Why she ever loved you, God knows! On your own count you deceived her at first, till it was too late; and she knew about you and Annette—she told me all that, you know."

"If we must fight, let's get it clear as we can what we're fighting about, please!"

"I shall never fight you at all," said Langley Barnes slowly. "Now, or at any other time. We are two rotters together. Why should we fight?"

They were standing, back to back, mute, when a sudden faint sound of tumult came through the hall, dead-ended with hung furs and clothing. Christine flung wide the door.

She stood, her eyes wide, the blood on her cheek not yet fully stanchied, across it the livid red gash done by the whip of Annette's hair.

Sounds of conflict came—Angus Garth's voice, growling in rage; Annette's shrilling, punctuating cracks of a whip lash. Barnes and Churchill rushed to this mêlée.

WHAT really had happened was this: Johnnie Atlin had succeeded, during the process of handcuffing in abstracting from Churchill's coat pocket the key to the shackles which bound him and his chief, Stikeen Harry. When, later on, Annette had prowled cat-footed into the room, Johnnie had tossed her the keys, and Annette had done the rest.

There is, however, something penetrative in too much silence. Angus Garth, in his room, suddenly felt that something was wrong. He caught down a dog whip from a nail and sprang into the room. What he saw drove him to frenzy—Annette, Stikeen, standing close—whispering. With imprecations he began laying on the pair impartially with the great whip he well knew how to wield.

Barnes, ahead, broke into the room just in time to see Stikeen stoop, pick up his loosed irons from the floor and

hurl them straight into the face of the old man. Garth fell in a heap, the blood pouring from a gash across his forehead. At the instant a swinging blow from the heavy barrel of Barnes' revolver caught Stikeen on the side of the head and dropped him cold. There was silence again, save for the panting of men.

Annette was doing her best to get to a carbine that hung on the wall. For the poor girl had been completely won over by the bold promises of Stikeen Harry during their first interview. "Stop it, now!" cried Churchill, wherefore Annette, in the corner, ceased struggling and laughed defiantly.

GARTH flung off the hands of Christine, pushed past Barnes and walked straight to the door. He gave no more than a growl of indifferent contempt when he saw the room tenanted by the two prisoners again in irons and under the eye of their guardian. Some instinct led Barnes to lay a restraining hand on Christine's arm. They followed him out into the open and stood back as they saw him walk to the river front.

"Come! Both!" The old man swung an arm. They followed him to the little enclosure where Christine's mother lay buried. Garth again was saying his covenant confiteor. Nor could Langley Barnes escape the feeling that he stood in some vast edifice. The mourning, sighing wind, like the chanting of paddlers, passed away, faint above the far black level of the Northern forest.

"Ye heard it? Didna ye hear it?" The old man turned to Barnes, his voice no longer raucous like the bark of a rabies-smitten animal. Barnes nodded.

"Ay! The Chasse Galère! The damned souls!" Again the other nodded.

"Ye came in it. Ye've sold your soul for sake of her, a good woman, innocent?"

Barnes shut his lips under his beard and nodded again.

"Yes."

"But ye started back again. To escape from her?"

"No! To save her, as I think."

"Then why came ye back here? Ye love Christine?"

"I'm trying with all my soul not to love Christine! I'll give my life and soul to save Christine."

He felt the girl's hand slip from his arm where it had lain. Suddenly he seemed dizzy, on some brink; just without her hand on his arm. "Then what shall we do?"

"God knows, Angus Garth. For me, I care nothing. But I have no wisdom about it. Do you think you and I could lie to her? We did, but what good? Only the truth will do with Christine. I've told her truth, all of it, so help me God—whom I have denied."

"About you woman ye marrit agone? That's among the dead things of a man's life. Didna I tell ye I absolved ye from all that, seeing the need here for a strong young man, white? It was no sin to cast off that. Have I not lived here? Do I not know the in and out of marrying? Dinna I, Angus Garth, give the one or the other of my ain flesh and blood to ye, and take your ain soul in pay? Didna ye agree to that? Was not that our bargain—the last bargain? I drove it for the Company—and for Christine!"

He was shivering, as much of emotion as of cold, with the physical look of a strong ague. He held in his own great hand the white one of his daughter. Christine was raising the collar of his coat, pulling a scarf from his pocket to cast over his bare gray head. Her face was like some ancient picture, calm; yet a grievous thing to see.

"There's but one woman in the world for me now, Angus Garth."

"So help me God! It is Christine."

said Langley Barnes.

"Ay."

"But her I can not ever have. Christine at least knows a lie, if you and I do not. She knows I still am married. Do you suppose she'd look at me now? she never will."

"But didna ye love my girl, Langley Barnes?"

"Sir, yes! I can not speak to that here and now, sir. I can give my body to spare hers and my soul to save hers—but it comes to nothing. Christine is Christine. We cannot deceive—and we cannot change her. Her eyes see where yours and mine cannot see, Mr. Garth. She's the white woman—good. We two are—men!"

"Kirstie, my darling; and do ye love this thief and scoundrel man, as ye do your ain thief and scoundrel feyther? Oh, Kirstie! Kirstie, my ewe lamb! I'm sae alone! I'm sae alone! She's gone! God's peety, I'm sae alone!"

His voice fell to whisper, to whimper. "I Angus Garth, forty and five years factor of McTevish, I dinna know what to do! 'Tis no believable. Christine, do ye love this man? Tell me!"

Christine looked at him in her straight way. "It were na right, feyther," said she, quietly.

He caught her suddenly, looking straight into her eyes out of his own savage old eyes, pushing back the ruff of heavy tawny hair from her forehead, too dignified even now to kiss her, as he had been all his life, but hungry that she might at last know his heart.

"It wadna noo be right, feyther," said Christine Garth again, quietly.

And they knew now that they had met the Law.

"'Tis the end of McTevish!" said Angus Garth. "Ay. And the end of me." He dismissed the others with a wave of his hand and they returned to the cabin.

NOT far from the edge of the bluff stood the gaunt frame of a singular machine whose counterpart is not known in the commerce of civilization—that old fur press, where the bales of furs were made and lashed for shipment. At one side of the upright shaping-frame ran out the long arm which gave it all its power, a log of spruce, thirty feet or so in length, thicker than a woman's waist at the inner end of the lever. The hinge was a heavy pin let into the frame close to the larger end. The arm extended thence with such outboard length and sweep as gave an enormous leverage when the detaining clutch was slipped and the free end of the great log fell through its arc. The crushing and cramping force of tons lay in the lever of the fur press.

Slowly, methodically, Angus Garth walked apart, searching for something. He found it; a smooth, peeled spruce pole, ten feet long, used sometimes in the baling. He took this in his right hand, and carefully set the foot of it against the foot of one of the uprights. Half supported by the pole, he climbed up till the toes of his moccasins were supported by the first cross bar of the cage.

He reached out across the upper edge of the cage, his fingers finding hold, so that at short-arm he could draw toward himself. His head was across the top of a short slat where the first tie was shot on the made packet.

There were now three leverages in the fur press of McTevish—that of the long arm; that of the pole whose side rested now against the inner end of the long arm; and that of Angus Garth's two arms. If he pulled against the rigid cage wall with his left arm, and pushed forward with his bent and shortened [Turn to page 92]





Can you afford to keep on washing clothes in the same exhausting, expensive way when Fels-Naptha will save both work and clothes?

Don't go through another wash-day without Fels-Naptha!

# Are you fair to yourself?



You can tell Fels-Naptha by its clean naptha odor.



The original and genuine naptha soap in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

Are you sparing yourself the hard work of washing clothes by methods that tire you out and make you look old before your time? Are you fair to yourself?

Of course, Fels-Naptha is no beauty-restorer or balm for advancing years, but it takes away some of the very causes of age and ill-health—overwork and worry.

Put Fels-Naptha at work, and immediately you'll find relief from the strain of hard rubbing—its real naptha makes dirt let go by soaking.

And when you realize that your clothes have *Fels-Naptha Cleanliness*—that deeper cleanliness that makes clothes wholesome, you will be quick to say with millions of other women that *nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha*. For it is more than soap. It is more than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blending of *splendid soap* and *real naptha* that gives you the benefit of these two great cleaners at the same time, and in one economical golden bar.

Order Fels-Naptha from your grocer, and start using it today. Treat yourself fairly by making your work lighter, while safely getting your clothes cleaner.

TEST the greater cleansing value of Fels-Naptha. Send 2c in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

# FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

© 1924, Fels & Co. Philadelphia

# It Was Not Love

[Continued from page 7]

safely between the straight-and-narrow and the primrose paths. Ladd's mother, if she were alive, would have been quite satisfied with Lydia.

She gratified Ladd's every fastidious instinct. And he had reason to suppose that he in turn met her requirements. He visualized with a glow about the heart, the turn of her satiny brown head, the lily smoothness of her throat. She had a way of kissing him, suddenly, suddenly slipping away from him. The exquisite inaccessible! The star just over the hill. Marriage—with that! The will-o'-the-wisp in one's hand!

He was smiling, faintly, flipping over the pages of his newspaper, entirely cognizant of his own emotional processes when from the rather crowded and more tawdry precincts of the Dramatic Notes, another face looked out at him and stopped him—cold.

A small, thin-pointed elfish face set in a cloud of dark hair. Great dark eyes, wistful and knowledgeable. A mouth too soft for its own good. Something like a sudden note of laughter in the tilt of the little nose. Between two stout young men in checks and derbies, and an imposing young woman in a wide-plumed hat, she looked out at him questioning. The caption above her head read: "Pansy Miller—(Orpheum)."

There was, as in the case of the larkspur eyes, an explanatory paragraph—with what a difference, however!—tucked casually away near the bottom of a vaudeville notice. "Pansy Miller—in an amusing medley of songs and dances, formerly of the Greenwich Village Follies."

Pansy Miller, a perfume teased his nostrils, an impish chuckle echoed in his ears, jasmine—she would use jasmine! What was it she used to call him?—Golden Lad . . . she had explained it to him gravely. . . . "Such a funny name—like the poem, don't you see? 'Golden lads and lassies must, like chimney sweepers, come to dust!'" Funny little thing—she'd read a lot of verse—in the course of her rather appalling vagrancy.

**PANSY MILLER!** Ladd put down his paper and pushed his plate away. Five minutes before there had been nothing in a well-ordered, well-controlled world that he lacked, to the suave completion of his hopes. Now, all at once, a tantalizing swarm of memories, desire, half-awake and half-suppliant. More than a year ago—he had barely known Lydia then.

He hadn't thought of Pansy Miller in months. When you closed a door, you closed it, that was all. No—apparently it wasn't! Ladd would have said that he had closed the door on Pansy Miller pretty definitely with that last dark night on the West End Road. . . . Yet here she was—looking up at him—on this, of all days—from an ink-smudged Sunday paper. Of course she would come back—on a theatrical circuit—nothing extraordinary in that. Nothing to be hot and cold about—nothing to do with Fate. His friendship with her had been, when you took the thing to pieces and viewed it dispassionately, after all of the slightest.

It wasn't easy, perhaps, to be dispassionate about Pansy Miller, but once you achieved it the thing was simple enough. Ladd had met her rather casually. To be frank, to be meticulously honest, which was Ladd's secret pride in himself, he hadn't properly speaking, met her at all. He had picked her up, as the phrase goes, waiting in a hotel lobby for some one, late one sweltering September afternoon.

The man he was to meet that afternoon hadn't showed up; the party he had been going on, that night, called off; the town, hot and dusty and dull.

Ladd had sat in an overstuffed velvet chair until he felt his limit overreached. Then he had got up to go. And as he stood, Pansy Miller, in the next chair stood as well. He hadn't especially noticed her sitting there, a little thing in a black and white frock with a small black hat pulled low over her eyes. He really saw her first when the taffeta bag she carried dropped at his feet with a tiny crash and a tinkle.

"Oh, my Lord. . . . I've broken a mirror!" she gasped—and those ridiculous words were the first he could remember of her.

He had picked up the bag, of course—and the mirror, upon investigation had proved, indeed to be broken—straight across its cheap little face. "Never mind," Ladd had said to her smiling pleasantly down from his lordly height: "you're not superstitious surely?"

"Oh, aren't I? I'm as superstitious as a—black cat . . . this will just about kill me!" Then she had snapped the bag shut. "Thanks, a lot! Anyhow—breaking a mirror—you won't think I did it on purpose."

"I wish I could!" said Ladd quite to his own surprise. He wasn't given to picking up stray little girls, but this one's eyes, the far-away question in her smile, even in that first perfunctory glance caught at him sharply. Cheap frock, cheap hat, cheap little black satin shoes . . . she gave off nevertheless a wilful charm. And her hands were startlingly lovely; slim-fingered and frail with the flower-smoothness of ivory.

"I've been sitting here watching you," she said. "Gosh—you looked cross—and tired—and lonely!"

"I was—all of that!" said Ladd.

"This is a terrible town," she pronounced. "You live here?"

"Yes," said Ladd—and added with tardy civic pride—"It isn't so bad except in summer."

"I only got here yesterday. I wouldn't have the place—if you gave it to me."

"The keys of the city are in my pocket," he suggested.

She flickered her fingers at him mockingly: "Youngest mayor in captivity!"

"And you," said Ladd—"visiting royalty?"

"Not quite—not just exactly. I'm Pansy Miller—"

"It's a cunning name. . . ."

"You like it? It's my real one."

"Your real one—why not? Oh, I see—you're on the stage?"

"Orpheum circuit," said Pansy Miller. "I sing a little—depends on how good-natured the house is—and dance a little. I used to be with the Greenwich Village Follies. . . ."

"Honestly?" said Ladd. "It's a ripping show. I wish I could remember. . . ."

"Nice boy!" said Pansy Miller. "I wasn't on the program—much."

The look in her dark eyes called to him, like birdsong in a wood. He did a thing his every-day self protested—even while he did it. "Oh, Miss Miller—see here!—I'm Ladd Sanford, by the way—not that my name was ever on anything—much . . . what are you doing this evening?"

"Why not let me drive you out somewhere for dinner. . . . Heaps of places around here. It's too hot to eat in town."

She nodded and drew a long breath— "All right—I'll go. What's the use of living if you can't take a chance?"

And that had been their first evening together. The first of seven. Pansy Miller played a week in New Orleans, tail-ender in the Orpheum show, and every night of that week Ladd Sanford took her to dinner before the performance, waited, like any stage-door Johnny of sentimental tradition and drove with her miles upon scented dusty miles in the darkness after it.

It was one of those sudden and overwhelming affairs of which every woman has known at least one in a lifetime, most men considerably more. Ladd, the cool, deliberate, sceptical Ladd let himself go like a man shooting the rapids. He had been tired, he had been dull, he had been for the moment disillusioned and rebellious. Something in Pansy Miller eased all that like the touch of her small, white fingers on his eyelids.

She was honestest than the women of his world—she was franker. Under the apparent hardness of her shell, there dwelt an amazingly sensitive creature, a beauty-lover and a dreamer. She told him, that first night of all, a good deal about herself.

"You're a funny little thing," said Ladd. "Where did you—where were you born?"

"In the cow's horn. . . ." she made an outrageous little face at him—"Do you really want to know?—what for? Well, I was born in old Kentucky where the meadow-grass and so on and so on—but I didn't stay there very long."

"Kentucky's a good place," said Ladd lazily, watching the tenderness of her lips.

She told him, crumbling her bread with little restless fingers. "I reckon the Kentucky you know—and the Kentucky I know, aren't just the same. My people are—poor white trash."

"Don't say that! They couldn't be. . . ."

"Couldn't they?—You ought to see 'em! I got away—when I was fifteen. Had a girl friend that married a man—from Brooklyn. She let me stay with 'em till I could find me a job . . . errand-girl—for a big dress-maker."

**SHE** had a wonderful slender throat, above the flimsy black-and-white print she wore, a cheap string of pearls, but her smooth young flesh made them luminous. "Then—one day—I got a chance to wear some flapper frocks—the regular model was sick—and they kept me on at that for a while."

"How did you get into the Follies?" asked Ladd. He liked listening to her soft, rather husky voice.

"Oh—before that—I posed a little."

"Posed!" said Ladd.

Pansy Miller smiled a little—wistfully—with complete understanding— "—yes, Little Billee, posed! I was kind of good at it, too. I stayed with it for a year—living down in the village with another girl I'd met in the studios—they were the days! I liked it—in the village. This other girl wrote poems and stuff. She had boxes and boxes of books. I always have liked books, when I could get at 'em."

"What sort of books?" he asked her curiously.

"I'm crazy about poems, poems and plays. But poems, most of all. It always seems to me that the things people don't dare tell—or listen to—they can put into verse—and get away with it. So you have—beauty—and—well—what's real in life—all at once."

"What is real in life?"

"Your dreams," said Pansy Miller—"whatever they are! . . . But it's funny—I don't—tell my soul like this—to most people. We must be each other's kind—h'm'm?"

"I think we must," said Ladd—"will you smoke?"

"I can't," said Pansy Miller. "I—don't like it. I don't drink, either—much. All my vices are emotional."

"What in the world do you mean?"

She stared off across the room with a deepening

shadow in her eyes. "I'm a fool for believing in people—I take life too hard—I'm easy to hurt—and hurt deep. When I'm low in my mind I can't see the sun in the sky, when I'm happy, I believe in Santa Claus."

"You're a funny little thing!"

"Yes—but you like me, don't you?" And he had admitted that he liked her. Admitted it sweepingly—with more than a touch of ardor—even that first night.

Sitting in that sunny window with Pansy's face looking up at him from the Dramatic page . . . Ladd remembered, with startling clearness, how swiftly and far he and Pansy had fared—on the next night and the next. And yet how completely innocent that faring had been! Driving through the dark—that was all. Shoulders touching—sometimes her hand in his—eventually, for the most part, his arm about her rather fragile shoulders. Talking—talking—talking—of everything and nothing.

**THEY** had parked by the sea-wall and sat there endlessly, looking out across the dark unresting reaches of the Lake.

Ladd remembered word for word, things she had said—things he had answered . . . little silly unimportant things! "What's that about your palace, Pansy?"

She rounded out the lines for him with delicious docility: "Something you ought to know, Golden Lad—without my teaching it to you. . . ."

"Safe upon the solid rock the ugly houses stand;

Come and see my shining palace built upon the sand!"

"I s'pose you'll have a great house some day—won't you, Ladd?" she had said. "Built on a solid rock . . . of course you will! With a pretty lady alongside. And all your hedges nicely trimmed. About that time, I'll be trotting from one agent's office to another—wearing out my shoes on Broadway pavements. . . ."

"Why will you? Aren't you getting away with it—your stuff, I mean?"

"Don't let's talk about my stuff! I just do get away with it—and that's all. . . ." (She wouldn't let him come to the theater to see her in her turn . . . he never saw her in it, the whole week she was there.) "What I want out of life isn't the theater. I want something real."

"What do you mean—something real?"

He remembered the way she had looked at him smiling—with smouldering eyes. "What does any woman mean?—Love—I reckon. . . ."

"Do you mean to say you've never had—"

"A lover?"

"Well—men who wanted to be!"

"Oh—flocks of 'em—the line has formed to the left for years now."

"Do you mean to say you've never—cared—for a man?"

"Darned few—and no women!" said Pansy wickedly. Ladd could see the sweep of her heavy lashes, the provocative twist of her mouth . . .

He hadn't kissed her until almost the end of the week, though. He hadn't, queerly, been sure she wanted him to for all her pretty tricks. He himself had caught fire early and blazed high . . . but he couldn't be sure of Pansy . . . and his pride would not admit of a rebuff, from such a quarter. Until a night or so before the end. Then he had lost his head, with the teasing gipsy sweetness of her . . . and she had clung in his arms in a way to satisfy his extremest doubts. "Oh, Ladd—" she had whispered close against his cheek—"I'm so happy—I could die!"

Ladd had answered—he remembered with a slow flush darkening across his face—"Are you, darling?—well, I am, too!"

And the rest of that drive had been a dark dream of heaven, cooled with a wind from the Lake . . . mangled with starlight in a deep far sky . . . scented with the dusty fragrance of trees and bushes along the road. They had driven late and parted with reluctance. "Only two more nights," sighed Pansy tiptoeing in the shadowy doorway of her St. Charles street boarding-house to say good-by.

It had occurred to Ladd in a flash of returning sanity that two more nights might very well be all the affair required. He hated to feel himself out of control. He had an odd Puritan streak somewhere which resented the ephemeral yet relentless dominion of the flesh. He said good night therefore with a certain amount of calm . . . but next time he saw her, the calm went out like ice on a spring-warmed river.

Those last two nights were sheer enchantment. Even at the clear-eyed distance of more than a year, Ladd's pulse quickened, remembering Pansy Miller's happiness. Her thrilling sweet shy gaiety. No girl that he had ever known in all his well-bred, conventional existence, was ever half so shy as Pansy—! She answered his kisses madly—but when he had kissed her, she hid her face against his shoulder, and he could feel her heart beat against his own. They talked rather less from then on. There were long silent spaces when Ladd's car slid through the dark.

Ladd rather hated remembering that last night. Up to that, the thought of Pansy Miller was like the perfume she used to use . . . a little ardent, perhaps, but ineffably alluring. Yet—wasn't it the last night that had definitely squared him with himself? Definitely cleared him of any intent to mislead—or to exaggerate the situation?

Honest—Ladd had been honest with [Turn to page 70]



"With a rough washcloth, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion"—The rest of this treatment is given in the second column below



## Blackheads can be overcome by the right cleansing method

TWO BOYS, just out of college, were riding down Fifth Avenue on a bus top. They were watching the stream of women—women of every age, every station in life, every type of costume and appearance, who fill that brilliant thoroughfare at four o'clock in the afternoon—the fashionable hour.

"They look all right from up here," remarked one of the boys, "but get down on the sidewalk, and just about one woman in ten really has a good complexion. With the rest it's a matter of make-up."

These were real boys—and a real conversation.

THERE is no way of successfully disguising a poor complexion. And most women would have no temptation to try to do so, if they realized how simple it is to build up a fresh, clear, beautiful skin by using the right hygienic methods.

Each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. If you give this new skin the right treatment, you can get rid of faults that have been troubling you for months, or even for years. You

can gain a complexion so fresh, clear, radiant, that there will be nothing you need to conceal.

### How to free your skin from blackheads

Blackheads are a confession that you are not using the right cleansing method for your skin. Follow this special treatment, and see how quickly blackheads will disappear—how clear and smooth your skin will become—

EVERY night before retiring apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in this treatment. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

This is only one of the famous skin treatments given in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. A

special treatment for each different type of skin is given in this booklet.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin the right treatment for your skin. See what a difference even a week or ten days of this special care will make in your appearance.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for regular use. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

### Three famous Woodbury skin preparations —guest size—for 10 cents!

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.

1506 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio  
For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap  
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream  
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder  
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1506 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. English Agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Cut out this coupon and send it to us today



## Is your letter paper evidence for the prosecution?

WHEN a woman is compelled to acknowledge in court a letter which mars her case or reflects on her character, she wishes she had not written it. Mrs. Post, in her book "Etiquette", says: "Never write a letter to a man that you would be ashamed to see in a newspaper above your signature."

But it is not only what you say in a letter that may be evidence against you. You may write on paper that damages your social position, reflects on your good taste, and puts you in a class to which you do not belong. You cannot explain such things away. Your letters go to friends, acquaintances or strangers, and are read when you are not there, sometimes by people who do not know you. They judge you by the paper you have chosen to represent you. If it does not creditably represent you, who is to blame?

And so Mrs. Post's wise caution should be extended to include, "and never write on paper that is not in perfect good taste and correct in form."

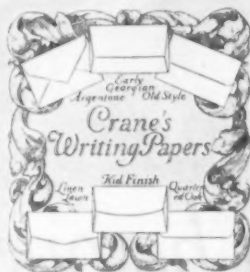
You ask, "How can I be sure of being right?" It is really very easy. Nearly every stationery department carries Crane's Writing Papers, the high quality of which is recognized everywhere, and Eaton's Highland Linen, in the correct shades, shapes, sizes and styles. For fifty cents I will send you my book on "Social Correspondence" and usable samples of Crane's Writing Papers or Eaton's Highland Linen.

*Caroline De Lancey*

Address me in care of

EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY

225 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY



## Having the Courage of Your Convictions

[Continued from page 2]

questions of the deepest concern to our national life and to our influence among other nations. When it comes right down to the point, there are mighty few of us who have the courage of our convictions.

Then, too, we have boasted so much about being the "land of the free and the home of the brave" and we have so confounded liberty with license that we have an inborn hesitation about saying what we really think and feel on any subject for fear we may interfere with some one's vaunted liberty. At the present minute we are a tax-ridden people and we are a law-strangled people. We have so everlastingly many laws that they impinge on each other. There are well-authenticated instances in which you cannot obey one law without breaking another, and this being the case it takes a species of moral bravery that is about equal to facing a cannon to say what we really think and feel on a great many subjects.

During the past ten years there have been absolute outrages perpetrated in the name of art. There is the celebrated nude coming down the stairs. If any one really knows what this painting means, who is going to benefit by it, how it is going to develop a broader comprehension, a deeper love of the artistic and the beautiful in the heart of any one, I would be mighty glad to have the subject explained to me. Probably this is a question of such small moment in the great big scheme of things that it is not worth dwelling upon, but I have seen a few people that I considered really sane giving credence to such efforts. However, I am sure that the great body of public opinion is firmly in favor of something at least having a semblance of form, of recognized color, filling a few of the ancient laws of composition, of beauty, and I am wondering why this great body of people, who without doubt, feel as deeply as I do upon the subject of art either in sculpture or on canvas or fresco, do not open up their heads and say most emphatically what they think and feel.

I AM not a skilled musician. I know only enough about music to know what I like, what I can appreciate, what means something to me, what helps me with my work and my life as I live it day by day. And as I know these things, I also know what annoys me and irritates me: while I frankly confess that there are few things happening in our country today that are more shocking, and in my opinion, more of a menace, than the deterioration we are allowing in our music. We have great musicians in this country, men and women who can compose beautiful music; while we have other men and women who can execute it, who can interpret finely as fine things as our best musicians can evolve. But nowhere I go, unless it be to a Philharmonic concert, do I find the music that is accessible to the masses keeping up to the standards that we must have as a nation if we are going to do greater work or to perpetuate even such musical taste as we had ten years ago. When we have it in our power to stop such an outrage as most of the jazz music of the present minute, why we keep quiet and permit it is beyond my comprehension. It is impossible to enter almost any public place you can mention, with the exception of a church, and not have the sensibilities and the ears offended by a form of plagiarism that never would be allowed in literature. Everywhere we go today we can hear the themes of the finest classic music that the masters of the ages have been able to evolve, syncretized, speeded up as to time, embellished with the rattle of drumsticks on the wooden rim of a drum, the blare of trombones, and the inhuman wailing of saxophones until the theme is so nearly lost that you have to be very familiar with the classics of all lands and times to realize to exactly what

extent this peculiar form of theft and bad taste has been carried. We laughed in the beginning; a great many people thought it was funny when turkey trots and fox trots and all the other trots began to creep in. No one dreamed that the day was coming very speedily when on a pleasure craft, in a hotel, at any sort of public entertainment, it would be an exceptional program that would embrace anything else. No one dreamed that the beautiful conceptions of the past or the lovely inspirations possible for the future could be smothered and drowned out by this awful jazz thing which has submerged us musically as a nation, could ever reach the place or have the influence that it has had. It was because those of us who feared it and who hated it did not put our feet down firmly and use the influence that would have been necessary to stop it in the beginning, that this has occurred.

EXACTLY the same thing is true concerning much of the modern dancing which is seen in public today. Almost any evil that ever overtook us as a nation slipped in at the back door, a little bit of an inconspicuous, amusing, insinuating thing, wearing an innocent frock and a guileless face; no one went deep enough to find out that there was death and destruction in its heart, the sting of a serpent on its tongue. When I think back to the beauty of the minuet, to the grace of the Lancers, to the exquisite rhythm of the waltz, and then watch any dancing I see anywhere at the present minute, I cannot regard modern dances as anything but deterioration. There is not any advance in them. They represent retrogression in an alarming degree, a lowering of standards all along the line. The dances of the hour lack grace, they lack beauty, they lack inspiration. Nine out of ten of the dancing couples seem tired and jaded to the limit; they give no appearance of strength, freshness, innocence or joy. The modern dance is frankly a thing of physical contact, openly, in many instances, a display of vulgarity that would not have been tolerated a few years ago. But because they came gradually, because people who were supposed to be leaders took them up and indulged in them, no matter how strong the protest in most of our hearts, we kept still and let things continue until now it would require a good, strong voicing of public opinion to institute a change to even the degree of rhythm and grace and decency that we had ten years ago. The longer we wait the harder it is going to be to get away from the thing for the simple reason that the children who are coming up are being accustomed to such dancing from infancy, and to them it naturally seems to be right, because, as with music, it is the thing that they are hearing, so with dancing it is the thing that they are seeing almost everywhere they go. They cannot be made to understand why it is inferior in grace and morality to the dances of a day past, because they have not seen these dances in many cases, and yet I notice, that on the stage or in a picture, wherever one of the dances of the past, a lovely minuet, the grace of the waltz, the intricacies of the reel, is depicted, a gasp of wonder and admiration runs through any audience. There seems to be a feeling that these dances must be accompanied by pantalettes and crinolines and knee breeches and powdered wigs, but all that our young people of today need in order to dance these rhythmic, lovely and chaste dances is the music and instruction as to the steps. Men are going to be men and they are going to be mighty attractive as long as the world stands, and girls are going to be girls and they are going to be beautiful no matter how their hair is cut or how their dress is fashioned, and those who have grace and charm can use it in one costume quite as well as another. All we need do is to [Turn to page 28]



# Sunshine or Shadow?



**L**UCKY boys and girls—graduating this month! Born lucky because God gave them fathers and mothers who have the love, the courage and the financial ability to see that their children are properly educated.

It is hard to believe that any father could care so little about the future of his children that he would let them give up school and go to work too soon if he could possibly prevent it.

And yet, right here in the United States where children are supposed to be better cared for than anywhere else in the world, there are more than 1,000,000 children between the ages of 10 and 16 at work—many of them laboring at health-wrecking and mind-dwarfing drudgery in factories, mines, shops and mills, on farms and in cities!

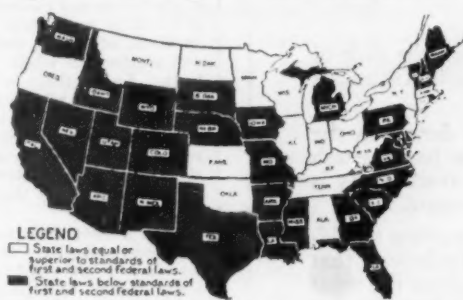
\* \* \* \*

All of the experts on health and education agree that children should be kept in school until they are at least 14. Every right-minded man and woman will agree on that point. Whether or not some children between 14 and 16 should drop all study and go to work is a grave question. But no one will deny that all of these youngsters need hours for play while they are growing—for the right play helps to build strong, healthy bodies.

Now what are the facts? Here they are furnished by the United States Census Bureau:

378,063 children between the ages of 10 and 14 are at work.

682,795 children between the ages of 14 and 16 are at work.



Comparison of State and Federal Child Labor Standards for Work in Factories  
Taken from the report of the Children's Bureau, U. S. Dep't of Labor

This map gives a graphic picture of the extent of child labor in this country. The black states—30 of them—do not adequately protect their children under 14. Only 18 states—the white states—have laws under which children may really be protected.

But while some states are shown as black, actual working conditions should be shown in gray, some light gray and some dark gray. And even in the white states,

the actual conditions are not always pure white.

Generally speaking—the states that give their children no protection or next to none have the greatest number of illiterates. They pay the price of their exploitation. Child labor in the United States has grown to alarming figures and will continue to grow until public opinion and humanity order it stopped. And apparently the only

thing that can stop it everywhere and at once is the Child Labor Amendment to the Federal Constitution.

The time is coming when every state will be called upon to ratify the Amendment. Be ready to do your part to have it sanctioned by the Legislature of your state. It is a measure that should have your heartiest support.

HALEY FISKE, President.

Remember, the Census figures show only those children reported by fathers and mothers. Investigators know that there are thousands of children from 4 to 10 years old whose work at home is hidden from the Census takers. No one can know the exact number.

All through these bright sunshiny days when the beautiful green world is calling boys and girls to come and play—they drudge—perhaps a half million of them—mere children. From dawn to dusk you will find them toiling on truck farms. During the long day you will see them in textile mills, in sweat shops, in food canneries, in beet fields, in coal mines—wherever the state law fails to protect them.

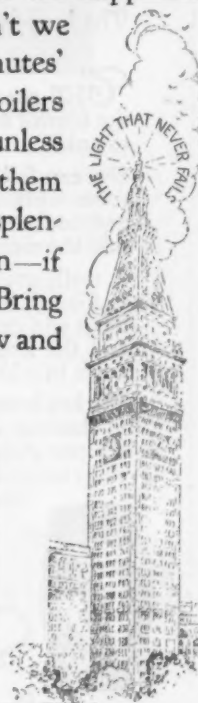
\* \* \* \*

Poor little souls, many of them doomed to live in the shadow of poverty and ignorance all their lives—what chance have they?

The number of children who are injured at work is appalling but not surprising. Children must play and when denied their rightful opportunities, they will play at their work and get hurt.

Most of us like to look on the sunny side of life—and so we should. But while we are planning for the happiness and welfare of our own boys and girls, can't we

give just a few minutes' thought to the little toilers condemned to misery unless we help? Thousands of them can be developed into splendid men and women—if they are rescued now. Bring them out of the shadow and into the sunshine.



Published by

**METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK**  
Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year



## What makes a girl a good dancer?

The knee-freedom and coolness of Lady Sealpax may have a lot to do with it.

THE good dancer moves unhampered through the glide of the foxtrot and twirl of the waltz, perfect in line from shoulder to ankle.

She can follow the capricious lead of the best dancer in the room without an awkward movement, and be just as fresh and cool at two o'clock as at ten. And one reason why is that she wears underwear that is adapted to dancing.

A really good dancer would as soon think of wearing an old-fashioned, heavily-boned corset to a dance as underwear that flares and crumples and slips. Or catches her about the waist and the knees with clinging rubber bands, or hampers her limbs in a long glide, or worst of all, is hot!

She has learned to expect the same freedom and cool comfort in dancing as in all her other activities. That is why Lady Sealpax Athletic Underwear may now be had, not only in sheer voiles, handkerchief linens and Fruit of the Loom Special Nainsook, but in soft pastel silks, too.



Fresh and clean in the glassine envelope as no unpackaged underwear can be.

THE SEALPAX CO.  
Baltimore, Md.

*Lady*  
**Sealpax**  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.  
DAINTY ATHLETIC UNDERWEAR

## Having the Courage of Your Convictions

[Continued from page 26]

say overwhelmingly and forcefully that we are dead tired of these things, that we do not want them any longer, that we are not going to stand for them, and they will stop; but it must be an overwhelming majority of the public who says this, and they must mean what they say when they say it. Whenever they do this, we will have safer entertainments and infinitely less grief for our young people than they are experiencing today. A great many of us thought it a fairly severe pronouncement when Tolstoi said music was sex manifestation. If he thought that of music, I am wondering what he would have thought of the dances of the present day.

The same license, the spirit of tearing down, of destroying the best that could be reared in the past with no adequate substitute, is going on constantly in literature. There is a clamor forever in our ears on the part of a few men and women that the freedom of the pen is being stifled, that people are not being allowed to express themselves, that censorship is a terrible thing that strangles the emanations of the soul, and yet when I undertake to read the books written by some of these people who are crying loudest against any restraint whatever, it seems to me that the thing that is needed more than censorship is disinfectants. It is a fact that we have stifled our thoughts and feelings on the subject and let some of the writers of the present day, as well as those of quite a distance in the past, go to such unspeakable lengths that the subject cannot well be discussed in public, and the thing I find nine times out of ten, if I investigate the private lives of the authors who are clamoring for "freedom," amounts to nothing more or less than the fact that what they are putting into their books is the history of the lives they are themselves leading; and if their ideas were allowed to prevail for even a very short period there would be no such thing as the sanctity of the hearth stone; there would be no homes; illegitimate children would be as numerous as leaves in Autumn; it would be a difficult thing to handle civic rights, property rights, and as for individual rights there would be none, because no man lives to himself alone. It is quite impossible for any libertine, male or female, to follow personal inclinations and not impinge on the rights of the father and mother who bore them, of brothers and sisters who are related to them, of mates they have married and children to whom they have given birth. And if there is any man or woman anywhere who lacks all these relationships and ties, there is yet the general public to be considered, the men and women who have a right not to be shocked and scandalized by the indecencies which are daily thrust upon them.

FOR a long time and from earliest time, there have been a few people who have felt the call to take a pen and write things that they would hardly dare stand up in public and say, and now the jazz period has so invaded everything else that it is even attacking the form of our language. There have been those who have felt it necessary to rewrite the greatest book and the highest grade piece of literature that ever has been written, in modern terms of the street, and if the majority of people are going to decide that this is the thing they want, and the thing that is to be done, then I presume the claim will be that every masterpiece of the past must be subjected to the same treatment, while as to the future, we are going to be asked seriously to consider as things of beauty and true expression books that are now being published which deliberately break every rule that you and I were taught with much study and some grief in the days of our youth. There came to my desk the past week a volume supposed to be poetry in which no sentence need begin with a capital, nor any of the rules we

learned for construction, rhythm and meter need be followed. The names of two boys were begun with small letters and strung together with "and," all being written as one word. The first personal pronoun, standing alone, need not be capitalized. No accepted form of the past was good enough to use as a pattern for the evolution of the future. The quotations below are direct:

"in Just  
spring— when the world is mud—  
luscious the little  
lame baloonman

whistles— far— and wee

and eddieandbill come  
running from marbles and  
piracies and it's

spring  
the queer  
old baloonman whistles  
far— and— wee  
and bettyand isabel come dancing  
from hop-sotch and jump-rope and

it's  
spring  
and  
the  
goat-footed  
baloon-Man whistles  
far  
and  
wee"

Decide for yourself whether you are going to accept this kind of thing for your libraries and for your children, and when you have reached your decision, why not have the courage of your convictions and say right out loud and emphatically whether you are going to stand for this or not?

SOONER or later, and in my personal opinion we are going to be forced to make it sooner, a place will have to be reached where, as a body the men and women, we who desire to perpetuate churches and schools and homes, who want to perpetuate music and art and literature, have got to take a firm stand; we have got to say, "Thus far and no farther."

There is no art of today in which there is such a crying demand for this stand to be taken as in moving pictures. Such wonderful possibilities for entertainment and education and financial returns have developed in the shortest length of time any art in this world has ever sprung into being; that it is impossible at this minute to predict to what extent we may go in the future. But of this thing we may be sure. There is nothing we can hear, and nothing we can read, that will act so vividly upon our minds as the thing we see, and what we see when we go to a picture is men and women doing whatever the requirements of the particular picture we go to see demand that they shall do in order to tell the story that they are living before our eyes for us. Moving pictures are one of the wonders of the world, one of its greatest possibilities for the beautiful forms of education, of moral uplift, of rapidly spreading information and translation of customs, for commercial possibilities of all sorts, and yet we are backward and slow about really saying and doing anything effective concerning pictures with scenes in them which never should be permitted to go before the general public. Certainly, I am strongly in favor of theaters for children showing pictures suitable for childish minds and absorption. There are books for children; there is music for children; everything else is suited to the education, the brain and the conception of a child. It is a hideous thing that children are allowed to see and to put their own interpretation upon a great many things that are being shown in pictures today. If there is any one thing in all this world which you and I

[Turn to page 68]





## Those Envied Teeth

*Are due to modern scientific methods*

*Their owners fight the dingy film*

One surprising thing in late years is how glistening teeth have multiplied.

All beauty is more common than it used to be. Science has learned how to foster it. But the prettier teeth you see everywhere now form one of the major factors.

That new beauty is no accident. Able men have found a way to combat film on teeth. Millions now employ it. The way is at your command. And this is to offer a ten-day test to show you what it means.

### Teeth ruined by film

Clouded teeth and most tooth troubles have been traced to film. You can feel it now—that viscous coat. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

Soon that film discolours, then forms dingy coats. That is why teeth lose their luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. If holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it, and cause many troubles, local and internal.

It was evident that tooth protection required a film combatant. If that film was left between the teeth and on them, tooth troubles could hardly be escaped.

### New methods found

So dental research sought ways to combat film. In this world-wide search, two ways were finally discovered. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Many clinical tests proved these methods effective. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Leading dentists everywhere began to advise it. The use fast spread the world over. Now careful people of some fifty nations use it every day. In every circle you can see the results.

### Fights other enemies

This research revealed two other essentials to cleaner, safer teeth. So Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to

### PROTECT THE ENAMEL

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

neutralize mouth acids—the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which often ferment and form acids.

Those are Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. Every use of Pepsodent gives them multiplied effect.

### For all—at all ages

All people at all ages should use this method daily. To women it means new beauty. For men who smoke it combats the smoke-stained film. To all it means new protection.

To children it means most of all, for they have most to lose. Young teeth are most subject to film attacks. Dentists advise that children use Pepsodent from the time the first tooth appears. Careful mothers should never let them go a day without it.



### Follow new-day methods

Pepsodent is based on world-wide research. It meets modern requirements in a scientific way. It does what authorities regard as essential. The great tooth enemies are film, starch and acids. Pepsodent combats them all, and in effective ways.

That is why all careful people should adopt this new-day method, as millions are now doing. You can see the results wherever you look. You can see them on your own teeth in a few days if you will.

Learn now how much this new way means to you and yours. Make the test we offer. Then decide by the clear results if all in your home should continue.

**Pepsodent** PAT. OFF.  
REG. U.S.

*The New-Day Dentifrice*

A scientific tooth paste based on modern research, now advised by leading dentists the world over.

### Results will surprise and delight you

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth glisten as the film-coats disappear. It will be a delightful revelation. Cut out the coupon now.

Canadian Office and Laboratories:  
191 George St., Toronto, Canada

### 10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY  
Dept. 957, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family



## Three Unseen Enemies Repulsed by MENNEN'S

**Y**OU cannot see them—these deadly foes that seek to torture your baby's skin. But they are forever present, always prepared to do damage.

These are *Moisture* (perspiration, urine, bath-water), *Friction* (rubbing of clothes, bedding and skin-folds) and *Infection* (likely to become serious if not checked in early stages).

But half a century of experience in infant skin conditions enabled the Mennen Laboratories to perfect a sure defense against each enemy.

A special process makes Mennen Borated Talcum highly absorbent—like millions of tiny drying sponges. These fairy flecks draw hidden, poisonous *moistures* from the skin-folds as no towel could ever do.

To overcome the effects of *friction*, this wonderful powder covers the skin with an invisible protective film, so chafing does not irritate.

To combat *infection*, valuable therapeutic ingredients are blended in Mennen Borated Talcum. The scientific medication in Mennen's helps to keep baby's skin in healthy condition. The formula is endorsed by leading doctors, nurses and hospitals.

The famous formula includes five different elements—each one of proven value. One affords cooling comfort; another is a splendid healing agent. One ingredient was chosen for its antiseptic effect; while another helps in defeating friction. The fifth constituent increases the absorbency, and counteracts acidity.

Your baby needs this pure, protective talcum which guards sensitive skin in three unusual ways. Always sprinkle Mennen Borated Talcum on the chubby body after every bath, before each nap, and whenever baby is fretful.

THE MENNEN COMPANY  
NEWARK, N. J. U. S. A.

The Mennen Company, Limited, Montreal, Quebec



# MENNEN

## BORATED TALCUM

Miss Hanna is a granddaughter of Mark Hanna, and niece of Senator and Mrs. Medill McCormick. Her marriage takes place this spring



## Backgrounds for Beauty

By Elizabeth Hanna

**T**HE most beautiful thing in life to me? My home, because it means more to me than anything else in the world. I was educated abroad, and in those ten years, the most impressionable ones of my life, I developed a deep appreciation of backgrounds, of permanence. Everything—old cities, cathedrals, rare paintings, sculpture, homes and families—seemed always to have been there in the same place, unchanged and enduring, not only before I was born, but *always*!

After I came back to America my father died, then my mother, and finally my grandmother Hanna, with whom I lived. But I kept my home. Recently I have taken a big house, and now with the old family furniture and my antiques I am creating the home I have dreamed.

There seems so much need for homes today—for home-makers and for home-owners. I believe every girl should have some definite objective, something that will influence and help other lives. Mine is to make a home; to know how to run it in every detail. When I marry, I want to be able to create the atmosphere of restfulness and comfort to which a man likes to come home.

Beauty is an individual thing that each person must evolve alone. It does not mean mere symmetry of expression, coloring, lines. It is not just personal—it may be things or places, ideals or character—whatever we most love.

The artist sees beauty in white clouds against the sky, in vivid colors, delicate curves, perfection of line and feature. He finds it, too, in the rugged strength of a face that others may find plain. The architect scans blue prints and measurements, but his vision sees an actual building of brick and stone. That, to him, is beauty. I heard a music lover say that few things in the world were so lovely as the chord of the minor seventh, and another said that beauty went out with Caruso's voice.

As to personal beauty every woman nowadays attends to that for herself in her own way—or if she doesn't, she should. Since I am trying to create a home as nearly perfect as possible, I feel that I must live up to it by looking as well as I can. That is part of every woman's job at home or in business. It is said that women are more responsible for the disillusionment that comes after marriage than are men. Why should the wife and mother allow the

brightness of her beauty, the freshness of her charm, to be dimmed?

A practical thought for beauty? I have two: good grooming and appropriate dressing. These are within the reach of every one. In speaking of good grooming, I mean the good looks that come from right food, sufficient sleep, fresh air, exercise—from health which is the foundation of physical beauty.

Appropriate dressing means individuality, distinction. One's clothes may be inexpensive, but if everything a woman wears is in keeping with every other article of clothing, she is well-dressed. To have a charm, a style of one's own, not borrowed from any other type—that is appropriate dressing. And the best beauty recipe of all is a purpose in life, which most women have today.

**W**E, as a country, are coming to realize the meaning of beauty in its truest sense. Ours may be a belated blooming, as beauty needs time to attain perfection. It is said of us that we have no backgrounds. Possibly not, but we are proud of our pioneers, the work of whose hands made possible our symphony orchestras, art museums, libraries and great institutions of learning. Out in Cleveland is a wonderful park, beautifully conceived and kept, the gift of my maternal grandfather. Such gifts, our country over, are expressions not only of civic pride and accomplishment, but of beauty that will mold the ideals of coming generations.

So, if we have our own backgrounds to create, we can do it worthily. We can build what reflects the best in us for others to carry on. Upon the womanhood of our nation and the homes we create depends to a large extent our national consciousness of beauty.

This is said to be an "amazing generation." But it has developed in our girls a health and a strength and a gay robustness which enables them to enjoy life at its hardest and to go through experiences which would have shattered mature women of another day. Half a century ago, we are told, women were out of the running at thirty, or immediately after their marriage. Now women of thirty, forty and fifty are in the prime of life, a vital part of the nation's activities. So will the girl of today carry on, clear-eyed, earnest, and emerging into womanhood with youth's beauty still shining in her eyes.





## Gordon HOSIERY

### Starting Right

Each article of bridal attire is selected with infinite care; only the finest and best is worthy of this great occasion. How natural it is then for Gordon to be selected as the bridal hosiery. With its fine texture and lustrous beauty, it is a fitting accompaniment to the shimmering satin of the gown.

But not at this time alone is the value of Gordon Hosiery appreciated. For generations Gordon

Hosiery has been fulfilling the demands for hosiery of quality at all times—for all occasions.

Made according to the most rigid specifications, Gordon Hosiery is known for its long wearing qualities and never fails to give lasting satisfaction.

It is often costly to buy "just any silk stocking." To get the best and achieve economy, always ask for Gordon by name.

## BROWN DURRELL COMPANY

*Gordon Hosiery - Forest Mills Underwear*

New York

Boston



Established 1872

he did business with her father and was socially and financially solvent.

"Try to be polite to him," she added; "he is a dignified and cultivated gentleman, and your modernism would create an unfortunate impression. He might even consider you vulgar."

To which Peggy replied briefly that she was going to marry him. Her mother motored up next day; and she and Peggy's affianced took a solemn walk in the woods to talk it over. He varied the solemnity by using his field-glass; and he and Peggy's mother spent a most agreeable afternoon.

Peggy wanted an enormous wedding and had it. There was only one fly in the amber of perfection—the city authorities refused Peggy's request for fireworks.

Well, they went abroad—Peggy desiring to improve her mind with serious study. The honeymoon lasted less than a month. There were rumors of disagreement in the daily press, a paragraph more definite, an interview with Peggy in Paris and her denial of any rift in the lute. Then Peggy landed in New York, alone. To her mother she said: "It's a mistake; that's all. No, I won't bother with a divorce. Why should I? I'm through with men."

THAT summer she had a gay time at the several fashionable resorts. As a maiden she was attractive to men. She was more attractive now, with her high spirits, her audacity, her silky-blond skin, and her sky-tilted nose. There always had been an impertinent challenge in her slanting hazel eyes. There was not much of that, now, but a melting, veiled something far more perilous.

Nobody heard anything of her husband. He was back in town. Once or twice he was noticed motoring toward the country with a pair of field-glasses slung over one shoulder. It was toward Christmas time that his book on "Bird Migrations in Westchester" was advertised and reviewed.

Peggy, shopping, saw the book and stood looking at it for some time before she reached over and picked it up. During the first twenty-four hours of their honeymoon he had told her he meant to dedicate it to her. She opened the fly leaves, not expecting that, under the circumstances, he had kept his promise. But there it was: "To My Wife."

After she had read it a number of times she closed the book and ordered a copy sent to her.

That night she read it; read the next night, too, and every night thereafter until she had read the last word. Then she tied it up in blue ribbon and put it away.

At Christmas she sent him a card of formal greeting embellished with birds, and wrote under it in her crazy, angular hand: "It was not so much the dedication but that you were sport enough to keep your word. My next cocktail will be your health!"

Peggy. He replied pleasantly, thanking her. She laid the brief note between the leaves of his book. The matter ended.

That summer she made herself conspicuous in Newport with a married attaché of a foreign embassy, and was talked about too much. So her father and mother took her for a year's airing around the world. She was heard of, occasionally, in various parts of the world, but not luridly. Somebody even reported her as settled in Florence and deeply interested in the angular art of the pre-Raphaelites. The report was received with unseemly laughter.

However, she didn't return to the jazz capital of the world.

Nothing lasts within the poison-gas area of Gotham, the great Jazz Capital. Nothing lasts; the blight of Babel falls on its green environs and hatches bricks; or golf clubs.

It fell fifty miles away upon the small and ancient inn kept by three spinster sisters. The inn vanished and a great Country Club arose. Its domain embraced hundreds of acres, miles of roads and paths, and of untouched woods—the latter rescued by a wealthy member fond of birds, who remembered the place when it was unspoiled. He was very wealthy and determined and he had his way; and there was no valet or manicuring of the woodlands where he spent much of his time with a pair of field-glasses, gazing into thickets and tree-tops.

On June evenings there was much dancing—lanterns and fountains and unmelodious but persistent music. On one of those mid-June evenings, somebody said to Peggy: "My dear, there's your Ex!"

Peggy looked. He was dancing in his easy way with a handsome woman.

"Why the deuce don't you chuck him?" said the youth at her elbow.

"I think I will," said she; "I think I'll speak to him about it tonight."

"Good old Ex! Go to it, Peggy. I'm next, you know."

She did not even glance at him out of slanting eyes; "You filthy little cad," she said carelessly, and walked out onto the veranda.

Through the window she watched her husband dancing. Some young man cut in; her husband sauntered toward the veranda. As he passed her where she was leaning against the balustrade, she said: "Hello!"

He looked around: "Hello," he said, pleasantly. He lit a cigarette and fell back into the angle of the balustrade where she was leaning.

"How are the birds?" she inquired.

"Lots of them in the woods."

After a pause: "I bought your book," she remarked.

"Well, now," he said, "that was very friendly of you."

"I read it."

## Birds

(Continued from page 6)

"That," he exclaimed, laughing, "was almost more than friendly—"

"It was indecent," she interrupted. "I was afraid of scandal so I didn't tell anybody!"

They both laughed. After a moment she said: "I read the dedication. That was a sporting thing to do."

"Not at all," he said: "I promised."

"Yes, and when you did it you knew some people would laugh at you."

"There are worse things."

"Certainly. One is to break a promise. . . . As I did."

"You?"

"When I promised to love, honor and obey you."

"Oh," he said coolly, "you couldn't help that, Peggy."

"Why couldn't I?"

"One doesn't love by promising to."

After a pause: "Anyway, I always have honored you—in my mind."

"That's kind."

She looked around to see if he had spoken ironically, but his nice face was serious and slightly flushed.

"Shall we walk?" she said abruptly.

"Don't you care to dance?"

"Later. Would it bore you to walk with me?"

"No," he replied politely. They left the stone embrasure. There was a moon over the woods. One or two people on the veranda terrace, watching their departure, thought it rather disgusting, and said severe things about Peggy. "—the sort of woman who can't even let her husband alone!"

A creamy moonlight bathed them on the lawn. Slowly they strolled, and silent, following the fairway, the moon shining along it. When they arrived at the woods she desired to enter.

"It will ruin your gown—all those briars and bushes," he warned her.

"Oh, I've ruined more than a gown in my time," said she, and led the way.

Where trees were thicker she took his arm; and did all the talking; for he instantly became silent. There was a brook in the woods and moonlight glittering on it.

After a while she asked whether it would be safe to sit down. He spread his dinner coat for her.

"This is very beautiful," she said, looking about. As he remembered her she had not noticed beauty except in gowns and jewels.

"What became of the quaint old inn?" she inquired.

"I made them move it over to the lake," he explained.

She stretched both legs out flat in front of her, balanced her body between her arms, leaned back and looked up at the moon. After a long silence:

"Where is that inn?" she asked.

"On the other side of these woods."

"I want to see it. Shall we go and take supper there?"

"You don't want to do that—"

"I do!"

"Besides," he said, "I am living there this summer."

She laughed lightly: "I want to see your rooms."

And, as he made no reply to the suggestion: "Don't you think it would be proper?"

"Not—particularly."

"Then," said she, "that is exactly what I desire to do."

She lingered for awhile, head reversed, looking up at the moon, then sprang to her feet. "Are you coming?"

she said, picking up his coat and holding it for him.

A LITTLE way up stream there was a bridge. They crossed here and strolled along a wood-road. She began in a natural and friendly way to tell him about her years of travels—spoke with an appreciation and taste and serious interest with which he scarcely associated her. If it were no more than a mood it charmingly became her, revealed something in her that had lain latent or arrived recently—sensitiveness and common sense. There was nothing very valuable in what she said—nothing profound in her observations of the world at large—yet the interest and the will to analyze and understand were new developments.

When the woods ended, across a meadow on a lake's edge the lighted inn appeared. And, when they arrived: "Why," she exclaimed, enchanted, "it is exactly as it was! Exactly!"

She walked about the porch, peeped into the old parlor, beckoned him to enter, held open the door for him. "The same awful chromos and prints on the walls!" she exclaimed. "And, oh, heaven!—there's that terrible parlor organ!"

She went over to it, seated herself, began to pump it with both dew-soaked feet, and evolved a series of wheezy chords. After a moment she looked back at him over her shoulder, and then he had a good view of her face. There always had been an impertinent challenge in her slanting, hazel eyes. There was none of that, now, but a melting, veiled something far more perilous. Nothing else in her features had changed.

"Is there anybody in the house?" she asked.

"Two maids—" he glanced at his watch—"they're in bed by this time. It's one o'clock in the morning, Peggy."

"Who else bunks here?"

"Only myself."

Experimenting with more asthmatic chords she went on conversing without looking at him: "In this same and ancient building," she said in her pretty, careless way, "I did as rotten a thing to you as any girl ever did to any man. . . . Didn't I?"

"I wouldn't say that—"

"You wouldn't. No. Well, it was rotten. You want your liberty, I'm very sure. Don't you?"

"It makes no difference unless you wish yours."

"Don't you prefer to be entirely rid of me?"

"I'm all right as I am. . . . But please always do what suits you."

After a moment she turned to the parlor organ again, still playing the air and singing it under her breath—

"Abide with Me." Presently she asked him if he knew what she had been playing.

"Abide with Me— isn't it?"

"The Maiden's Prayer," she said impudently. Then she rose, looked at him and laughed.

"I want to see your quarters," she said, starting toward the stairway.

"No; don't go up."

"May I not see them?"

"I'd rather not."

She swung around to face him, one hand on the newel post. "Well, then, I want to see my old quarters!"

SHE ran upstairs; he followed and overtook her as she opened a bed-room door.

"Please!" she said—and wriggled by him into the room where only the night-light burned. And saw his dresser covered with photographs of herself. After a moment she drew nearer to examine them; bent over and looked at them, one by one. He stood by the door, silent, expressionless. She calmly went on and inspected the entire apartment, turning on the lights in all the rooms. He had not budged when, finally, she called to him from his study. He rejoined her, leisurely, and found her leaning over his scattered manuscripts.

"Another book!" she exclaimed. "And to whom are you going to dedicate this volume?"

"There's no other woman," he said, reddening, "—if that's what you wish to know."

"None to dedicate your new book to? None to sweep all those photographs into the ash-can? None to give you the devotion, loyalty, understanding, that I gave you—the passionate love and ardent response that I gave you?"

Her irony deepened the color in his sunburned face. He said: "I have no reproach to make you. You gave what was in you to give. None can do other."

She looked at him coolly, but her lips twitched. "You know," she said, "that I was no good. I was a fool without one reputable trait—one decent instinct. I don't think I've got any now—except that I'm so desperately in love with you that it makes me almost ill—almost ill—"

She turned abruptly and sat down at his desk, resting her face on both elbows. She cried there, for awhile, aware that such emotion swelled her features and was not becoming. He came over from the open window where he had been standing.

"Peggy," he said, "if it's merely remorse, don't make another mistake with me. . . . Don't mistake remorse for love. It would be a bad business for both of us."

She continued to powder her nose in silence. After she had fussed with her lip-stick and had ended her dabbing and patting and self-inspection in the tiny gold mirror, she returned it to her vanity box. Then she pulled the desk telephone toward her, called up her mother in New York, and presently got her: "Peggy! Is anything the matter?"

"No, mother—"

"Then what do you mean by waking me up?"

"Mother, I'm up here at the Glen Spring Club—"

"Well," interrupted her mother, tartly, "if the Glen Spring Club can stand it, I can!"

"Mother!"

"What on earth do you want?"

"I'm here with my husband."

"Are you crazy?"

"Pretty nearly. But that's because I'm so desperately in love. . . . Mother!"

"W-what in the world—"

"I don't know why he is kind enough to love me a little, but he does. I'm certain he does. . . . And I'm not going to leave him again—not for a single second—"

"You will call your car and start for home!"

"No, mother. And I want you to have Goodwin pack what I need and bring them out as soon as she can—"

"Peggy!"

"Because I haven't even got a night-gown with me—"

"Are you coming home?"

"No, mother."

"Peggy, if you dare have the effrontery to do such a disgraceful thing—"

"But, mother, he's my husband!"

"You are crazy!"

"I am. Good-night."

She hung up the receiver, sat for a moment silent then rose and walked slowly over to her husband. "You ought to wipe the floor with me," she said.

She went nearer to him; looked up into his face: "I'm very deeply in love," she said. "I'll be a very good wife, if you'll let me. Do you think you could fall in love with me again?"

He took her into his arms; and she rested her head against him with a slight sigh.



# Shopping for meat

## How to use the fore cuts of Lamb

This chart shows how easily economical cuts of lamb may be selected, quite as delectable and nutritious as the rib chops and "leg o' lamb" for which, by force of habit, most women call. Thus you can secure this delicate meat at a considerable saving and have, besides, a variety of new dishes which your family will surely enjoy.

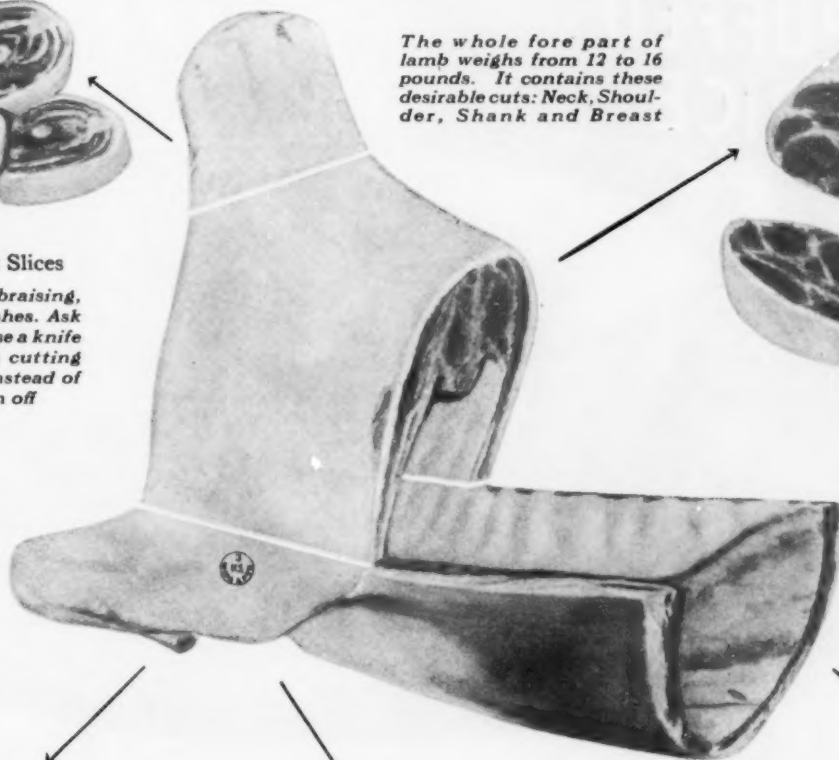
In publishing this chart and others on different kinds of meats, Swift & Company is adding a further step in its service to the public—the constant service of supplying good meat foods. Large volume of business helps us to do this at a profit, from all sources, averaging only a fraction of a cent a pound.



**Lamb Neck Slices**

*Delicious for braising, or casserole dishes. Ask the dealer to use a knife and saw when cutting these slices, instead of chopping them off*

*The whole fore part of lamb weighs from 12 to 16 pounds. It contains these desirable cuts: Neck, Shoulder, Shank and Breast*



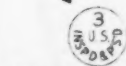
**Lamb Shoulder and Shoulder Lamb Chops**

*The lamb shoulder is an inexpensive piece, very good for roasts. Chops from the shoulder are larger and more meaty than loin chops*



**Lamb Shank**

*One of the most inexpensive cuts of lamb, yet an excellent piece for stew, broth or braising*



*When you buy meats, look for the legend "U.S. Government Inspected and Passed" on the wholesale cuts*



**Breast of Lamb**

*This is a great delicacy which many women overlook, and which, therefore, may be cheaply bought. Delicious when stuffed and roasted, or stewed*



**Lamb Patties**

*One of the lamb delicacies which many dealers have found very popular. Your butcher can make them for you*



**Lamb Shoulder Roast**

*Costing less than lamb leg, this cut makes a roast equally nutritious and very appetizing*



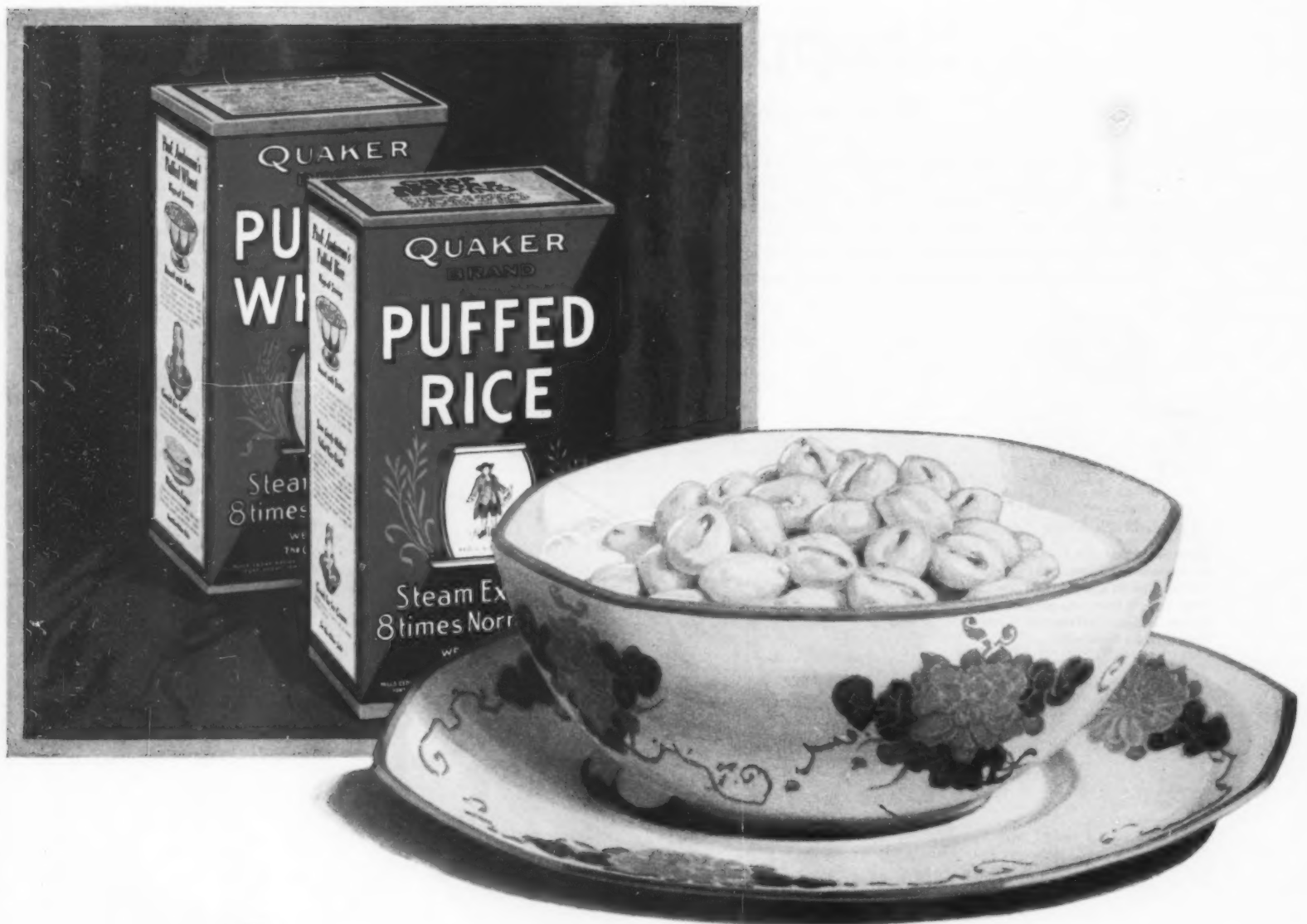
**Boneless Lamb Roll**

*Consisting of the shoulder, breast and shank, this piece makes a generous lamb roast with which to delight the family*

### Recipes upon request

*Recipes designed especially for these lamb cuts, also additional copies of this chart (No. 4), will be sent upon request to Home Economics Dept., Swift & Company, Chicago*

# Swift & Company



## Each Grain an Adventure

**C**RISP and flaky grains of selected wheat, puffed to 8 times their normal size, light as the air, and with the rich flavor of nut meats. Luscious and enticing—to bring enchantment to the breakfast table.

You serve with sugar and cream. Or in bowls of milk. And as a special allurements, with fresh or cooked fruit. No breakfast before has ever compared.

To children Quaker Puffed Wheat brings the nourishment of whole grains with the richness of a rare confection; to adults an almost perfect food. Quickly digested and assimilated; kernels steam exploded, with every food cell broken.

An energy food of fairy delight—yet with vitamins, bran and minerals in balanced combination.

*Quaker Puffed Rice, also.* Whole rice kernels, steam exploded to 8 times normal size, like the Wheat. Dainty morsels so light and inviting you would never dream they could be nutritious.

Quaker Puffed Wheat



Quaker Puffed Rice

THE QUAKER OATS CO.



## The Unknown Quantity

[Continued from page 13]

at the time," said Jeannette. "I don't like to feel that I am doing anything unfair to any one. And it's quite true, I am not madly in love with Hugh." "Extraordinary!" said Lady Varleigh.

"Hugh is quite sure he wants to marry me for myself anyhow," said Jeannette. "That's something, isn't it?"

"Everything, darling," said Lady Varleigh warmly. "You will find he is your most adoring slave before you are much older. It's no business of Buck's if he isn't."

"No. It's no business of Buck's. I should never have married him in any case. I told him that."

"Quite right, dear. And what did he say?"

Jeannette's delicate face flushed a little. "He gave me to understand that he considered me a fine character ruined by wealth and prosperity, but he had the generosity to love me notwithstanding. I was furious of course. And yet—somehow—I wonder if I am anything like that, Lady Varleigh. Do you think so?"

"I, darling? I think you are the sweetest child in the whole world. Now I want you to come back to the very important fact of your twenty-first birthday. I have a little offering for you. It is a little charm, and I want you to keep it always for my sake. Will you, Jeannette?"

Lady Varleigh was holding out on the palm of her hand a peculiar stone cut smooth and shaped like a drop and set at the small end in pale gold. It was deep red in color, opaque, yet strangely possessed of light.

"What is it?" Jeannette said. "It is like a crimson pearl."

Lady Varleigh moved her hand, and the strange stone glimmered as if phosphorescent, gleaming now purple, now pink, and again the deepest black. "Take it, dear!" said Lady Varleigh. "And watch the color as it goes from my hand into yours."

Jeannette held out her hand almost unwillingly, and in a moment the stone rolled into it. It changed instantly into vivid red, and Lady Varleigh uttered a quick breath of relief.

"That's right," she said. "I don't think I would have let you keep it otherwise. That stone is my only superstition. It used to be that color with me once, but—ah me!—I am getting old and faithless. Keep it always, Jeannette! And so long as it remains that color, remember, all is well."

"What is it?" said Jeannette again.

"They say it is an opal, but no one seems to have seen anything like it elsewhere. 'It came from the only man in the world, darling,' she added. 'That is why it is so sacred. It was given to him as a charm by an old Egyptian hermit whom he found dying in the desert. He did not claim unqualified luck for its possessor, only—the experience of misfortune which engenders hope.' But it will not bring you misfortune, my darling. Don't be afraid of that, dear! It will bring you—love."

"I will wear it always," said Jeannette.

TO Jeannette, speeding home again in her car, it seemed as if the world had never looked so bright. She was supremely happy. Her talk with Lady Varleigh had done her good. She felt reassured and satisfied.

She had promised to be back by half-past-eleven, when her father had arranged to execute his deed of gift in the presence of his solicitor.

Hugh would be there too, though he did not know what was going to take place. Her mind dwelt upon Hugh with a certain wistfulness. She was glad—very glad—that he had been ignorant of the magnificent settlement her father was making upon her when he proposed. She looked forward to her

next meeting with him with an eagerness that surprised herself. The feeling that she had made her decision at last was a vast relief to her. She was even beginning to wonder tentatively, half-shyly, if perhaps she were to some extent in love with him already.

THAT night she stood before the long glass in her room ready dressed for the ball and looked straight at her own reflection with searching, critical eyes. The flushed face and sparkling eyes, the red lips and shining even teeth, the soft hair exquisitely arranged about the small, dainty head, all were perfect in their way. And the wonderful vitality of her was like a light that glowed from within. There was nothing tragic or haunting about her tonight. She stood—a very figure of triumph—ready to descend and receive the homage that awaited her. A riotous sense of well-being came over her. She would be happy always. She meant to be happy always.

There came her maid's low knock at the door. "Come in, Marie!" she called.

The girl entered, bearing an exquisite spray of white flowers—gardenias and lilies, all fragrant and luscious from their hothouse, and in the center one splendid snow-white rose. Jeannette took the flowers with an exclamation of pleasure. They were from Hugh of course! And how exquisite—how adorable—they were! She loved him for the thought.

"They are from Culverley?" she said.

"I was told—from the Hall, mademoiselle," said Marie. "There is a note with them."

Jeannette looked, and found a slip of paper attached to the stems of the flowers. She read the few words it contained—words such as Hugh would never have written.

"Will you deign to wear these? They were grown for you and are not unworthy—if you can forget the giver in the gift. B. W."

For a few seconds she stood quite motionless then briefly, "You can go," she said over her shoulder to Marie.

Then Jeannette drew a long hard breath, and picking up a little gold match-box from her table lighted a candle that stood above an ash-tray. From that she kindled the slip of paper, laid it down, and watched it burn. Then she picked up the flowers—his flowers that were not unworthy of her! The stems hissed and refused to burn. With a furious movement she flung them on the floor and trod them underfoot. Not unworthy of her! Did he really think that she would stoop to wear his flowers?

Then, looking down, she saw the white rose, pure and splendid, still untouched among the crushed bells of the lilies. A curious little spasm that was like a shudder went through her. She stooped, pulled out the rose, and tossed the other flowers aside. As she did so, the strange stone that Lady Varleigh had given her fell out from its resting-place and dangled at the end of its long chain from her neck. She picked it up to thrust it back into her bosom, but stood suddenly still, gazing at it as it lay in her hand. In the strong, downward-flung electric light, it shone black as ink.

For a moment or two she remained motionless, not even breathing. Then, "Pshaw!" she exclaimed, and straightening herself dropped it back into its hiding-place. It sent a little chill through her as it went.

She glanced again at the perfect rose in her hand, then thrust its broken stem into the thick tresses of her hair.

As she opened the door somewhat suddenly she started at the sight of the old butler, Burgess, on the threshold.

"Excuse me, miss! There are two gentlemen just called to see the master," he said. "Should I show them in?"

"Who are they?" Guests?" she said.

"Not exactly guests, I think, miss. They aren't" [Turn to page 91]



## How Thousands Of Women Have Made Their Hair Beautiful

*Why you, too, can have beautiful hair—soft, silky, wavy—full of life and lustre.*

YOU see beautiful hair everywhere today. Hair that is softer, silkier, brighter, more charming and more attractive.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck.

You, too, can have beautiful hair.

Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it. Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

### A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an

abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

### Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

**Mulsified**  
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo



# The dinner-gong has two messages

ONE is a summons to the table—the other, a warning to your gums.

For it is the food that we eat at our three meals a day that is bringing an avalanche of troubles to our teeth and our gums.

It's too soft. It doesn't stimulate the circulation of blood in the gums. Under this modern diet of ours, gums are growing soft and logy. They bleed easily. And when "pink toothbrush" appears—let your teeth beware.

## Take care of your gums with Ipana Tooth Paste

To keep the gums sound and healthy, thousands of dentists now prescribe the use of Ipana Tooth Paste. Many have told us that a gum massage with Ipana after the regular brushing is, in stubborn cases of bleeding gums, a splendid restorative treatment. For Ipana, because of the presence of ziranol, a recognized hemostatic and antiseptic, has a direct tonic effect on weakened gum tissue.

### Send for a trial tube

Ipana is delightful to the taste. It cleans teeth thoroughly. And above all, it is absolutely grit-free. Send the coupon for a trial tube.

# IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

Bristol-Myers Co.  
Dept. E6  
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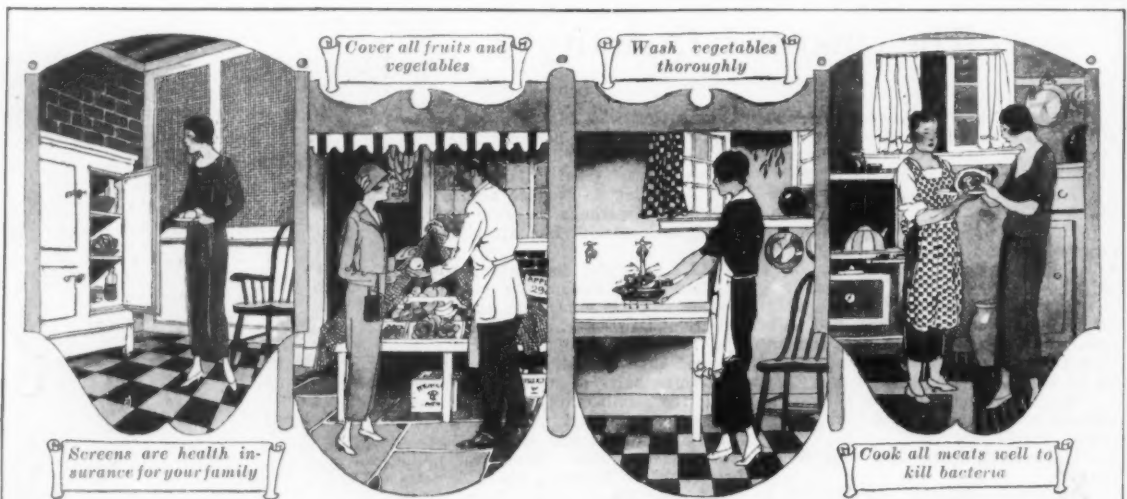
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## Food Laws for Home and Town

By E. V. McCollum and Nina Simmonds

Department of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

FEW people realize that although we are protected to a great degree against certain diseases by the city, state and Federal officials whose duty it is to enforce the laws relating to pure foods, pure water and the general health, it is largely up to the home-maker to protect her family against diseases and poisoning that result from the contamination of foods.

Purity of the water supply has now become so universal in cities that the safety of our drinking water is taken for granted. Bacteriologists and chemists are constantly at work to prevent contamination of the reservoirs which supply cities and to provide the necessary treatment by chemicals to insure the safety of the water in case it has become contaminated at its source. There still exist, however, communities where the proper measures have not been taken to insure pure water and if yours is such a community, you should do everything in your power to pass these measures.

Contaminated water is dangerous as a source of typhoid fever although in nearly all cities this danger has been reduced to a minimum. There is still, however, a source of typhoid infection in food which is handled by many persons or is exposed to flies. So menacing is the fly as a disseminator of this disease that the Department of Entomology of the United States Department of Agriculture in its bulletins calls it the typhoid fly. The control of the fly nuisance through eradicating its breeding places and by swatting the winter fly, which is the parent and grandparent to the thousandth degree, is a health measure which depends entirely on the cooperation of every citizen.

The push-cart which offers fruits, vegetables, candy, ice-cream, pastry and meats for sale and which is not properly protected from flies, should be abolished because it tends to spread disease.

Milk is likely to carry typhoid especially if it is handled by one who is a carrier of typhoid. By a "carrier of typhoid" we mean a person who carries the germs of typhoid and who himself may never have typhoid, but is able to

give it to others. It happens not infrequently that a person who has once had typhoid may recover and be perfectly well to all appearance, but will be forever a typhoid carrier. For this and other reasons it is a wise policy for any city to pasteurize its milk supply, notwithstanding the fact that the vitamin C is destroyed in the heat treatment. This vitamin can be obtained from other fresh raw foods.

Meat and fish should always be cooked thoroughly, as should all other protein-rich foods, in order to avoid the possibility of their harboring bacteria of dangerous kinds. The most common type of organism in such foods which causes disease is the paratyphoid bacillus. There is now very effective meat inspection in the great slaughter houses and in many local abattoirs. Competent inspectors can tell by the appearance of animals before slaughter whether they are probably infected with this organism. Meat inspection is one of the most important activities of the government for the protection of health. Is the meat you and your family eat properly inspected?

THE paratyphoid infection is the common kind of food poisoning usually called "ptomaine" poisoning. The word ptomaine is no longer used by chemists and bacteriologists in discussing cases of food poisoning since they now understand the cause of each of the more common conditions brought about by bad food. Generally, the poisoning is due to an infectious organism with which the offending food is contaminated.

This paratyphoid form of "food poisoning" usually appears within six to twelve hours after eating, but may come on almost immediately, or it may not appear for forty-eight hours. It is attended by gastro-intestinal irritation and may take the form of a mild "indigestion" or slight diarrhea, or it may be of great severity accompanied by agonizing abdominal pain. Fever is usual, but is generally not very high. Recovery is the rule and may occur very quickly, the patient regaining his normal state within two or three days. In more severe cases the recovery may

require weeks or months. In very severe cases death may result.

There is always the possibility of contamination of meat, milk or fish through handling by a typhoid carrier. Such foods are safe only after heating. It is especially important that all cooks should understand that great care must be exercised in the preparation of large roasts and other foods which are baked in dishes, to see that they are heated through thoroughly.

SEVERAL serious instances of food poisoning have been traced to food prepared for such occasions as church suppers and banquets. This is because of the unusually large portions prepared and the difficulty of heating them sufficiently throughout. The food is generally prepared a day or more beforehand and, if present, disease-producing organisms have a good chance to multiply before it is eaten.

It is always dangerous to use meats which have been cooked several days unless they are reheated, even if they have been kept in a refrigerator during the interval. Sandwiches made from stale chicken or stale roast for serving at picnics have been the cause very frequently of many people being poisoned.

Milk which has stood a while, especially pasteurized milk which has become stale, should be boiled before using. If this is impossible, it is wiser to throw away the contents of the bottle. Raw milk does not, ordinarily, become unwholesome with aging unless it was badly contaminated in collecting, since raw milk sours so promptly that the accumulating acid checks the growth of putrefying bacteria. But even raw milk is not made safe from transmitting disease by souring, if it has been contaminated at its source.

All vegetables eaten raw, as celery, lettuce, cabbage, radishes, watercress and so on should be washed thoroughly. This is most important. There is recorded an epidemic of paratyphoid among the guests at a wedding breakfast at which water-cress sandwiches were served. Evidently the water-cress had not been properly washed.

All food handlers [Turn to page 40]



1. Can only fresh, sound fruits and vegetables
2. Sterilize jars and covers before using
3. Discard rubbers which stretch too far
4. Tomatoes and acid fruits may be cooked in an open kettle but—
5. All other vegetables and fruits should be cooked in the jars
6. Test for leaks
7. Store in a cool place
8. Inspect carefully before using



## For Infants Growing Children and Invalids

SCIENCE now knows the chief reason why many infants fail to thrive on their milk formulas is that they are unable to digest them.



The greatest discovery of the past decade, to remedy this condition, is Knox "Gelatinized" milk.

Physicians have found the following formula of great benefit, especially for underweight or mal-nourished children.

### "Gelatinized" Milk Formula

Soak one level tablespoonful of Knox Gelatine in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of cold milk from the baby's formula, for ten minutes; cover while soaking. Then place the cup in boiling water, stirring until gelatine is fully dissolved; add this dissolved gelatine to the quart of cold milk or regular formula. (Ask your physician about this.)



TO INSURE the normal growth and strength of children their food must contain much of the wholesome element found in such abundance in Knox Sparkling Gelatine. Here is a highly beneficial recipe that the children will love:

### Chocolate Sponge Pudding (Makes six servings)

$\frac{1}{4}$  envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of sugar 3 eggs Few grains salt  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup boiling water  
1 teaspoonful vanilla  
2 squares chocolate or 6 tablespoonfuls cocoa  
Directions: Soak gelatine in cold water until soft, then dissolve in boiling water. Add cocoa or melted chocolate. Beat egg-whites until stiff and add well-beaten egg yolks gradually to the whites. Add sugar, then the dissolved gelatine, which has been beaten well. Beat and add flavoring. Pour into wet mold, chill and serve plain or with milk, whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk.

TO ADD variety, charm, ease of digestibility, and nutritive value to the diet of the dyspeptic, invalid, or convalescent, Knox Sparkling Gelatine is an invaluable food. An ideal dessert, in such cases, is made as follows:

### Orange, Grapefruit or Grape Juice Jelly

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
1 cup sugar 2 tablespoons lemon juice  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold water 1 cup boiling water  
 $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups grapefruit, orange or grape juice and pulp Salt

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, dissolve in boiling water and add sugar. Strain and when mixture begins to thicken add remaining ingredients. Do not pour into molds that have been dipped in cold water until jelly is ready to set, in order to avoid settling of pulp. Cut in cubes and arrange in baskets made from grapefruit or orange skins.

### "The Health Value of Gelatine"— FREE

Mothers of infants and children, as well as those who have invalids or others with "fussy" appetites to cater to, may obtain the important book, "The Health Value of Gelatine"—free—by sending four cents for postage and your grocer's name.

Health Dept.

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.  
108 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

# For the joy of eating and the happiness of health

use

## KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

"The Highest Quality for Health"



Plain Sparkling  
Gelatine for  
General Use



Same Sparkling Gelatine  
with Lemon Flavoring  
in separate Envelope

SEND FOR THESE BOOKS

## Giving Charm to Home Entertainment

EVERY woman who prides herself on the daintiness and attractiveness of her table is constantly searching for new and original touches to give even more charm to her home entertainments.

Thanks to Knox Gelatine, she can prepare with little effort any number of new and delightful dishes, for formal dinners, bridge and Mah Jong parties, luncheons, or simple, everyday home meals.



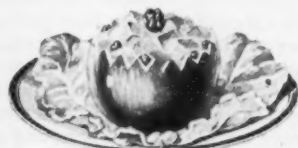
HERE, for instance, is a delightful recipe:

### Fruit Sherbet

$\frac{1}{2}$  envelope Knox Gelatine (scant measure)  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups sugar 3 cups rich milk  
1 orange 1 lemon

Grate the outside of both orange and lemon. Squeeze out the juice and add to this the sugar. Soak the gelatine in part of a cup of milk for five minutes and dissolve by standing in pan of hot water. Stir into the rest of the milk. When it begins to freeze add the fruit juice and sugar, and fruit of any kind if desired. This makes a large allowance for five persons.

A SALAD of the utmost simplicity and yet of great charm which will be relished at luncheon or dinner, may be made according to this recipe:



### Luncheon Salad

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
1 cup celery, cut in small pieces  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar 3 tart apples  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup lemon juice  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup nut meats 1 cup cold water  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups boiling water

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes; dissolve in boiling water. Add lemon juice and sugar. When mixture begins to stiffen, add apples, sliced in small pieces, chopped celery and broken nut meats. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water; chill. Accompany with mayonnaise dressing. This mixture may be served in cases made from bright red apples.

### Many More Original Recipes— FREE

Recipes for all manner of lovely dishes—salads, desserts, broths, relishes, candies, etc.—as well as ideas for giving every-day foods an exquisite touch of charm—will come to you, free, upon request, if you send four cents for postage and mention your grocer's name.

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.  
108 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

1,782

Domestic science experts say, "Cream of Tartar baking powder is the best"

Recently a representative group of Domestic Science experts in all parts of the country was asked "which type of baking powder do you use and prefer?" 83% unhesitatingly replied "Cream of Tartar." An overwhelming sentiment in favor of cream of tartar for perfect baking.

OUR mothers and grandmothers prided themselves on their perfect baking—to them it was an art worthy of the most painstaking care.

How well we remember mother's pride in her freshly baked cakes, her light, tempting biscuits! She used cream of tartar for baking and so did her mother before her.

Cream of tartar was one of the first leavening agents to be used in baking. For years the best cooks insisted on cream of tartar for perfect cakes, biscuits and other baked foods. Then came Royal Baking Powder, in which are perfectly blended soda and pure cream of tartar derived from grapes grown in the famous vineyards of Southern Europe. For 50 years Royal Baking Powder has been used by the housewives of America for successful baking.

Special tests of experts experimenting with cakes and biscuits have proved time after time that Royal gives results so superior that they can be immediately identified. Cakes and biscuits made with Royal can be distinguished from all others because of their tempting appearance, fine texture and utter lack of bitter taste.



A complete  
recipe book free

There are over 350 delicious recipes in the Royal Cook Book—cakes, hot breads, meats, vegetables, candies, etc.—a complete recipe book. You will find it very helpful. We will be glad to send it to you free on request. Use the coupon for your convenience. The Royal Baking Powder Company, 121 East 41st Street, New York City.

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Please send me free the Royal Cook Book containing  
over 350 recipes for all kinds of foods.

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## For June Weddings

Lilian M. Gunn

Department Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University

THE wedding "feast," whether it is breakfast, luncheon or supper, should have only the most delicious foods.

Here are some recipes for the home caterer, which will give distinction to the simplest affair and are comparatively easy to prepare.

in an angel cake pan about 25 minutes in an oven about 380° Fahrenheit. Reduce temperature to 320° Fahrenheit and bake 20 minutes longer. When cold, turn upside down, make tiny cuts in bottom and insert a coin, a button, a ring and a thimble. Frost with white frosting—and the bridal cake is ready!

### WEDDING CAKE

1 cup candied cherries, cut fine  
1/2 pound candied pineapple, cut fine  
1 pound citron, cut in 1/4-inch pieces  
3 pounds raisins, seeded and halved  
3 pounds currants  
1/2 pound almonds, blanched and shredded  
1 1/4 pounds flour  
2 1/4 teaspoons cinnamon  
1 teaspoon cloves  
1/2 teaspoon mace  
1 teaspoon soda  
1 pound butter  
1 pound light brown sugar  
12 eggs  
1/2 cup fruit juice (grape, raspberry or currant)

Prepare fruit and nuts. Mix carefully. Add flour sifted with spices and soda. Cream butter, add sugar slowly. Add egg yolks beaten until lemon-colored. Combine with fruit mixture and add liquid. Beat whites of eggs until stiff and fold into mixture. Line a deep round cake tin with manila, then with waxed paper. Pour in batter and pack in solidly, leaving space for it to rise. Cover with waxed, then with manila paper and over paper put a double thickness of cheese-cloth. Tie these on the tin tightly. Steam five hours. Remove from tin, leaving papers which lined tin on cake. Let stand over night lightly covered. Place in barely warm oven. Leave door open, and dry until cake does not feel wet. Wrap in waxed paper, put into tight box and keep until used. This wedding cake will keep for years if properly packed.

### BRIDE'S CAKE

1/2 cup fat  
1 1/2 cups sugar  
2 1/4 cups flour  
3 teaspoons baking-powder  
1/2 cup milk  
1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar  
1/2 teaspoon almond extract, or  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
Whites of 6 eggs

Cream butter. Add sugar very slowly. Beat well. Sift flour, baking powder and cream of tartar together. Add to first mixture alternately with milk. Add flavoring. Beat whites of eggs stiff but not dry and cut and fold them in. Bake

### Wedding Menus

Creamed Puffs filled with Chicken Salad  
Sweet Pickles Fancy Brown Bread Sandwiches  
Strawberry Mousse White Sponge Cake  
Coffee

Tomato Bouillon Bread Sticks  
Chicken and Vegetables in Aspic  
Green Peas in Timbale Cases Hot Rolls Olives  
or Creamed Mushrooms in Pattie Shells  
Fruit Salad Crisp Crackers  
Vanilla and Chocolate Ice-Cream  
Almond Macaroons  
Coffee

Grape Fruit Stuffed with White Grapes  
Molded Salmon  
Cream Cheese Sandwiches  
Whole Wheat Sandwiches  
Caramel Ice-Cream Fancy Cakes  
Salted Nuts Coffee

Fresh Asparagus Salad  
Shrimp or Lobster Newburg  
Checkerboard Sandwiches  
Raspberry Ice or Sherbet Wedding Cake  
Coffee

Bouillon Salty Crackers  
Chicken a la King Bread-and-Butter Folds  
Strawberry Ice-Cream Sandwiches  
Coffee

Fruit Salad Cheese Straws  
Cream Puffs Filled with Ice-Cream  
Salted Pecans Coffee

### CREAM PUFF SHELLS

1/2 cup butter or other fat  
1 cup hot water  
1 1/2 cup pastry flour  
5 eggs

Add fat to water, and when mixture boils add flour all at once. Stir very rapidly until mixture leaves sides of kettle. Take from fire. Cool slightly and add unbeaten eggs, one at a time, beating each one into mixture. Drop in desired quantities on a greased tin, remembering they will double in size in cooking. Bake 25 to 30 minutes at 380° Fahrenheit, until light brown, puffy, and fat bubbles in creases have disappeared. (Reduce temperature if they brown too rapidly.) To fill shells with salad or ice-cream, cut off top with sharp knife, fill, and replace top. Makes 12 to 14 medium-sized shells.

### STRAWBERRY MOUSSE

6 cups crushed fruit  
4 cups sugar  
Juice of 1 lemon  
2 quarts of cream

Stir fruit and sugar together. Let stand 1 hour. Add lemon juice then cream, stiffly beaten. Pour in melon or fancy molds, pack in equal parts salt and ice. Let stand 4 hours. For a smaller amount use half the recipe. Whole recipe makes about 30 servings.

### CHICKEN AND VEGETABLES IN ASPIC

1 quart chicken stock 1 box gelatin  
1 bay leaf 1 cup cold water  
2 or 3 cloves Juice of 1/2 lemon  
1 sprig parsley Whites of 2 eggs  
1 slice onion 2 cups chicken, diced  
1 stalk celery 1 cup vegetables, diced  
1/2 teaspoon peppercorn or cut in fancy shapes

Cook seasonings in chicken stock ten minutes. Strain, cool, add gelatin which has been soaked in cold water, lemon juice and unbeaten egg whites. Bring slowly to boiling point, stirring constantly. Boil 2 minutes. Let stand to clear 20 minutes away from fire. Strain through double [Turn to page 40]



# Now two kinds of Quaker Oats



**Quick Quaker—makes oats the quickest breakfast**  
—cooks in 3 to 5 minutes

Savory, flavory oats, always the favorite breakfast, are now the *quickest* breakfast dish! Now experts have perfected a new Quaker Oats—Quick Quaker. It comes in addition to regular Quaker Oats as you now know them. Your grocer has both kinds.

Quick Quaker cooks in 3 to 5 minutes, less time than it takes to toast bread—ready before the coffee is done!

Everyone knows that a hot breakfast stands supreme as a starter for the day. And that oats are the premier hot breakfast. Now have them every day.

Quick Quaker is the same as regular Quaker Oats, the kind you have always

known. The grains are cut before flaking. Then rolled very thin and partly cooked. And these small flakes cook more quickly. That is the only difference.

The rich, rare Quaker flavor is there—the flavor that comes from queen grains only, and keeps Quaker the world's preferred brand. We get but 10 pounds of such flakes from a bushel.

Remember, two kinds now —  
"Quick" and "Regular"

Ask for the kind you prefer. But be sure you get Quaker. Look for the picture of the Quaker on the package.



## Oatmeal Cream Pudding

- 2 cups cooked oatmeal
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
- 1½ tablespoons gelatine
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup cream or evaporated milk

Soak the gelatine in the cold milk for five to ten minutes. Warm the oatmeal if leftover porridge is used, and stir the soaked gelatine and the sugar into the hot oatmeal. Stir until sugar is dissolved, then rub through a strainer. Add the lemon rind and fold in the cream or evaporated milk whipped stiff. Pour into a serving dish or shallow mold and chill thoroughly. Serve cold, plain or with any crushed fruit.

Quick Quaker

Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes



Quaker Oats

The kind you have always known

THE QUAKER OATS CO.

### Best Way To Cook Breakfast Prunes

First, soak them over night or for several hours at least. Second, cook slowly until tender in the water in which they were soaked. Third, use plenty of water so the fruit will be "loose." Fourth, do not cook them too long as they will become too soft. Flavor with cinnamon, sliced lemon, or orange juice. Sugar to taste.



## Breakfasts of Vitamines, Energy, and Iron —of Real Importance to a Child

HERE are sweet, luscious, tender prunes—plum-flavored, by the ripe, fresh, juicy California plums from which they are transformed into prunes.

Note how these delicious prunes attract your children—and then try this:

Serve them every morning as the breakfast fruit until it gets to be a breakfast-habit. Then watch the improvement in your little folks.

For this is what these luscious prunes accomplish:

First, they tempt the appetite. Then they furnish nearly 1300 calories of energizing nutriment per pound—digestible in one-tenth the time that some foods require, so the child feels the quick effects.

Then they supply iron. A bit of food-iron is a daily need. You insure it in a daily dish of dainty prunes.

Then vitamines. Such prunes provide two types of these growth-producing elements which all dietitians are advocating now.

Every doctor also knows the value of the fruit-salts and the pulp of prunes. Investigation shows that more than 60,000 of them—more than half of the entire medical profession—start their own breakfasts in this way.

So there are certain breakfasts that have all things in their favor and are of real importance to a child who plays hard, and whom you want to help to proper growth.

Those breakfasts should be mainly good cereals, fresh milk and tasteful prunes.

Prunes are economical—one of the least expensive of all foods—so it is easy to make them a daily dish in any home.

## SUNSWEEET Prunes

Selected from Ripe, Juicy Plums

CALIFORNIA PRUNE & APRICOT GROWERS ASSOCIATION  
11,252 Grower-Members—SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA



The handy 2-lb. carton

Ask for Sunsweet—selected, graded prunes. Sold in fresh, clean 2-lb. cartons, or in bulk from 25-lb. boxes at all stores.

Mail coupon for handy packet containing 36 selected prune recipes. Clip the coupon so you won't forget.

### Mail This

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Dept. M506, San Jose, California.

Please send me without charge your handy packet of 62 Sunsweet Recipes.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

## Food Laws for Home and Town

[Continued from page 36]

should be licensed and required to procure a certificate of health. This is a matter of great importance and one on which strong public opinion should exist.

Another type of food poisoning, sufficiently common to be a real menace to public health, and which can be easily avoided if its cause is understood, is known as *botulinus* poisoning.

Although the foods which have been found most dangerous in causing this disease are canned foods, recent statistics show that a larger percentage of cases is caused by home-canned foods than by bought canned foods.

The National Canner's Association, made up of the leading canners of the country, has invested large sums in research on the cause of this disease and its method of dissemination. These canners have solved the problem of how to treat their canned goods so as to make them entirely safe. Commercially canned fruits and vegetables are now unusually safe. In the future, cases of this type of food poisoning will probably be due entirely to eating improperly handled home-canned goods or those put out by unscrupulous canners.

*Botulinus* poisoning affects the nervous system. There is seldom any nausea or vomiting showing irritation of the stomach and intestines. In unusual cases where such symptoms occur they are of brief duration and are followed by marked constipation. A characteristic of the disease is paralysis of the nerves of motion of the eyes, which causes the sufferer to see double. Persons suffering from this kind of poisoning become progressively weaker and die in most cases after a few days.

The germ known as *bacillus botulinus* will not grow in the animal body, but requires a lower temperature. Neither does it grow in the presence of air, or at least, the air must be partially excluded. For this reason the interior of a can containing food is an ideal place for it to thrive.

Any one who serves foods from tin cans should examine the can to see if the ends have bulged out from internal pressure. The ends should be flat or curved slightly inward. Neither end should bulge or feel loose, nor snap back when pressed. All seams of cans should be tight and clean and free from leaks. Any suspicious odor on opening the can should be noted.

Foods canned in glass should be free from all signs of leaks such as soiled labels or evidence of leaking at the seal. There should be no mold, cloudiness or discoloration of the contents of the jar. No trace of objectionable odor should be detectable in the contents.

When cans or jars are opened there should be no escape of gas. Indeed, an influx of air is desirable and is evidence of good condition. Foods may appear edible or but slightly tainted and yet be dangerous from the presence of the *botulinus* organism. It is not safe to taste even a very small amount of food containing this toxin. The eating of a single bean from an infected can is reported to have caused death.

If the food is spoiled, destroy it by burning or burying it deeply with quicklime. Do not allow animals to eat it. If uncertain as to the wholesomeness of the contents of a jar or can, add water and boil it thoroughly. Strong heating destroys the poison of the *botulinus* organism.

Antitoxin for treating *botulinus* poisoning is manufactured by the laboratories at the United States Department of Agriculture, the University of California, Stanford University and the University of Illinois, in case of poisoning resulting in the symptoms described, it would be wise for the family physician to get material and advice from the nearest of these institutions.

Every home-maker should do her utmost to protect her family against this infection. If you are planning to do canning this season, you should send to the United States Department of Agriculture for Bulletin Number 1211, which gives information on home canning.

To buy plans for any of the houses, send money to the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York.

### THE SERVICES OF GREAT ARCHITECTS

The architects' blue prints and building specifications for all the houses of McCall's current series on small house building, which began with the issue of April, 1923, and ended June, 1924, have been purchased by McCall's and will be sent to you for \$15. Such working plans usually cost hundreds of dollars—about one-tenth of the building cost of a house. McCall's, as part of its generous service to you, offers you this opportunity to avail yourself of the working-aid of America's most noted architects.

To buy plans for any of the houses, send money to the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York.

## For June Weddings

[Continued from page 38]

cheesecloth. Put a mold into pan of ice-water. Pour in enough aspic to cover bottom of mold. When firm place vegetables, which have been boiled in salted water and drained, to form a design. Beets, carrots, peas, beans and turnips may be used. Pimientos, green peppers and carrots, cut in fancy shapes, add pleasing color to the design.

Then add more aspic mixture by spoonfuls to cover vegetables. When firm, add a layer of diced chicken. Add more aspic to hold the chicken in place.

When firm, add more vegetables, chicken and aspic in alternate layers until mold is filled. Chill thoroughly. When ready to serve, turn contents out on platter.

Garnish with lettuce, curled celery and cucumbers. Serve with mayonnaise. Makes about 20 servings.

Use standard measuring cups and spoons. All measurements level

### ALMOND MACAROONS

1/2 cup flour 2 eggs  
1/2 teaspoon baking-powder 1 cup brown sugar  
1/2 teaspoon salt 1 cup almonds, blanched and cut fine.

Sift flour, baking-powder and salt together. Beat eggs slightly. Add sugar, flour and, lastly, almonds. Bake in small well-greased muffin tins in moderate oven (360° Fahrenheit) about 15 minutes. Makes about 24 small macaroons.

### STRAWBERRY SANDWICH

Make a rich vanilla ice-cream. Pack into a square or round mold about size of a loaf of bread. Pack in ice and salt and freeze very hard. Crush and sweeten strawberries. Cut ice-cream into slices. Put strawberries between slices. Serve with whipped cream if desired. Sandwich can be put on a slice of sponge cake.





### When mother bakes strawberry shortcake

It's very easy to make light, crisp shortcake that fairly melts on the tongue if you use Carnation Milk in the process. Get in the habit of using Carnation for all cooking and baking. Its uniform richness is a big help to culinary success. Carnation is just pure milk, evaporated to double richness—kept safe by sterilization.

ON the renowned Carnation Milk Farms at Seattle, Washington, and Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, are the famous Carnation herds of blue ribbon "Contented Cows." This prize-winning strain is constantly being introduced into the herds that regularly supply milk to the Carnation Condenseries in order that we may bring to your table, under the famous red and white Carnation label, the finest milk in all the world.

Send for the Carnation Cook Book. It contains 100 carefully tested recipes. Free on request.

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY  
653 Carnation Building, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin  
753 Stuart Bldg., Seattle, Wash. • New York • Aylmer, Ont.

# Carnation Milk

"From Contented Cows"

©1924, Carnation Milk Products Co.



You can dilute the double-rich contents of this can until the quart bottle overflows with pure milk



### "Enticing Economies"

At the beginning of the berry season, I inspect my pantry shelves to be sure there is nothing amiss with my six-inch stewpan, and that my supply of half-pint jelly glasses is not greatly diminished through gifts to invalid friends. For I have learned that the few spoonfuls of berries often left over from a shortcake or other berry dessert, can fill those glasses, with little effort and without all the elaborate preparations which go with "canning." Any tiny surplus of berries is promptly turned into my stewpan and converted into jam, jelly, or merely fruit juice to add to pudding sauces or refreshing drinks. As another alternative, I may stir up a batter pudding for lunch, when there are only two of us, half-fill two cup moulds, put my berries gently on top, cover with batter and steam, serving with pudding sauce to which I have added fruit juice from one of my tiny jelly glasses.

#### Strawberry Shortcake

2 cups flour, 4 tsp. baking powder,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp. salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup fat, 1 egg, 2 tbsp. Carnation Milk, 4 tbsp. water. Sift dry ingredients together, chop in fat, add beaten egg and milk. Bake on sheet or in buttered pan. Split, butter, and cover with crushed fruit, sweetened to taste. Save a few large berries to put on top. Garnish with whipped Carnation Milk. This recipe serves six people.

#### Carnation Peach Shortcake

2 cups flour, 4 tsp. baking powder,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp. salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup fat, 1 egg, 2 tbsp. Carnation Milk, 4 tbsp. water. Sift dry ingredients together, chop in fat, add beaten egg and milk. Bake in square pan which has been buttered. Cut in squares, split, butter. Cover lower layer with whipped Carnation Milk, sweetened to taste, lay sliced peaches over this. Put top layer on this, cover with more whipped Carnation and lay a half peach on top. Either fresh or canned peaches may be used for this recipe. If the fresh peaches are not very sweet, they should be prepared and allowed to stand with sugar on them for some time before making the shortcake. This recipe serves six people.

#### Whipped Carnation Milk

1 cup Carnation Milk,  $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp. gelatine. Dissolve the gelatine in a tablespoonful of cold Carnation Milk; melt in the remaining milk, which should be at the boiling point. Cool by placing in a bowl surrounded by cracked ice. When cold whip until stiff. It may be sweetened and flavored to taste. This recipe makes one pint of whipped Carnation which will remain stiff for many hours.

Mary Blake

Domestic Science Dept.

Carnation Milk Products Company

## The World's Finest and Fastest Cooking Oil Range

A range of beautiful design and finish—yet its striking appearance is eclipsed by a superlative performance that is unapproached by any oil stove and unsurpassed by any stove.

The big, roomy built-in oven is of unique construction. Equipped with soapstones and heavy heat-retaining walls it continues to bake for fully two hours after the burners have been turned off.

With five fast-as-gas Superfex Burners—all available for surface cooking when required—there's ample space and abundant heat for the largest meal. Its porcelain enameled cooking top, splashes and convenient removable burner tray are easy to keep beautifully bright.

In addition, your dealer has New Perfections, ranging from \$7.00 to \$145.00, to suit every requirement—each one the utmost in cooking satisfaction at its price.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO.  
7308 Platt Ave. Cleveland, Ohio

Also makers of the well known PURITAN  
"Short Chimney" oil stove.

*New Cook Book—Send  
ten cents for the 1924 New  
Perfection Cook Book, forty-  
four pages of recipes, menus  
for all occasions and invalu-  
able cookery suggestions.*

*Range illustrated has built-in heat-retaining \$120.00  
even equipped with soapstones. Price  
higher in the west, southwest and Canada*



The roomy, built-in oven is equipped with soapstones—heat-retaining—saves fuel—bakes perfectly. Each range is equipped with one "Big Giant" Burner for super heat or quick cooking in large quantities. As fast as the giant gas burner. The others are "Little Giants"—as hot as standard gas burners.

*Your Dealer will  
Demonstrate*



## NEW PERFECTION Oil Cook Stoves and Ranges

## Warm Weather Recipes

*They're Invaluable Time and Temper Savers*



### FRUIT SHORTCAKE

(Of Biscuit Dough:) Mix  $3\frac{1}{2}$  cups prepared flour (or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  cups flour and 6 teaspoons baking powder), 3 tablespoons shortening and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups milk. Mix to a soft dough and press lightly into a layer cake pan. Bake in a hot oven. Split through middle while hot, spread crushed fruit between layers and cover with whipped cream. Decorate top with whole berries.



### TOMATO JELLY SALAD

Soak 2 tablespoons gelatin in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold water, then dissolve in 1 can hot tomato soup to which enough water has been added to make 3 cups. Season with Worcestershire sauce (1 tablespoon), onion and celery flavor. Pour into individual molds and chill until jellied. Serve on lettuce with salad dressing. If you need the salad in a hurry use 3 tablespoons gelatin.

### MINT CUP

Crush 12 sprays of mint and place in a pitcher with 1 pint cracked ice. Add 1 pint Loganberry juice, 2 teaspoons lime juice and 1 quart carbonated water. Serve at once.



### CHOCOLATE COCONUT CAKES

Sift together 2 cups prepared flour (or 2 cups flour and 4 level teaspoons baking powder), 2 tablespoons sugar, 3 tablespoons cocoa. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup coconut, 1 cup milk or water and beat well. Bake in muffin tins. Cover with frosting and sprinkle coconut over the top.



### QUICK COFFEE CAKE

Mix 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons shortening and 1 cup milk. Beat thoroughly. Add  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup raisins. Spread in greased pan and sprinkle a mixture of 1 tablespoon cinnamon and 2 tablespoons sugar over the top. Bake in moderate oven.

*THE recipes given above are only a hint of the many practical suggestions found in "Time Saving Cookery," a McCall Service Booklet. Sent on receipt of ten cents by The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City*



# What 600 kitchen-talks taught two young women

JOTTINGS FROM THE NOTE BOOKS OF M. C. AND M. S.

"LEON, the West Indian cook in an exclusive home was—well, Leon was certainly a Crisco enthusiast. I happened to enter Leon's kitchen at the very moment he was taking his Crisco pies from the oven. After I had explained my errand, Leon, who was a rapid talker, launched into a long list of reasons why he preferred Crisco. He gave dozens of which I remember these:



Every day, it seems, he makes 160 dozen doughnuts and 300 pies—with Crisco. He has tried every shortening and settled down to Crisco. It was easier to use, he said, and gave more delicious results.



America—the favored shortening in more than 2,000,000 homes.

Wherever these two young women went they found the same friendly enthusiasm for Crisco. They discovered, however, that

"Crisco makes a delicious and very flaky pie crust—people tell me my pies are wonderful. Crisco fries quickly, too, and after frying anything with it I can strain and use it all over again. I always use it for cakes and people say my cakes are delicious—light and moist. I don't have to put Crisco in the ice box. I just leave it out on the kitchen shelf and it keeps sweet and fresh."

This and the following comments were selected from the note-books of two young women who keep us, the makers of Crisco, in touch with the cooking problems of the women who use it.

Mrs. H. of New Rochelle was away, but her husband was at home and turned out to be the proprietor of a fine bakery.

"Miss L. and her mother (a gentle old lady of long cooking experience) were very partial to Crisco. 'In cooking with Crisco,' said Miss L.'s mother, 'I am sure of such delicious flavors. Crisco blends so delicately that it seems to bring out the fine natural flavors of the ingredients themselves—the real secret of all good cooking.'

"One house, apparently a residence, turned out to be a sanitarium in whose kitchen Crisco was the only shortening. 'The doctor,' said the head cook, 'insists on Crisco because of its ready digestibility.'

## The choice of 2,000,000 women

And so, through the pages of reports which would take you hours to read we find this same enthusiasm for Crisco—the enthusiasm that has made Crisco the largest selling brand of shortening in

some old Crisco users did not yet appreciate the vegetable origin of Crisco; that Crisco is made from the pure sweet oils of growing plants

Again, a certain number of housekeepers were surprised to learn that Crisco alone serves every frying and shortening purpose. For example, a woman would compliment Crisco on its tender, flaky pie crusts while forgetting that it also makes deliciously light cakes and crisp, digestible fried foods.

If you yourself have never used Crisco we suggest that you take advantage of the special offer printed just below.

**Special "Cooking Secrets" and Sample Offer**  
In return for 20c (in stamps or coin), merely to cover postage and packing costs, we will send you Mrs. Neil's Cooking Secrets—a cook book giving scores of helpful cooking hints and 250 tested recipes together with a special sample can of Crisco containing a full half pound. Address Section L-6, Dept. of Home Economics, The Proctor & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

## A SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPER

Three of the foods in this simple Sunday night supper were prepared with Crisco—individual chicken short cakes, finger rolls and Devil's Food Cake. Here is the recipe for Devil's Food Cake with Marshmallow Frosting:

1/2 cake chocolate	2 teaspoonfuls vanilla
1 cup milk	1/2 cup sugar

Put in small saucepan over the fire and stir until it boils five minutes. Remove from the fire, add vanilla, and set aside to cool.

1/2 cup CRISCO	1/2 teaspoonful salt
1 cup sugar	1 teaspoonful baking soda
1/2 cup milk	3 tablespoonfuls boiling water
2 eggs	
2 cups flour	

Cream the Crisco, add the sugar and cream again. Then add the eggs well beaten and beat two minutes. Next add the milk, the soda dissolved in the boiling water, the flour, salt and chocolate mixture. Mix well and bake in two layer cake tins in moderate oven 25 minutes.

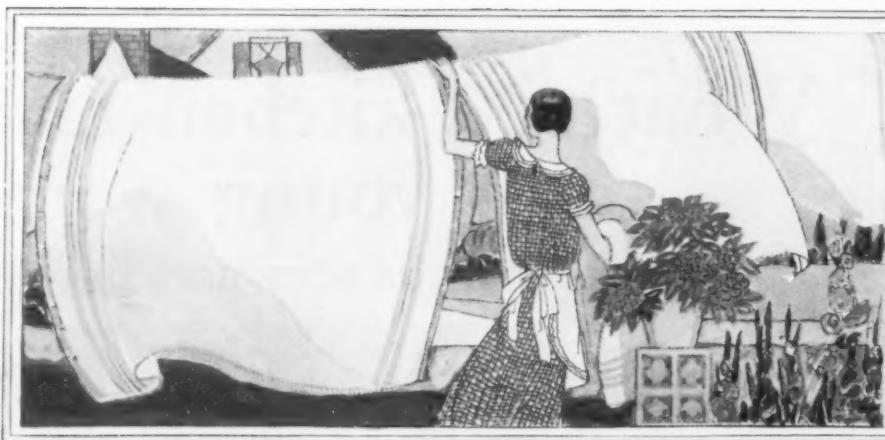
### Marshmallow Frosting

2 cups granulated sugar
1/2 cup boiling water

Cook until it threads from the spoon. Add to the well beaten whites of 2 eggs. Beat well and add 1/2 lb. of marshmallow cut in small pieces. Flavor it with vanilla. Spread over cake before cool.



Copyright 1924, by The Proctor & Gamble Co., Cincinnati



THE NORTH STAR WOOLEN MILL CO. SAYS: "WASH BLANKETS IN LUX"

# This is the very month to wash blankets

## To keep them unshrunk . . soft - fluffy - wash them this way

### How to Wash Your Blankets

A rich, live suds throughout the entire process is essential in the washing of blankets. To obtain this, use 2 tablespoonfuls of Lux to every gallon of water used in the washing.

Dissolve Lux thoroughly in very hot water, whisking it into a thick lather. Add cold water until lukewarm. Put the blanket into the rich suds, souce it up and down and squeeze the suds through the entire blanket.

If the suds die down, too much water has been used in cooling the solution, and more dissolved Lux should be added to restore the suds.

Take care to press the suds through the very soiled spots, but be sure never to rub the blankets. Rinse in three or more, if necessary, lukewarm waters, of the same temperature as the suds.

**Drying:** It makes blankets fluffier to let them drip dry. If this is not convenient, run them through a loose wringer. Never twist them. To avoid stretching and dragging hang the blanket double, and if possible lengthwise, over the line and pin it at frequent intervals.

IT'S blanket washing time all over the country. No matter how carefully they've been used, blankets need a good thorough laundering before they're put away, to keep the moths out. It's only soiled places that attract moths—clean blankets are practically moth-proof.

Once it was a real undertaking to wash them—an undertaking that you dreaded because the results were so uncertain. You were careful, painstaking, but even so your blankets would shrink, get stiff and board-like.

*Lux has changed all this. You can wash your blankets—big, handsome, all-wool ones, light weight wool and cotton, wool nap—every kind you have—in pure Lux lather without fear of their shrinking or matting.*

Ordinary soap or a harsh soap chip takes the life out of any blanket, shrinks it almost beyond recognition. A single careless washing with such soap has been

known to make a blanket shrink eighteen inches—a full half-yard!

Lux keeps your blankets like new. It won't shrink or mat them. Year after year you can wash them in these pure bland flakes, and keep them soft, cozy and fluffy. Whatever you can trust to pure water alone you can trust to Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

The North Star Woolen Mill Co., makers of the finest blankets in America, says, "We have assured ourselves that Lux does not contain free alkali or any other chemical injurious to the finest grade of wool. The tests and experiments we have made have demonstrated that Lux is an ideal product for washing blankets."

The makers of Ascher's Knit Goods, Carter's Knit Underwear, the Fleisher Yarns, recommend Lux for the safe laundering of anything containing wool.

### 5 Special Points on Blanket Washing

Extremes of heat and cold shrink wool so that it is just as important to maintain a moderate and even temperature in drying blankets as in washing them. In warm weather dry blankets out of doors in a shady place where they will not flap and blow in the wind. In cold or windy weather dry them indoors. Do not brush.

**Rubbing:** Blankets are given a nap to make them soft and fluffy and to give them warmth. They should, therefore, never be rubbed as this will remove some of the nap and will also felt and shrink them.

**Ribbon bindings** will not pucker if stretched taut several times while the blanket is drying, and pressed lightly with a warm iron after the blanket is dry.

**Baby's knitted blankets and afghans:** For washing follow directions for blankets. Never hang knitted things but spread them on a bath towel to dry, and pull into shape—according to measurements made before the article was washed.

**Summer Blankets** are sometimes only partly wool, but should be washed as if they were all wool.

### WOOL IS AS SENSITIVE AS A BABY'S SKIN

Wool is more sensitive than any other fabric and requires more careful laundering. The wool fiber is an animal fiber—made up of tiny horny scales which overlap very much like the scales of a fish.

Rubbing cake soap on a woollen garment or rubbing the garment to get the dirt out makes these scale-like fibers interlock, or draw up and shrink. A soap or soap flake at all harsh will also shrink wool as well as coarsen and yellow it.

Careless washing, using harsh soap, has been known to shrink a blanket eighteen inches—a full half-yard—in a single washing.



### IMPORTANT USES FOR LUX

In addition to the well-known uses recommended by great fabric manufacturers—silks—woolens—fine cottons and linens—try Lux for

Babies' Milk Bottles	Porcelain
Dishes	Rugs
Linoleum	Automobiles
Paint	Shampoo





## One Road to Success

By Way of McCall's Service Booklets

O. H. MY dear, you are a wonder! What more could you possibly ask of life? Do tell me your secret," my friend finished wistfully.

"Really?" I said. "Well, there is no secret. You or any other girl can do it too. You see I followed the advice of the best authorities on every subject. It happened this way. A few years ago, you will confess, I was an ugly duckling. One happy day which has gone down as a red-letter day in my calendar, I came across a booklet—such a thin little unassuming booklet—*A Little Book of Good Looks*, approved by Dr. Fred Wise. I knew Dr. Wise to be an authority so I investigated further. I discovered that there was a whole library of such books on all subjects. And so it proved the open sesame to happiness.

"I followed directions and there was such a marked change in my appearance, that my friends commented on it. But one day, passing some acquaintances, I caught this remark, 'Yes, a lovely face, but what gauche-rie!' and I realized they were speaking of me. What could I do? Where look for help? The little library for problems, of course! And there, answering my need was the *Book of Manners*.

"Then I met Jack. It was love at first sight, you know, and we planned to be married in the Spring. In the excitement I almost forgot the tiny books, but in desperation, *The Bride's Own Book* came to the rescue, arranging everything for me. Returning from our trip, we took an apartment, eager to begin housekeeping at once. What more natural than to turn to my helpers for advice? *Master Recipes*, by F. G. O.,

*Time-Saving Cookery*, by Sarah Field Splint, and *Some Reasons Why in Cookery*, by May B. Van Arsdale, solved all our difficulties.

"Naturally, we wanted a home of our very own so we read *Spending the Family Income* and budgeted our funds accordingly, and before very long were ready to consult *A Group of Little Homes* compiled by Robert Cummings Wiseman. *The Modern Home*, by Lillian Purdy Goldsborough told us how to equip our new home; *The House of Good Taste*, by Ruby Ross Goodnow, helped us to decorate it; and under the direction of Dorothy Giles in *Down the Garden Path* we planned our garden.

"Once established in our new home we found our booklet service in constant demand. House-keeping was simplified by *Housecleaning Made Easy*, (sent without charge) by Lillian Purdy Goldsborough, and by *Entertaining Without a Maid*, by Edna Sibley Tipton; and the little *Menus for Two Weeks* by Dr. E. V. McCollum, for which no charge was made, saved time and thought again and again. The problem of entertaining found its solution in *Parties All the Year and More Parties*, by Claudia M. Fitzgerald, and *What to Serve at Parties*, by Lillian M. Gunn.

"Then came the crowning joys in preparation for motherhood and later the care of our baby. *The Friendly Mother*, approved by Dr. Franklin A. Dorman, and *The Friendly Baby*, approved by Dr. Charles Gilmore Kerley, answered my questions before I asked them.

"So there you have the source of all my life's happiness. All clearly, simply and inexpensively given by the greatest authorities."



Do people admire you because of your personal charm, your beautiful hair, your well-cared-for hands?

Do you wish to make your parties stand out as social successes?

Is cooking and serving without a maid one of your accomplishments?

Are you giving your baby as well yourself intelligent care?

Are you meeting your household responsibilities in the most capable way?

Does your home meet your idea of beauty, comfort and happiness?

The booklets described on this page will help you answer these questions in the affirmative.

Price of each booklet, ten cents. Or, any twelve for one dollar. Address (enclosing money) the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



## Almost every skin blemish and fault is fundamentally from this one cause

"IS there really any one cause back of all skin blemishes and faults?"

The question was asked recently of a prominent skin specialist. The answer he gave means a new hope to thousands.

"Every skin," said the specialist, "would normally be clear and unblemished. It is only the abnormal conditions of modern life—the dirt and soot, the lack of exercise, the rush and worry—that cause blackheads and blemishes—that bring even the more serious skin affections."

And then he went on: "If one cannot change these conditions of daily life, one must at least use some corrective to start the skin again acting normally, and to keep it so."

To keep the skin functioning normally

Here, in a word, is what many today, with all their makeshift remedies, have failed to realize. You cannot plaster on a perfect skin from the outside. You must seek to restore its own inherent health and freshness.

To cleanse the pores of dust and germs, to gently restore the pulsing of the capillaries in the lower layers of the skin, to carry off infections, and then to stop new infection before it starts—thousands have learned to use Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment in the daily care of their skin.

Often in a few days, blackheads,

blemishes, and even affections that appear to be more or less serious, will yield to this gentle treatment.

Start today this simple treatment

If your complexion is not all you want it to be, if it is dull and sallow, or marred by blemishes, begin today to use Resinol. Get a cake of Resinol Soap and a jar of Resinol Ointment at your druggist's. Every night before retiring, work up on the face, with warm water, a thick, creamy lather of Resinol Soap. Work it gently into the pores; then rinse off, and splash on a dash of clear, cold water to close the pores. Then, with special irritations, blemishes or rashes, apply a touch of Resinol Ointment and smooth it in very gently with the fingers. If possible, leave it on overnight. Then in the morning wash off again with Resinol Soap.

Within a week you will begin to notice the difference in your skin—a finer, softer, texture—a ruddier glow—a clearing of the ugly little blemishes.

Resinol Ointment also for more serious skin affections

Not only is Resinol Ointment used by women everywhere for clearing away minor skin blemishes—but its soothing, healing properties have for years been successful in relieving more stubborn skin affections. Rashes and eczema—often itching, unpleasant and embarrassing—will in many cases vanish in a few days. Resinol is absolutely harmless. It will not irritate even the delicate texture of an infant's skin.

## RESINOL

SOAP and OINTMENT

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Send this coupon or a postal card today

Dept. 2-G, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, without charge, a trial size cake of Resinol Soap and a sample of Resinol Ointment—enough for several days' ordinary use.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City.....State.....





# Don't Work for Every Cent You Get

*Let Your Money, Safely Invested, Be Your Silent Partner and Work for You*

By Mary Harding

Collaborating with Mrs. Jacob A. Riis, Head of The Women's Department of Bonbright and Company

NOT long ago, I saw an astonishing letter which a woman had written to a New York broker. She explained that she had \$10,000 to invest; and she wound up by saying: "I wish you would put my money into absolutely safe securities that will yield 10 percent."

I hope this draws a pitying smile from you. In other words, I hope you realize, as this woman apparently did not, that it is practically impossible to get a yield of 10 percent on "absolutely safe" investments.

I wish I could start a club which every woman would join. I would call it the "Rule-of-Three Club," because the constitution, by-laws and everything else would consist of three inflexible rules:

1. Every member must save some money. 2. She must invest it. 3. She must put it into something safe.

Out of my own experience I can say one thing—and with deep feeling! From the moment you begin to invest money, you are always going to be torn between two conflicting desires; the desire to have your money safe, and the desire to get as big a return from it as you can.

Also out of my own experience I can tell you another thing. If your desire for safety does not win in this struggle, you certainly will regret it. Luck may be with you in some of the chances you take, but sooner or later you will have a loss that will wipe out part of your capital. You may even lose it all.

Suppose a stock does pay you ten percent during, say, three years. Then something happens and it stops paying any dividends. You can't sell it for what it cost you so you hold it a couple of years longer, thinking it will get back to a better price. Instead, it goes lower and lower. When you finally sell, your average rate of interest for the five years has been six percent—not ten—and you have lost some of your capital! Thousands of investors have this bitter experience.

Moreover you will have had five years of constant worry. It is as if you had put your money into a tissue paper bag; and you haven't even been carrying the bag! Some one else has had it; and you haven't known at what moment it would break and your precious savings be lost.

At this point, you probably will say, "Well, how can I tell whether an investment is safe or not?"

For an authoritative answer to that question, I went to Mrs. Jacob Riis, who is head of the Women's Department of Bonbright and Company, a conservative investment banking house in New York. I will try to give you briefly the main points she made.

In the first place, learn all you can about investments in general. Don't buy anything just because some one tells you it is "good." Get the facts about it. Consult at least two persons who should know something about its safety. And then use your own common sense and judgment.

Mrs. Riis said to me, "If a woman is too lazy to investigate the securities offered her, she'd better put all her money into Liberty Bonds!"

That is one answer to your question. The bonds of this Government are absolutely safe—unless the Government itself goes to smash; and certainly no one expects that to happen.

In this article I shall talk only of bonds; we shall take up stocks later.

Remember that the bonds of a company are safer than the stock of that company. They are a prior obligation; and the interest on the bonds must be paid before any dividends can be paid on the stock. However, the stock of one company may be safer than the bonds of another company. So just because a thing is called a "bond" don't think that it is necessarily safe. Find out what is back of it.

ASIDE from the bonds of our own Government, there are those of foreign governments. Personally, in these troubled times, I prefer to keep my money at home. Then there are state and municipal bonds. Because of certain tax provisions which affect very large incomes, these bonds yield about the same as Liberties. For the average person, therefore, Liberty Bonds would be better.

Then there are railroad, industrial, and public utility bonds. Industrials are the bonds of manufacturing concerns or of other business companies. Public utilities are street railways, gas, electric light and power companies, and similar enterprises. In general, industrials are considered more speculative than railroads or public utilities.

Bonds are really a promise to pay back the money they represent, at or within a certain time. The "date of maturity" may be ten, twenty, thirty or even more years in the future. Therefore you want to be assured that the business for which the money is borrowed is a long-lived one; that it satisfies a permanent and fundamental need.

For instance, you would rather lend your money to a railroad for fifty years than to a jazz band for ten years! One is a permanent necessity; the other may be a passing fad.

BUT before you buy any bond, find out a few things. Is it issued by a new company with no record behind it or by one that has been operating long enough to have proved its worth? What is its total bonded indebtedness? This should not exceed from 60 to 75 percent of the value of the company's property.

Some corporations have several issues of bonds. Of these, the first mortgage bonds must be paid off first.

Find out what are the net earnings of the corporation. These should be at least more than twice the amount of its fixed charges. The fixed charges are the interest on its "funded debt," its bonds. If you buy its bonds, you want to be sure the interest will be paid. The more it earns in excess of this interest, the safer you will be.

These terms may be new to you now, but don't think you can't understand them. In a little while they will be as familiar to you as the price of butter and eggs.

Apropos of prices, that is one way to judge the safety of a bond. Why do you pay more for one grade of silk than for another? As a rule, because it is better. The same principle applies to bonds. Some 5 percent bonds sell around 50; others sell at 100 or even more. Why? Simply because those at the low price are not as good.

It's like "strictly fresh eggs" at 60 cents a dozen, "fresh eggs" at 50 cents, and "eggs" at 40 cents. If you buy just "eggs" you know you are taking a chance. Somebody took a chance on the egg that was served me this morning, and it was a total loss! You are likely to have a similar shrinkage if you take chances on your investments.

Until recent years, bonds were issued only for \$500 or \$1,000 each. That was pretty hard on the small investor; so a movement was started to supply \$100 bonds—"baby bonds," they are called. If you can't buy a bigger one, start with a baby.

The most wonderful thing about money is that it will earn money for us. Just think of not having to work for every cent you get! Save your money and let it work for you.

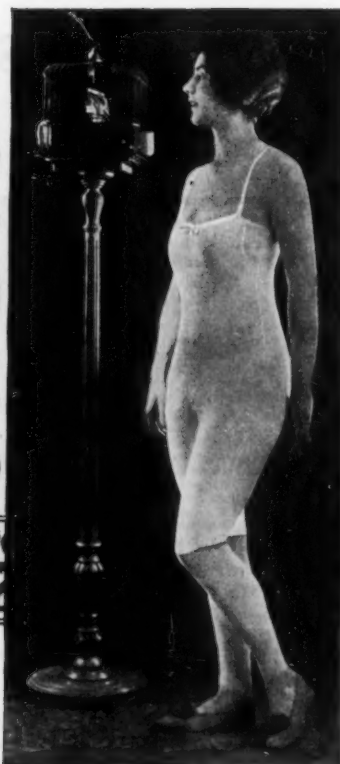
What shall we talk about next time? I suggest stocks. In the meantime, if we can't do anything else, let's all become mothers—to a baby bond.



Union Suit with the tailor made band top and tight fitting knee. Made to fit snugly of the finest quality of yarns.



Union Suit with ribbon bodice top and tight knee. A very popular style for spring and summer.



# Forest Mills

## UNDERWEAR

When purchasing underwear how many times have you thought—will it fit properly, or will it wrinkle up, does the size run large or small? None of these disturbing thoughts need bother you if you purchase Forest Mills Underwear.

Forest Mills Underwear is made according to rigid specifications and exacting measurements, thus insuring perfect fit and actual size for all figures. And in addition, it adds to your physical comfort; for what is more uncomfortable than an ill-

fitting suit of underwear.

When underwear fits properly outer wear will fit properly too—an important consideration in these days of the slim silhouette.

Forest Mills Underwear is made of the best materials, in all sizes, for all members of the family and can be had at the better shop everywhere. To get the best always ask for Forest Mills Underwear by name. If you do not find it at your favorite store, write us and we will tell you the nearest dealer.



**BROWN DURRELL COMPANY**  
*Gordon Hosiery - Forest Mills Underwear*  
 New York Boston

# A Nation-Wide Quest for New Authors

Enormous Cash Awards  
Offered by Magazine Pub-  
lishers and Motion Picture  
Producers.

**M**AGAZINE publishers and motion picture producers are today engaged in one of the greatest and most romantic quests in literary history. They are searching for new authors who can satisfy the age-old craving of the race to be told a story that is gripping and new. Fifteen thousand motion picture theatres in this country alone must be continually supplied with fresh stories. Thousands of publications read by millions of people of all types and classes must present new fiction every issue. To meet this demand, new writers must be found.

In their search for new authors, publishers and producers have inaugurated a number of notable story contests offering big cash awards. In fact, such contests are being launched continually in the search for new authors. They are more than contests. They are quests.

## Thousands in Prizes

Chief among the film story contests is that conducted by Famous Players-Lasky in conjunction with Pictorial Review and the publishing house of Dodd, Mead & Co. The prize is \$13,500. It cannot be won by an established novelist, but must go to a new author. The chief condition is that the winner must be without previous book publication credit. Pictorial Review will publish the winning novel serially, Famous Players-Lasky will produce a screen version of it and Dodd, Mead & Co., will publish it in book form, paying author's royalties besides.

In the short story field, Harper's Magazine is offering \$10,000 in prizes in a series of four contests lasting throughout the current year. The Forum in another contest offers a prize of \$1,000 for the best story 3,000 to 5,000 words.

Other similar contests are numerous, the prizes amounting to large sums in the aggregate. Two standing offers are worthy of especial mention: the Famous Players-Lasky annual prize of \$10,000 for the best photoplay, and the \$10,000 fund set aside by the publishers of Action Stories and Novelets for bare story plots without literary presentation.

## The Day of the Unknown

Producers and publishers alike thus attest their belief that there are scores of men and women, unknown as writers, who are able to produce suitable stories for the millions reached by the screen and the magazines—if they can only be induced to try.

## Current Palmer Productions

Photodramas by authors succeeding through Palmer co-operation, now being exhibited in theatres throughout the United States and Canada, include the following productions by Palmer Photoplay Corporation, with which Palmer Institute of Authorship is affiliated:

"JUDGMENT OF THE STORM"  
By Ethel Styles Middleton  
"THE WHITE SIN"  
By Harold C. Shamate  
"HIS FORGOTTEN WIFE"  
By Will Lambert

Ask your favorite theatre to show these pictures  
(Distributed by Film Booking Offices of America)

## Announcing The Palmer Scholarship Foundation

Palmer Scholarship Foundation has been established by Palmer Institute of Authorship for the purpose of bringing recognition to men and women whose fresh and virile stories might otherwise be lost to the screen and general publication field, but who need only training in the new technique of authorship in order to succeed.

Two Major Awards, each carrying a prize of \$500 cash and the Palmer Medal of Merit, will be made by the terms of the Foundation to the authors of the best short story and the best screen play, respectively, submitted each year.

Forty-eight Free Scholarships will be awarded annually upon a basis of earnest effort rather than originality or brilliance. Thus both Genius and Industry receive equal opportunity to share in these awards.

RUSSELL DOUBLEDAY  
(Doubleday, Page & Co.)  
Chairman, Committee Short Story Awards  
FREDERICK PALMER  
(Palmer Photoplay Corporation)  
Chairman, Committee Screen Play Awards

Palmer Institute of Authorship concurs in that opinion, because its own experiences prove it to be true. It has found many potential authors during its six years of service to writers, and through training and co-operation has helped them to gain recognition on the screen and in the magazine field. Through the Palmer Course and Service in photoplay writing, short-story writing and dramatic criticism, it has helped them to acquire a knowledge of how to control and apply the divine gift of creative imagination. They were enabled to learn how to write stories meeting current market demands during spare time in their own homes, without interference with their regular duties.

## The Advisory Council

Aiding in the work of discovering and training new writers are the following distinguished members of the Institute's Advisory Council: Frederick Palmer, author and educator, Chairman; Thomas H. Ince, motion picture producer; Russell Doubleday, publisher; Clayton Hamilton, formerly of the Faculty of Columbia University, author, dramatist and educator; Brian Hooker, formerly of the Faculty of Columbia and Yale universities, author, dramatist and critic; Frederic Taber Cooper, formerly of the Faculty of Columbia and New York universities, author, educator and critic; C. Gardner Sullivan, editorial director for the Joseph M. Schenck productions; Rob Wagner, author and motion picture director; James R. Quirk, editor and publisher of Photoplay Magazine.

The teaching staff of the Institute is composed of recognized short-story writers and photodramatists, selected for teaching ability. This assures the student of a service amounting virtually to author-collaboration.

The Story Sales Department of the Institute maintains headquarters in Hollywood, with branches in New York and Chicago, the publishing centers, thus assuring the author of a direct contact with the story markets of the country.

## Free—"The New Road to Authorship"

For those who believe in themselves, a book has been prepared entitled "The New Road to Authorship." It contains information that every writer should know. Do you know that there has been an American revolution in letters in the last decade? Do you know about the modern writing technique? Do you know why producers and publishers alike face a scarcity of story material today? "The New Road to Authorship" will tell you. It is invaluable for the library of any writer, known or unknown. Success stories of many authors who owe their recognition to Palmer training are contained in it. This book, together with a bulletin containing full details of Palmer Scholarship Foundation and its broad and unique service to writers, will be sent FREE upon mailing of the coupon below.

Palmer Institute of Authorship,  
(Affiliated with Palmer Photoplay Corporation)  
806 Palmer Building, Hollywood, Calif.

Please send me without cost your book "The New Road to Authorship" and your Bulletin containing details of Palmer Scholarship Foundation.

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All correspondence strictly confidential



Unplanned spending breeds trouble

## What Can Your Income Do?

By Isabel Ely Lord

Author of "Getting Your Money's Worth"

**A**S THE young man and woman of today come to the Great Adventure of marriage, what is their chance of happiness as compared with the chance of their predecessors of a generation ago?

Many pessimists are ready to answer at once that their chance, both of happiness and permanency in marriage, is so shockingly small that the very life of our nation is menaced.

Then a chorus of defenders rises to say that modern young people have an infinitely better chance

of happiness than their fathers and mothers had, because they are more honest in facing facts, more ready to reason together when differences arise. They have no romantic illusions about perfect happiness, but start with the idea that marriage is a real partnership, to which each gives his and her best, and they work out together the thousand compromises that married life demands.

So the controversy goes on, as it always has and probably always will.

Meanwhile young people about to marry,

or just married, are working out the problem, each little family for itself. To 'hat problem there are many sides, some intensely personal, others practically universal. The economic problem is perhaps the most universal, for every family has an income. And if it is either overspent or badly spent the result is unhappiness and strained relations between husband and wife.

The old idea that a wife is a "dependent" is fast vanishing before the acceptance of wife and husband as full partners. No partnership, however, can run along on sentiment only. It has to be worked out carefully with definite responsibilities and rights. On the money side "all cards are on the table"

between partners, and they plan together how the money is to be used. So, in the marriage partnership, as in any business partnership, it is essential that the use of the income be planned together and understood by both husband and wife, and that the responsibility for the spending should be fixed.

It is not sordid and unromantic for two young lovers to plan how they are to use their dollars and cents. Money is only a symbol, anyway, representing food and clothing and shelter and fun and security and pleasure, and—best of all—health and happiness together!

To plan before marriage means to plan with perspective, and with the realization of what the partnership means, or may come to mean, still so vivid that all difficulties are easy to overcome. It is more unfair to the girl than to the man not to plan, since she is to have the actual spending of most of the money.

What does this planning mean? How is it done? First, the two partners-to-be should make a list of their assets. How much are

they "worth," as the phrase goes? Legally he may have so much "of his own," and she so much "of her own," but as partners they do not own things separately—it all belongs to the family. So they pool their resources in this statement of assets. Then, having also counted their joint liabilities (debts) and deducted them from assets, they keep a statement of Net Assets to compare with similar statements to be made each year as they go on in the partnership.

Second, they face the family income—the amount they can reasonably expect to receive in the first year of their married life. Here again they pool their resources, to see [Turn to page 52]



A budget makes your dreams come true



# COMMUNITY PLATE



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THAT STAND  
FOR FREEDOM



*THE LIBERTY CAP* Columbia wears, on our own silver coins, was first worn by the freemen of the ancient Roman Republic to show that they were no longer slaves.

*THE HEINZ CAP* worn by thousands of Heinz girls is the symbol of a new freedom—freedom from the toil of the kitchen—that remorseless demand of the family for three meals a day.

The Heinz girls in their white caps and blue uniforms go happily and capably about their work of cooking for you, doing in the spotless Heinz kitchens what you find it hard to do in yours, and doing it as carefully and well as if your eye were on them all the time.

H. J. Heinz Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

HEINZ  
57

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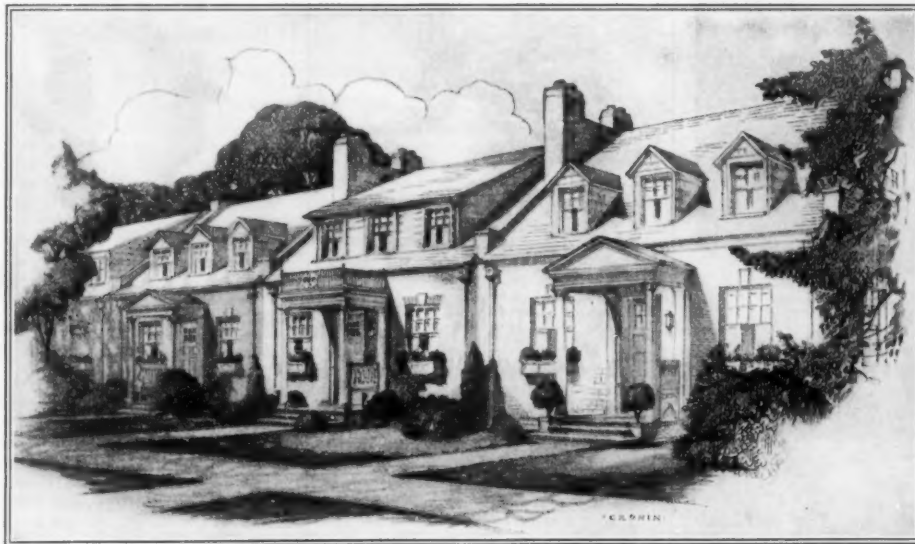
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- 29 Heinz Sweet Midget Gherkins . . . . .
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- 34 Heinz Sour Mixed Pickles
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- 39 Heinz Stuffed Olives . . . . .
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- 43 Heinz Worcestershire Sauce
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- 45 Heinz Beefsteak Sauce . . . . .
- 46 Heinz Red Pepper Sauce . . . .
- 47 Heinz Green Pepper Sauce
- 48 Heinz Tomato Ketchup . . . .
- 49 Heinz Prepared Mustard . . . .
- 50 Heinz India Relish . . . . .
- 51 Heinz Evaporated Horse-Radish
- 52 Heinz Salad Dressing . . . . .
- 53 Heinz Mayonnaise . . . . .
- 54 Heinz Pure Malt Vinegar
- 55 Heinz Pure Cider Vinegar
- 56 Heinz Distilled White Vinegar
- 57 Heinz Tarragon Vinegar . . . .



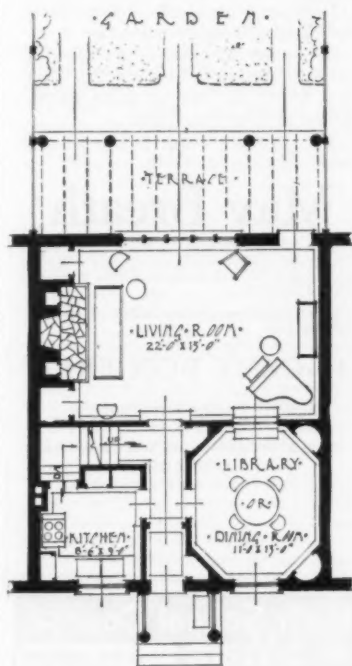


## The Town House

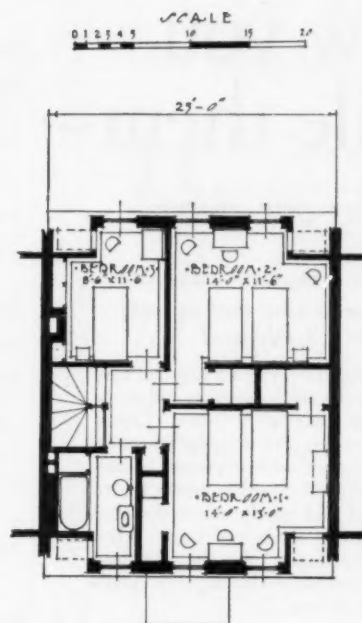
By Marcia Mead  
McCall's Consulting Architect

Stuffy side yards and the dark unhealthful rooms common to the "row houses" usually set up on the narrow lots of our crowded suburban and town districts, are eliminated in these plans. Even the appearance of each house is different—instead of the tiresome monotony of the usual row, pleasing exteriors are presented.

The building cost is about \$7500, in conformity with the cost of the two-family and two-apartment houses also designed by Miss Mead and shown in the April and May issues



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

WE HAVE endeavored in our series of small houses to offer plans for almost every variety of house for home owners of moderate means. The last six of the series have been directly inspired by our readers' requests and demands. The town house, the last word in single house ownership, built in a row with other houses, as shown on this page, concludes the series. Second cousin to the tailor who first sold trousers at nine dollars a leg was the man who invented the 25-foot building lot with the deliberate intention of forcing people to buy two lots in order to build a house. This salesmanship led to dire consequences and we now find our suburbs crowded with thin houses pulled out like sticks of taffy candy, with narrow slits of yards between them to make them fit the narrow lots.

In the accompanying plan, we have built across the entire width of the lot. There are no dark middle rooms as the house is but two rooms deep.

Houses built in rows ought not to be monotonous; the perspective sketch at the top of this page indicates how several houses after this same plan, by varying the dormers and other details, can present a pleasing appearance which is absent in the tiresome rubber-stamp variety. Even the necessary fire walls between the houses with their

chimneys and parapets enhance the general roof lines.

All the rooms of the house should have direct light; therefore there are no porches, but the windows are so numerous and large that the rooms are almost porches in themselves. The long spacious living-room overlooks the entire rear yard. This plan is practical for a detached house with side yards.

This is the kind of planning that should be done by your Chamber of Commerce. The location, environment, land values and so on, as well as the street plan, its vistas and terminations, should be factors in determining the types of houses to be constructed in a locality.

Let us suppose that the requirements of a certain neighborhood have been so determined and that the architect has planned the house shown on this page and that it has been approved by the plan committee. Let us suppose, further, that the house has been built, the family have moved in and settled down and are preparing for a garden party.

First, among the preparations, after the breakfast things are cleared away, the bedrooms—which have been airing for an hour, with wide-open windows and fresh sweet air blowing through—are set in order. A vacuum cleaner and dust cloths from the small half-closet soon leave the rooms spotless.

As the garden party is a "house

warming" for this brand-new home, the guests will be invited to peep into the drawers full of snowy linens and closets well fitted with shelves and hooks and hangers; and in one of the closets of each room is a nest of drawers, in the lowest of which are rows of shoes.

When the top floor is in order, you go to the first floor, where in another hall closet are similar cleaning conveniences. The living-room and the dining-room are soon spotless.

Then the real business of the party begins! The kitchen is fragrant with the odor of cakes. Along comes the grocer and the ice-cream man, according to order; also the electricity man, and the gas man and a book agent—but as the housewife can see them from the kitchen window and is near the door, her plans are completed with little loss of time from these interruptions. The refrigerator, the sink, the cupboards, the stove are within a few steps.

The hostess then arranges flowers in the various rooms. As she pauses for a moment on the two low steps to the living-room, she catches a glimpse of the cool privacy of her garden, made charming in spite of disadvantages of its limited space.

It is an inviting, spacious, sunny place—and when the guests go away after a joyous afternoon, they will long to come again.



## "There! That Tastes Just Right!"

Wouldn't you like to know the secret of such delicious flavor?

IT'S just this: add the proper quantity of FRENCH'S MUSTARD to all of your salad dressings. Use it in your cooking too, just as you put ginger and other spices into cakes and pies. You know how appetizing FRENCH'S MUSTARD tastes on cold meats, cheese, and in sandwich fillings. But until you use rich, creamy FRENCH'S MUSTARD in cooking, you'll never know its rare fullness of flavor, nor how good it makes things taste. That is because it is made of the choicest ingredients, blended with the skill of 88 years mustard-making experience.

You'll be delighted, too, with the great variety of salads and cooked dishes you can make by the FRENCH'S MUSTARD METHOD. For instance, you can improve such good old standbys as potato and chicken salad by adding FRENCH'S MUSTARD.

Just try this Recipe for FRENCH'S MUSTARD Salad Dressing instead of your usual one, and note the difference it makes:—Two tablespoonfuls of FRENCH'S MUSTARD; two tablespoonfuls of sweet cream; one-half teaspoonful of sugar. Mix thoroughly. (Use the same proportions for larger quantities.)

Send for the French's Mustard Recipe Booklet "Made Dishes, Salads and Savories"—

It is a collection of housewives' favorite recipes. Four cents in stamps will bring it to you. Meanwhile ask your grocer for FRENCH'S MUSTARD, packed in the sanitary carton with a handy paddle and a little leaflet of FRENCH'S MUSTARD recipes you'll want to try at once.

THE R. T. FRENCH COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y.  
Your Grocer supplies you with the Necessities of Life.  
What would you do without him?

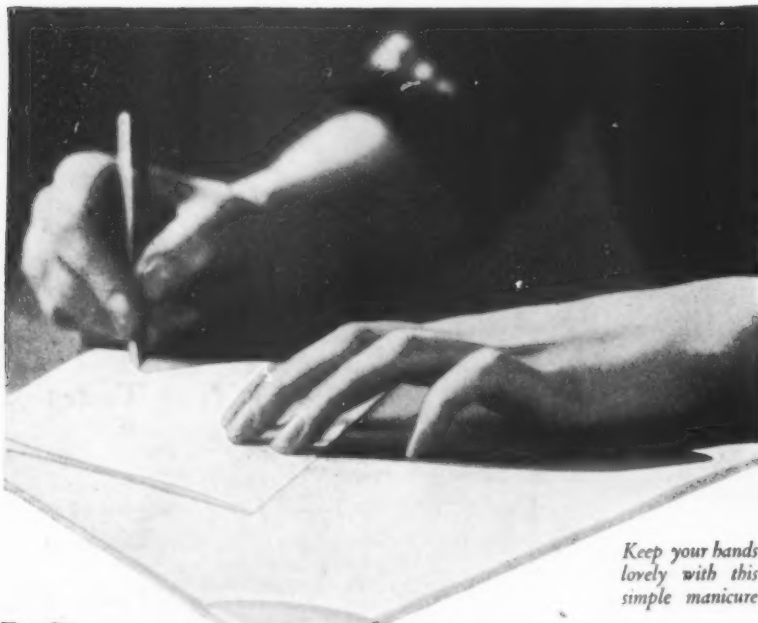
# French's

CREAM SALAD

# Mustard



If you desire dry Mustard Flour for medicinal purposes, or if you prefer to mix Mustard Flour for your table condiment, we recommend FRENCH'S D. S. F. MUSTARD—packed only in cans—of the finest quality, pungency and flavor—always reliable.



Keep your hands lovely with this simple manicure

## No matter how you shape and file them— you cannot neglect this one thing

**Y**OU may file the nail tips ever so carefully—you may polish your nails exquisitely—and yet they do not look right.

For the most conspicuous thing of all is the cuticle. It gives the nails their beauty—lovely ovals framed in fresh white skin when it is right. When it is rough or torn or split and grown tight to the nail base, it makes the whole hand look utterly neglected.

There is one right way to care for the cuticle, and that is to remove the dead cuticle as it accumulates and keep the fresh cuticle free from the nails.

Once or twice a week give your cuticle this care with Cutex. You will be delighted with the difference it

makes in the appearance of your nails.

### How to have that smooth, lovely oval

After you have shaped the nail tips, remove the old dead cuticle and shape the nail base with Cutex. Dip a Cutex orange stick wrapped in cotton in the Cutex Cuticle Remover. Loosen the cuticle where it has grown fast to the nail and gently shape the skin around the whole nail base. Then rinse the fingers. All the old dead skin wipes away—leaving the cuticle fresh and even.

Now you are ready to polish the nails. If you want a delicate rose pearl lustre use Cutex's latest success—the new Powder Polish in the convenient new box that shakes out.

Cutex has charming sets for 60c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$3.00, or separate items are 35c, at all drug and department stores in United States and Canada or chemist shops in England.

### Introductory Set—now only 12c

Fill out this coupon and mail it with 12c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing trial sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board and orange stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. F-6, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

There is one right way to care for the cuticle so it is evenly rounded, smooth and white. Cutex supplies the safe, quick method to do this

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. F-6  
114 West 17th St., New York

I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for New Introductory Set containing enough Cutex for six manicures.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_  
(or P. O. box)

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_



## The Little House

By Louise Lombard Thomas

*WHERE dunes are tall and grasses fringe the sky,  
And sea gulls circle from blue heights above,  
There will we have our dream house,  
you and I—  
A tiny house, but not too small for Love.*

*Sunshine will flood each little, rosy room;  
The windows, diamond-paned, be open wide,  
And hardy flowers, gold and crimson, bloom  
Close to the low doorstep on either side.*

*All longed-for splendors will at last be ours—  
Dawn winds, to kiss awake the sleepy eaves;  
Nights of soft black, pierced through with myriad stars;  
Romance of yellow moons and dusky eaves.*

*There, too, will call deep voices from the sea  
As, one by one, the breakers crash and foam,  
While salt gales whistle shrill, wild harmony,  
Then sink to silence with a plaintive moan.*

*And when rain patters on the window panes,  
We'll sit beside our friendly, crackling fire  
And show each other pictures in the flames—  
A dragon, or a castle's lofty spire.*

*O Little House, so small and yet so dear,  
Built on our hopes and roofed with dreams above,  
You'll hold a magic world of joy and cheer—  
O Little House, just big enough for Love!*

## What Can Your Income Do?

[Continued from page 48]

where "the family" stands. They should plan for only what they are sure they will receive, keeping any further income for future disposition.

Third, they make a definite, detailed plan for the use of all this assured (or fairly assured) income. They do not decide on the big items and then say that the balance will meet all other expenses. But they make such a detailed list of headings that they can control expenditure where it threatens to exceed. More important yet, they decide thus in advance what things they want most of all the things their money can buy.

In planning for savings they decide not only how much to save, but how to invest it. They discuss the advisability of life insurance and of a savings bank reserve fund.

They have no "miscellaneous" heading to trap them later, but list every item separately.

Last, when they begin to live by the budget, they check it by accounts, kept under the same headings as the budget, so they can see how carefully they are carrying out their plan.



## Spring Odors

At once in the breath

A May Breath tablet instantly overcomes offensive breath. No matter what the cause is. No matter where it lies—in the mouth or stomach.

Cigars or cigarettes may cause it, decaying food, unhealthy gums, certain foods or a stomach disorder. No beauty, no charm can offset it.

Now dainty people, before any close contact, eat a May Breath tablet. The pocket box is always carried with them.

It instantly overcomes offensive odors and substitutes the odor of spring.

Before you dance, before you talk with people, always eat a May Breath. Then your breath becomes an added charm, instead of a possible offense.

This dainty practice will become a habit when you try it once.

## May Breath

A modern mouth wash in candy tablet form. Designed to deodorize the breath. Carry with you. In 10-cent and 25-cent boxes at all drug stores and drug departments.

May Breath is not yet available for Canadian distribution.

## 10-CENT BOX FREE

Insert your name and address, mail to  
**MAY BREATH COMPANY**  
Dept. M-96, 1104 South Wabash Avenue  
CHICAGO  
And a box will be sent you free.

## High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home inside two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.  
**AMERICAN SCHOOL**  
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## CUTS HEAL QUICKLY and cleanly, pain is relieved if bandaged with gentle, antiseptic Mentholum

Write for free sample  
Mentholum Co., Buffalo, N.Y., Wichita, Kans.

## An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio



## The Spring Flight

[Continued from page 15]

Mistress Montjoy veered swiftly away from talk of Chapman, but so skilfully that, in another moment, they were discussing Jonson's latest success as though it flowed as a matter of course from the talk of Chapman and Homer. Ben's *Alchemist*, according to Mistress Montjoy, had positively fired London. Burbage, as usual, was playing the lead and according to Mistress Montjoy, with rare spirit. She confessed to as great a liking for Burbage as a misliking for his rival, Field. Compare Burbage with Field. She had seen his Richard—Here Mistress Montjoy pulled herself up short as though suddenly remembering that her guest was a playwright—and Will's *Richard Third* three times. Burbage stirred the blood, whereas Field—She herself had slept listening to Field's slow, cold chanting. She favored the *Silent Woman* above all Ben's work—oh yes, far beyond the *Alchemist*. But for an afternoon's entertainment, give her, the *Woman Killed With Kindness* or the *Shoemaker's Holiday*. The woman did not live whose heart refused to leap to the sweet, tearful sadness of the one and the side-splitting gaiety of the other. She had always said and would always maintain that Ben knew naught about women. She considered that the *Silent Woman* proved this contention. Had not *Epicure*, his best woman, turned out to be a man? For herself, she liked plays that dealt with people like those about her; women she could have been and in scenes she might have known. Not for her the bloodless nymphs of the *Faithful Shepherdess* or *Philaster* on the one hand, the strange walking dolls that Ben made on the other. As for the *Woman Killed with Kindness*—there was a heroine might have been her own sister, Bess, so natural was she! And so on, and on, and on until Montjoy's grating voice called from below, "Aho there! Shall we never eat?" 'Tis well said, 'A woman's tongue . . .'

THE slow spring twilight had settled into complete darkness when Shakespeare at last pulled away from the Montjoys. A long, slim new moon had slunk almost to the horizon. Let it shed light enough to reveal a faint wet wash of street; blank parallel stretches of half-timbered walls; black rectangles of street-signs. The night had turned chill; a sharp and knifelike wind searched out the openings in his cape. He drew it closer about him as he turned in the direction of Cheapside. Physically, the wash, the delicious hot supper, the delicious cool ale had refreshed him. But mentally—! He could not say that Mistress's Montjoy's chatter had inspired him; but at least it had rested him in that, for a while, it had ousted from his mind the accumulated melancholies of the last three months. Now that her cheerful presence had gone, those humors flowed back in a sinister black flood. And indeed, one or two of Mistress Montjoy's remarks had pricked into faint being a dead desire, a lost regret . . . Southampton and Anne . . . For an instant the old pain seared a fiery trail across his heart. Women named Anne had played important parts in his life, he reflected; Anne, his sister, the playmate of his childhood—pink-and-white, doll-faced, dead ere she had matured. Anne Hathaway, the sweetheart of his boyhood! Sleek-haired was Anne, and dove-eyed; the brown of the country sun struggling with the pink of the country air for the mastery of her cheeks. Anne, as round and warm as a pigeon—and as unthinking. And then Anne Davenant, the passion of his maturity. What had there been about Anne Davenant that could make a half-decade of agony in a sane man's life? She was not beautiful. He himself, in one of his bitter rebellions against her spell, had avowed that in verse. But there was something—No, her face was not beautiful; it was the color of whey and it kept, except at the creeping-in of her

silver smile, a strange, still look. And her little flat figure was not beautiful, though it was so delicate that she moved like a shadow. Nor her jet-black, straight, coarse hair. Nor her rather slitted, heavily-lidded eyes, so shadow-smooched, so vivid and sparkless. But the combination of all this with her mouth—! Surely no woman had even owned a mouth like Anne's—so wide-centered and deep-cornered, so cool and so warm, so lusciously crimson that, flaring out of the pallor of her face, it was like a blood-hot signal to the senses. Southampton and Anne—The image of his friend—and rival—suddenly hung clear in his mind: the lithe, long, white-skinned youth with his chestnut curls and his brilliant color; his brown eyes shot with red lights; his dashing aspect and his dreaming look; his profundities of thought; his elegances of expression. Well, at least now he could put the two names together in his mind without a sense of utter spiritual annihilation. And even as his pain dulled, their images vanished from his mental vision. His real problem lifted its gaunt face there.

Should he ever write again? Had it gone for good—that rushing, flooding impulse which, on command, had turned his youth to a creative orgy, had sometimes evolved and finished a play in a week? Was this paralysis but a temporary mental deadness or was it old age . . . the flickering-out of the creative faculty? He had accommodated himself to many things in a lifetime of work. Once he had created the dramatic mode, had led. Now he followed, aped other men's efforts and at, it seemed, a slower and slower pace. Those younger blades of the drama—Beaumont, Fletcher . . . How they poured it forth, and in what variety and with what felicity! Well, he must follow where their star led. Ay, he was content to follow, if he could only produce a big thing in the new mode. But he could produce nothing. What had happened to him or what was the fault in him? Always he had wondered—and now he considered the problem afresh—if a man's work were so closely engaged with a man's life that he must live a life especially constructed for that work. For himself, try as hard as he could to disengage himself from mortal tangles, he had had to live long segments of his life as though his work had not even existed. Southampton had, of course, dominated such a segment; Anne Davenant another. And whatever the cost to his work, he would not part with even the memory of that magic madness. Long living it had been with him at first and short working; then longer and harder working, shorter and shorter living; until now life was all working. Perhaps that was the flaw in him—that very concentration may have marred his quality.

YET there was Ben! No man had worked harder than Ben; and Ben had for decades lived a life that was but pendant to his work. Of course Ben's youth had sown vigorous wild oats . . . that interval in the Low Countries. For that matter, Ben had killed his man and gone to prison . . . But he had chosen London for the scene of the major portion of his work and in filthy, greasy, stinking London he had stayed, dominating the literary life of the town as indeed—there had never been an atom of jealousy in Shakespeare's admiration for Ben—he deserved to dominate it. On the other hand—Marlowe! At his youth's peak, Kit had thrown himself into the flaming abyss at the very center of life, had let its fires eat his vitals; had died of his love of life; had died at the hands of life itself. Did Marlowe have the right of it? And Kyd and Greene—those wasters of heyday? "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships and burnt the topless towers of Ilium?" God, it was [Turn to page 54]

## A Satiny Skin Can be Yours

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Clasmic Beautifier

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by Alice Adams Crosby

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# FAIRY SOAP



## The Spring Flight

[Continued from page 53]

worth going out in one hell-hot stab at joy to have written those lines. They too—the whole trio—had stayed in the city, had drunk deep of its poison. Was, after all, the swift stab at life the wiser way? However, it was useless now to regret that he had not followed other men's paths, led they to sanity or madness; for he could not stay in the city, try as hard as he would. Just as London had held him in hot enchantment in the beginning, she had released him frost-cold in the end. And then the country had begun to pull on him. He had defensed his ears to the luring plea as long as he could. But in the end, it had haled him back to Stratford—that low, wild-dove call. Another motive came in here—in honesty he had to admit it. He wanted to write the Shakspeare name strong on Stratford life again. It was a sacred duty; his father had laid it on him. That was one of the things a man must do; he had no choice there. And yet again—doubt. Should a poet engage in commerce with sacred obligations? What had he to do with that pale-blooded wench, Duty? Was not the poet his own law? Well, like the oaf he was, docilely, without question, he had followed the incitement of the Shakspeare blood. He had returned to Stratford. He had made the Shakspeare strain a power. New Place was pointed out, gaped at at . . . And Anne had risen in importance as his position increased. Of course there had been the old wound of his years of absence in London, but that wound had healed. Anne was a placid woman whose heart held its own tenderness, rejected its own bitterness. And fate had brought her fair social fortune in her two daughters. Sukey had made a notable match; Judy had been bridesmaid at the Harvard wedding. . . .

PERHAPS it was because he was not entirely of the city nor entirely of the country that he wrote well of neither. The *Woman Killed with Kindness* . . . the *Shoemaker's Holiday* . . . Mistress Montjoy's babble again . . . No, he never could equal either Heywood or Dekker in their chosen fields, he told himself. Once in an attempt to re-write *Three Ladies from London*, he had essayed to paint the town and once, in *Cardenna*, the country. But he had failed; failed so lamentably that he gave over the blurred, confused, half-written things, the one to Heywood, the other to Fletcher. He himself liked to write of lands so far away, of times so long ago, or of countries and ages so entirely imagined that no critic could dispute his fancyings. Such a fantasy his new play was to be! If ever it came into existence at all . . . God, how tortured he was with its formlessness and vagueness! An island. Somewhere? No. Nowhere. An island floating between sea and sky. An island as airy and gossamer as a cloud, as delicately imagined as a vision. And on it three beings. A maiden. A slim, pure, virgin thing, *Mirandola*? *Mirala*? *Mironda*? No, *Miranda*. Yes, that was it, *Miranda*. And an old man, a wiseacre, a sage—*Prospero*, an old man who had exorcised that island in a breath, could banish it in an eye-wink! "We are of such stuff as dreams are made of and our little life is rounded with a . . . sleep." Already some of the lines were drifting into his head. And then for contrast with those two, unnamed as yet, unbodied—for, strain mind and soul as he would, he could not see him—an ugly, misshapen, creature, hobgoblin, leprechaun, gargoyle. The whole thing should be a film of faery—a work to make the *Night's Dream* seem of the earth and clodlike. The name was clear, *A Summer's Tale*.

And that was all!

That had been all for three months. The island and the three people on it and the name, *A Summer's Tale*. Perhaps it was too much of faery. At

any rate, it hung impalpable, shapeless and colorless in the high, dry ether of his mind. Months, months, months, it had been since that fiery up-rushing torrent of the spirit had made precipitation. Nothing he had done would produce more. Not thinking until his brain turned. Not reading until his eyes ached. Not walking the lanes about Stratford until his legs cramped with fatigue. Not talking until he hated the town and every soul in it. Not dreaming. Not cursing. So now to see what London would do—the London which, at his appearance, had opened her gate, tempted him with the clue to success and then, by the mere poisonous hap that Anne Davenant visited there her sister Howell, fed like a cold-crazed, thirst-crazed monster on the fires and dews of his youth.

It seemed to Shakspeare that he had been walking a long time, so fast and so painfully had his thoughts sped. Yet, in reality, it had been but a few moments from Silver Street to Cheapside and along Cheapside to the Mermaid Tavern. Only an occasional figure now and then had passed him on the street, and now he entered a silent courtyard. Hooded wagons made vague, looming shapes under a sprinkle of stars. In the shadows, horses fretted with hoof-pawings and tail-wishings. A white cat flashed from under his feet. But no human stirred, and the Inn was quiet. He made off at an angle toward the left, and at a corner room on the first floor, knocked with a peculiar and vibrant tattoo. Without waiting for a summons to enter, he opened the door and stood on the threshold of a fair-sized room, light in color, heavily-raftered, with big casement windows on two walls and a vast fireplace at one end.

His appearance produced an instant of petrification among the half-circle of men sitting about the fire. Then, "By God, 'tis Will!" exclaimed the huge creature who was the keystone of their arch. He raised his unwieldy bulk off the double-sized stool which supported it and paddled like a hurrying bear toward the door. It was a bear-hug, too, to which he subjected Shakspeare, and after the embrace was over, he patted him on shoulders, arms and back with his monstrous paws. "God's wounds, I'm glad to see you. Marry, you smell of the country, lad—clover and newmown hay."

The others, except one who sat writing in a corner, crowded about Shakspeare. That other was a tall, lean yellow fellow of a cadaverous and mustached mien. He made a sudden gesture, and instantly they all chanted in unison: "An upstart crow, that with his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is as able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you!" They ended with a vigorous "Hail, Will of Avon, hail!"

SHAKSPEARE grinned as he shook hands with them—Burbage and Beaumont, Fletcher and Hemminge.

"How beats the tiger's heart?" the man in the corner asked cheerfully, still bending to his work.

"Fiery as of yore," Shakspeare averred, shaking his disengaged hand. "On my word, Tom Heywood," he declared to his interlocutor, "and be God my witness, when I departed for Stratford last spring, I left you scribbling in this corner and on my return, I find you busy at the self-same spot. How many plays have you writ in these twelve months?"

"Five!" Heywood declared laconically, stopping to twist his long thin, out-standing yellow mustaches and to impale Shakspeare with a humorous glare from his cadaverous face. "And acted in all of them—and I've turned some verses beside. And according to my wont all writ on tavern-bills."

"Not another heroic poem, I pray thee, Tom!" [Turn to page 57]



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# The Spring Flight

[Continued from page 54]

Shakspeare said with the out-handed gesture of one fending off offense.

Before Heywood could reply, the rafters rang with the long-sustained, boisterous derision of his companions. And so, instead of answering, he kept on tranquilly writing until they had stopped. "Keep up those alarms," he threatened, "and I write an epic to-night."

COME close to the fire, Will," Ben Jonson ordered, "and let's see how the rural air likes thee." The company resumed their places in a crescent about the blaze. Hemminge placed a stool for Shakspeare at Johnson's right. "We lack cheer!" Johnson exclaimed, first peering into the depths of the enormous tankard which he held in a colossal paw and then shaking it with a circular motion. "What ho, boy!" he called. As there was no immediate response, "Boy! Boy!" he boomed in successive roars. And when the door opened on a peaked, smirched slice of scared boy's face, "Bring us on wine, boy, Canary now, of the best and plenty of it. At once! You hear? I'll cut your gizzard out before your eyes and roast it at this very fire else." As the door precipitately closed, he turned on Shakspeare an enormous face, all rounded leathery contours from which emerged at the chin a straggle of black beard, picked with white, and above the forehead a scratch of hair, black and stiff as wire. Somewhere between the two and in the deepest folds of the leathery skin were set the mere black twinkles that were his extraordinary eyes. "Tell us of Stratford, Will. By God, bully boys, I long for green fields. The city tires and drags me. Some day, Will Shakspeare, I'll take you at your word and come to Stratford on a visit. 'Twas but yesterday Drayton and I spoke with longing of that future junket."

"Come, Ben, do!" Shakspeare entreated. "New Place has rooms we use not. Come, all of you!" He smiled about the circle, now sitting on stools before the fire, their empty mugs beside them, their eyes on him. Then the smile crooked, shrank, disappeared as another consideration, more acerb, curdled it. "But talk we not of Stratford, I pray thee. It's yon accursed country quiet I've run away from. Give me talk of London. Odds, how I've thirsted for it! What's new here? No pretty chatter of court and politics and it please you, lads! I yearn for gossip of hussies and harlots, cutthroats and cutpurses, gulls and conies."

"Would you had but come a moment since," Dick Burbage answered. "The two Toms, Dekker and Middleton, were here and full of their new comedy the *Roaring Girl*. Knew ye ever Moll Frith, Will?"

Shakspeare nodded dissent. "But ever I've heard talk of her," he added.

"Well, you twain have spent long days—and longer nights, 'tis likely—studying the ways of that fair filthy dame—their *Roaring Girl*. By Lady, Will, she's unpaired in my experience. Full of strange oaths and stranger talk. And tales! Man, she pours adventure as others pour out dullness."

"How looks she?" asked Beaumont's voice from the other end of their row. And, "Before God, Frank, we've seen the jade!" came Fletcher's comment from the same quarter. Burbage turned and crossed his legs in the direction of the query. As ever, when Burbage was present, Shakspeare followed his motions. How could a man so fleshed melt movement into a grace so exquisite? Just as on the stage, though tallow-faced and thickly featured, he transformed himself into a god. And as inevitably as Shakspeare watched his friend's motion, he listened for his friend's voice—that sleek, silky voice that could make thunder of a whisper and turn every woman in the pit white with the stilled passion of its love-sighing. What a Romeo he had been—the beautiful noble face of

him! And then his Richard, which had made the affrighted city madams faint; had made them forget who wrote that Richard. Acting in the same play with Burbage, Shakspeare reflected whimsically, he had often acted better than he could—that voice had made him. Dick, Shakspeare reflected, had had his problems too. Should he have acted or painted? And had he chosen acting—Shakspeare had often pondered this—because of that old debt, or because it was easier drifting. . . .

Beaumont, on the other hand, presented always one aspect to the world, albeit a noble and beautiful one. He was the handsomest man of them all, tall and fair, golden-bearded, with wide-opened, strangely-set green eyes; statuesquely-cut as to figure. No one of them really knew Francis Beaumont, except it be Fletcher; and Shakspeare had his moments when he doubted if even John knew his partner and collaborator. It was not his university education that held them off from Beaumont or him from them; for both Fletcher and Jonson had equal learning. Or his court-connections, for the Mermaid circle had the imperviousness to rank which associated genius often begets. No, it was a quality of remoteness from which nothing in life or any degree of living could ever free Beaumont. . . . What had dragged Beaumont down from those mental mountain fastnesses to go to play-writing?

Fletcher was as different from Beaumont as he well might be; little, dark, tousled-looking, effeminately made; of an extraordinary silver-wittedness, mental vividness and, above all, creative fecundity. John spawned plots as he talked. It was a perfect collaboration, Shakspeare had always thought; for Beaumont supplied judgment, taste, a sense of proportion, constructive ability, workmanlike scrupulosity and a real poetic quality. Fletcher, on the other hand, brought to their work a virgin forest of thought and idea, plot and plan. Shakspeare admired and respected Beaumont, but he had a strange mental affinity with Fletcher.

YOU'D remembered Moll Frith, had you seen her, John," Burbage informed Fletcher dryly. "She's as tall as Frank and I'll not say as big, but bigger. She can hold two lads with her one hand while she murders them with the other—a fist as big as the hoof of a horse. A handsome wench beside—red-headed and yellow-eyed. Her hair comes to her heels and sometimes it pleases her to wear it in that fashion. 'Tis a blaze then, running from her head to the ground. She's fought her way, every inch, to her bawdy throne. No woman loves her, nor would dare cross her, but would give her soul to be chosen as her friend. No man crosses her, nor would dare love her, but would give his ears to be picked as her swain. She's fleeced more gulls and conies—Not at all unlike," he added dryly, "although their spheres be far separate, our late noble virgin majesty, Elizabeth."

"'Tis pity, Will, you saw her not first," said Hemminge.

And at that, the room filled with ribaldry. The adoring reverence, the admiring worship that poor stupid John Hemminge held for Will Shakspeare was the jest and butt of the Mermaid Club. Ben, especially at this moment shook like a mountain of jelly. Hemminge was placidly aware of this derision and as placidly indifferent to it. He turned now his big gray eyes—save for their love as expressionless as those of a hound—upon the object of his solicitude. He was a big, bulky creature—Hemminge. Beside Beaumont he was as a farm-stallion to a knight's charger. Yet on their trips through the stews of the town, it was to John Hemminge, not to Beaumont, that the Dolls and Molls and Polls shot their first lewd welcomes of glance and greeting.

"True, John!" Shakspeare applauded

dryly. "'Tis pity I saw her not first. 'Tis pity—I know you think, and I agree—that any of these poor scribblers here were ever born to take from me dramatic share of the romance and poetry that lies bound in merry England."

"Oh, Will," Fletcher turned the talk—"hast heard of Daborne and his new children's company? More 'little eyases' to make us trouble. Of the new theater near the Paris Gardens. . . ."

The talk went on. The smoochy waiter-lad—his scared eye scuttling at Jonson's every move to Jonson's face—filled their tankards with Canary again and again and again. The big fire died down at intervals, but some one always replenished it from a pile of logs at the side. When the flames burned high, they turned the little rounds of opaque glass in the casements to files of glaring eyes; the room seemed crowded. They illuminated the farthest corner, except that one, already illumined by the flame of a candle, where twinkling Tom Heywood wrote steadily on, despite the talk—wrote steadily on even though he joined in that talk. The big plain room had an aspect of home to Shakspeare; for it had housed thousands of wine-bedecked, discussion-ridden nights whose talk had touched the stars. Every drawing on its walls was familiar to him, every ribald couplet. And the men in it were his friends, true and tried. Not that he had not had his differences, major and minor, with them; not that he liked them equally. But no one among them but was linked in some picturesque or glorious way into the chain of his London existence. And when the blaze died down to a softer glow that failed to pick out faces, its gleam on pewter tankards, on laughter-filled eyes, companioned the room again for him. Shakspeare listened and drew them out for stories; listened and, if the talk threatened to run into one of their uproarious duels of wit, drew them out again. But that did not happen often. By sheer force of will, he made it a night of anecdote and reminiscence. There was plenty of talk. There were the latest tales of Henslowe's niggardliness—no Mermaid night was a success without a Henslowe interval. From Beaumont there were stories of the production of the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*; from Fletcher, of the handsome way Tom Heywood had helped them in their satire on him; from Ben, of the production of the *Alchemist* and of the difficulties he was having with a new play, *Cataline*—"a damned dull drama of desperation!" he described it. So dull had it become, indeed, that he had begun a new, highly contrasting one. When the talk turned to the past, Jonson spun a long yarn of the week he and Marston and Chapman spent in prison the time *Eastward Ho!* was produced. Burbage told of his acting experiences as a child—those reminiscences went as far back as *Hieronimo*—interspersed with such bits of impromptu acting as made his auditors hold their breath. . . .

As long after midnight Shakspeare turned into Montjoy house, it was with a sense of perfect calm. All his melancholies had vanished in the high, clear wind of London talk. Tomorrow he would sit him down and write, write—oh God, how he would write!

BUT next morning, although the day was rare and the sun poured its heartening gold over the entire London world, though quill and white paper were close at hand, though Mistress Montjoy by whispered bribes or threats held the entire household under the spell of a quietude like death itself, write he could not. Eyes closed, mind held taut, he tried to re-live last night's rapturous mood; to distill it into the day's expression. All useless! He scribbled half-lines and broken phrases, drew strange amateur pictures, thought hard with his [Turn to page 59]



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## BOSS OIL-AIR STOVE

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## Order and Beauty in Your Home

By Willard Huntington Wright

IN THE furnishing and decorating of a home, just as in the arts of painting, music, and literature, there are certain esthetic laws which, if understood and obeyed, will bring beauty to dwell with us. For beauty consists of order, simplicity and balance.

Just how is this inner beauty of art to be achieved? The answer is to be found in that much abused word "unity." The home, like a piece of art, should be an interdependent unit. For instance, if one passage in a piece of music is transposed to a different key, all the other passages must be similarly transposed, or discord results.

This is one of the fundamental laws of esthetics, and it is no less applicable to the home.

In furnishing a room all the objects should be so arranged that if one of them were moved (if the piano were placed in the opposite corner, or the center table were put against a wall) all the other pieces of furniture would have to be rearranged. This is because balance and order are at the basis of beauty.

In analyzing order we find that balance lies at the bottom of it. A well-ordered work of art is a well-balanced work of art; and balance does not apply merely to weights and masses but to all the elements of art—line, tone, color and so on. The decorative lines in any room should conform to an established mean. They may be all vertical or horizontal or slanting but they should never try to lead your eye in all these directions at once.

The perfection of a picture depends largely on tonal symmetry, namely, the balance of light and dark values.

One can see readily how this law of tonal balance can be applied to the lighting of one's home. There should be neither an overweight of black masses nor of white masses; but, taken altogether, they should make a medium gray.

Most important of all is the balance of colors in a room's decorations and furnishings. Where the color is preponderantly hot we experience a dissatisfaction on account of the "scorched" appearance, and a dissatisfied feeling when the color runs too far into the blues, greens, and purples.

This does not mean that brilliant hues are to be forsworn. On the contrary most of our homes need more and richer color than we Americans have been willing to employ. But it means that the use of vivid color in some part of the room's furnishings demands a fixed amount of toning down in the colors chosen to accompany it. One may have a large room to furnish and only a few pieces of furniture, a single rug and half a dozen of pictures and vases to work with. But the fewer furnishings one has to deal with, the more delicate and complex is the problem of arrangement, and the more need for an understanding of beauty.

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down-bent head clutched in his hands; thought hard, pacing the room the while, thought hard, face-down upon his bed. All useless! Anything else he might accomplish. But of a certainty one thing he could not do—and that was write. It added to his sense of gloom that out of his early-morning talk with Mistress Montjoy, he had gleaned a coming trouble in the Montjoy family. The old dispute in regard to their daughter Juliet, and her dowry. . . . Montjoy and his son-in-law no longer spoke; there were whispers about a suit at law. Of course, in that case, he'd be summoned as a witness. Well, he'd stand with "Juliet"—the pet of his long years of living with the Montjoy family. This phantom care kept coming between him and his thought. Maddened at last by his ineptness and deadness, he seized his hat and cape, sallied forth. Automatically he made towards Cheapside.

It was a fair London scene, the day clear, the wind flapping but brisk; and in other times or in another mood, Shakspeare's heart would have leaped to the color and bustle and gaiety of it all. Cheapside was crowded with shoppers and strollers; housewives with baskets; gallants in plumes and laces; homespun gawks from the country, pop-eyed with amaze. The shops were wide, and the brilliant sun caught on diamonds and jet, on taffeta and linsey-woolsey, on silver and leather, on feathers and laces. Above, swinging vigorously in the wind, the shop-signs made a moving aerial frieze, painted in violent scenes with colors equally violent. Horsemen passed with an imperious, reckless swiftness through the crowd which edged off to give them room. Once, one of the decade's new-fangled riding-contrivances—a coach—drove leisurely with its span of horse, into their midst. Still a rarity in that busy district, it provoked all the ridicule, ribaldry and rancousness of which the 'prentices of Cheap were capable, notwithstanding the lovely lady inside, who, displaying a rosy indignation, hastily put on her mask. In the midst of all this, an inquisitive fellow lolling at his work, an idle eye raking the street, got glimpse of Shakspeare. Immediately his shrill cry, "Ho, lads, 'tis Will Shakspeare! Will of the Globe! Will of the King's men!" was caught up by his fellows till all about the streets rang with "Hi, Will!" and "Ho, Will!"

SHAKSPEARE doffed his hat and waved it with his most professional—and mechanical—smile. How his heart had jumped the first time Cheap had cheered him! He had not written, on that long-ago thrilled day, a single word—but it was not from mental sterility, only from surpluse of charmed emotion. Now that chorus was as hollow to him as the beating of a child's hand on a drum. He was conscious only of the city-stinks and, for the first time, of a longing for the sweet freshness of the Warwickshire air. "Hi Will! Ho Will!" The cry ran down the street as successive lines of shopmen took it up. Shakspeare continued mechanically to smile, gracefully to wave his hat. Presently the cheers ran down. He turned on the bridge, slowed down his brisk walk to a saunter. Now the scene, though less gay, was more beautiful. He stopped and listlessly surveyed it. The Thames—it was the brief interval between tides—stretched like a vast carpet of satin, taut except where now and then, as though insecurely fastened, it rippled in the breeze; and blue save where the sun—his mind made little flicker at verse. "Faint, gilded pools where yet the—" And then it caught with violence on that oral snag, *gilded*, and ceased. Was ever poet haunted by a single word as he by *gilded*? A cold, stark disgust with certain crystallized habits of expression added its burden to his mood. Apathetically he continued to gaze on the scene.

Boats were gliding from shore to shore over the suave river surface, and the cries of the boatmen, "Eastward ho!" and "Westward ho!" came in a faint music to his ears. Close to the banks swans drifted. Along the north shore—flower gardens linking them softly with the river and the velvet lawns holding them rigidly apart—stretched the splendid pile of palaces which was the haughtiest element in the city's many-faceted beauty. Along the same bank, but back of him, nondescript shops and dwellings ran to the square, geometric gray bulk of the Tower. Between them, as though offering sacred barricade against social admixture—huge as a great ship, but anchored—bulked St. Paul's. Beyond them all, made soft by the city's spire-pierced smoke, rolled vivid green hills. Across the river, the theaters and gardens, the stews and bagnios huddled together as though in a desperate effort to conceal the true quality of their entertainment. And apart from them all, wrapped in austerity, St. Mary's Overly mourned and meditated. The breeze flamed. One moment it brought strongly to his nose the odors from the palace-gardens; another it carried faintly to his ears the roar of the lions in the Tower.

AFTER a while, he moved—almost without direction—on. His professional eye, sweeping the South Bank, had noted that no flag hung out at the Globe. No performance that day. He wondered vaguely why. In the same apathy, but following his habit, he looked up as he passed off the bridge to the super-structure which topped it. Yes, his luck-symbol of other days—the skull of some poor long-dead, traitorous devil which had always seemed, most amiably and encouragingly, to grin on him—still stuck to his pike.

He had thought he would continue on to the Globe, but the absence of the flag changed his mind. After a moment of indecision, he turned to the left, plunged into a maze of tiny streets. They grew broader and more residential in character as they pulled away from London

## The Spring Flight

(Continued from page 57)

Bridge. Finally he came to a trim little Common. On the daisy-specked grass, children were playing. A line of geese drew a white streak over the green as they rocked toward the watering-trough in the center. At one of the small houses, half-timbered and of a smiling domestic appearance, Shakspeare paused, knocked.

"Why it's Master Shakspeare!" exclaimed the black-eyed, warmly-hued woman who opened the door to him. And frankly she held up the bursting bloom of her lips to his kiss. "How now, Mistress Harvard," Shakspeare answered, saluting her. "How dare'st flower so in the London air? Or is it Stratford roses that still glow in your cheek? And how fairly you are placed!" he added as she conducted him inside.

THE room they entered was bigger than, from the outside, the house seemed able to contain. High casements were partly open to the breeze and, burning through their bulleys, the sun had flecked the floor with its own marquetry. At one side, a bunch of spring posies filled a pewter bowl; and the bowl lay beside a big volume that nearly covered the table. Mistress Harvard drew a chair—high-backed and carved—for Shakspeare, seated herself in another, the hand of each arm clasping the dimpled elbow of its fellow. "Tell me of Stratford," she begged, her big eyes, a trifle too full for real beauty, dancing; the warm color flooding and receding. Shakspeare conscientiously told her the news of the town. That was what interested her most, though she made perfunctory inquiries as to his work, ending with—was it a new play had brought him to London? To Shakspeare's great relief, however, she did not ask its name, nor what it was about. Adroit as he was in conversation—and he had enough instinctive sympathy and sense of humor to produce unlimited volume of even Mistress Harvard's kind—he was conscious of a feeling of relief when her husband appeared.

John Harvard was one of the few of the younger generation in Stratford with whom Shakspeare had a real mental clutch. He was a big, raw-boned man; his broad shoulders in perpetual stoop; his gray eyes always gaunt with his midnight studying. Harvard had none of the poet in him; but he was a student of an inspired order.

Shakspeare had often gone to him when, in his work, he struck snags of history, science, medicine or the law. The big book on the table, a recent purchase which he immediately displayed to Shakspeare, was an evidence of a scholarly rather than a religious trend in him. It was that new version of the Bible, of which for months there had been so much talk. The two men drew up to the table, lost themselves in examination and discussion. "We have it not yet at Trinity," Shakspeare said.

In the meantime, Mistress Harvard slipped out of the house. When she returned she was carrying a struggling, lusty, round-cheeked urchin whose eyes—as big and black as his mother's—were pouring tears at being yanked untimely from his play. "Tis young John Harvard!" Mistress Harvard interrupted the two men to announce, "and you may tell them all, Will Shakspeare, when you go back to Stratford, that you had to come to London to see a child who was born a man."

HE HAD called on the Harvards—Shakspeare admitted it frankly to himself—not so much for old friendship's sake as in the hope that talk with Harvard would set those diamond-sharp creative wheels in motion. But no such phenomenon manifested itself. Their talk, enthusiastic on Harvard's side, perfunctory on his own, had resulted in nothing—that is if you called that sudden burning desire, unexpected as it was uncontrolled, for Stratford nothing; that sudden avid itch for the country quiet, the large-lusted country stars, the dew-wetted, cooling dark, the country sunshine with its flower-smells and summer coloring nothing. . . .

The game was up!

London had failed him. Tomorrow he would go back to New Place.

He did not know—so long and aimlessly had he wandered the Bankside streets—how he came to arrive at the Globe. Habit, of course, he reflected wearily. He had gone like a homing horse straight to the familiar stall. But once at the Globe, he suddenly found himself fatigued. He went in.

Ah, that was the reason the flag was not up! And, of course, now he remembered that in the course of a long droning talk from his point of view as secretary of the Globe, Hemminge had told him last night that the theater was closed temporarily! Some unexpected repairs after the ravages of the winter storms had suddenly become necessary. A pair of carpenters—rough fellows enough—were pulling up the rotten boards in the center under the big blue patch of open sky. At the side was a pile of fresh boards; tools. Shakspeare seated himself on a second pile of boards, surveyed with lack-luster eyes the empty boxes, the long stage protruding into the body of the house. The carpenters gave one look in his direction; accepted him apparently as a part of this strange theatrical world; went on with their talk. Low-voiced at first, it presently ignored him, rose to a normal tone. The sun lifted higher and higher. An agreeable wood smell emanated from the boards which made his seat.

Shakspeare fell into a muse that was so without thought that it was almost without consciousness. It was as though his will, exhausted by his efforts, had dropped her hand from the wheel of creative impulse; had gone to sleep.

The younger carpenter had been talking about his strange adventure for a minute or two before his words began to penetrate to Shakspeare's hearing. For that interval, vaguely smoothed by his own mental quiet, Shakspeare tried not to hear him. Then one detail more acid than the rest broke into that void, roused all his sense of life to sudden ravenous sensitiveness. He listened.

"Aye, Rafe," he was saying, in answer to his companion's question; "I be sailor ever since I was lad. Aye, I was one of Sir Jarge Summer's men. Aye, I took that voyage into the new western sea. Aye, I seen and heard things thou'd not believe man!"

Rafe was older and dry; a hollow-cheeked, dull-eyed, lantern-jawed yokel—Shakspeare knew the type well enough—full of yawning buffoonery and ribald skepticisms. "Aye, Stephen," he commented with a burst of laughter. "Well I know you sailor-men and your tales and your lies. I mind me, my wife's brother went with Raleigh to Ginny. What he told—We doused him well in the horse-trough one morn, and after that, his tales grew smaller."

Stephen laughed too—and not ill-naturedly. He could afford to laugh. He was a big, black-browed, thick-bodied lad with a neck like a bull's. As he tore and lifted, Shakspeare saw through his ragged shirt, the swift play under the skin of muscles netted with blue and red tattoo. He had a long, sea-cleared gray gaze that now took quiet measure of his fellow. Perhaps it was the certainty that he could have thrown the skeptic over his head that made him answer mildly: "Aye, 'Tis true. Sailormen do oft make romance where the plain truth would seem more strange." And then he followed this statement by an irritating—but beguiling—silence.

For a moment no sound fell but the splintering of planks, the hammering home of wooden nails.

TELL thy tale, Stephen," Rafe suddenly burst out. "For aught I know, ye be the first truthful sailorman that e'er I met. Tell thy tale in peace. I'll give thee my ears."

"Tis strange," Stephen answered. "Tis passing strange—this tale of mine. And I ask no man to put his faith on't. Yet 'tis no lie! I give ye but God's truth, and there's an end on't. We sailed from London—as good and strong a crew as e'en the queen, good Bees, God rest her soul, could e'er have wanted. Englishmen all—save one. And that one, a black-avised fellow—not blackamoor, you understand; yet hairy as an ape with a face so gnarled and strange 't would frighten children. 'A was humped a little in the back and 'a swung in 'a walk. And 'a had arms so bulged with strength 'a could squeeze a man to death like a bear. Rings 'a wore in his ears, of gold, and a kerchief on 'a head, red and yellow, gay as a fairing and a knife in 'a belt as had a curving blade would carve a man's guts out at one stroke. His name was some outlandishness we ne'er could twist our tongues to . . . so called we him, Cal."

"Those little twisty men be fearsome powerful in the wrestle," Rafe declared.

"We sailed with fair weather and the fair weather sailed with us. The sea—'t was as smooth as—smooth as—smooth as the top of the mug when the foam's settled. 'T was a glad crew we were at first, too; full of japes and jests and the strange talk of land and sea all sailorknow. But one think we lacked—drank. 'T was a skipper that knew the sea and a brave trouncer of men, but a niggard of grog. The days crept by and still no grog. Came more days and still none. The men fretted and murmured. But the sun kept with us and there was no real crying-out until we struck the islands—"

"What islands, Stephen?" Rafe asked.

"The Bermoothes, man. Hast not heard what Sir Jarge Summers found? A group of little islets, some no bigger than your hand, some bigger than all London town, spread out on a sea, green and blue, like a peacock's tail. We hove to there and rested. Sir Jarge and his fellows went ashore to see if their might perchance be treasure of gold or precious stones—"

"And were there treasure?" Rafe cut in eagerly.

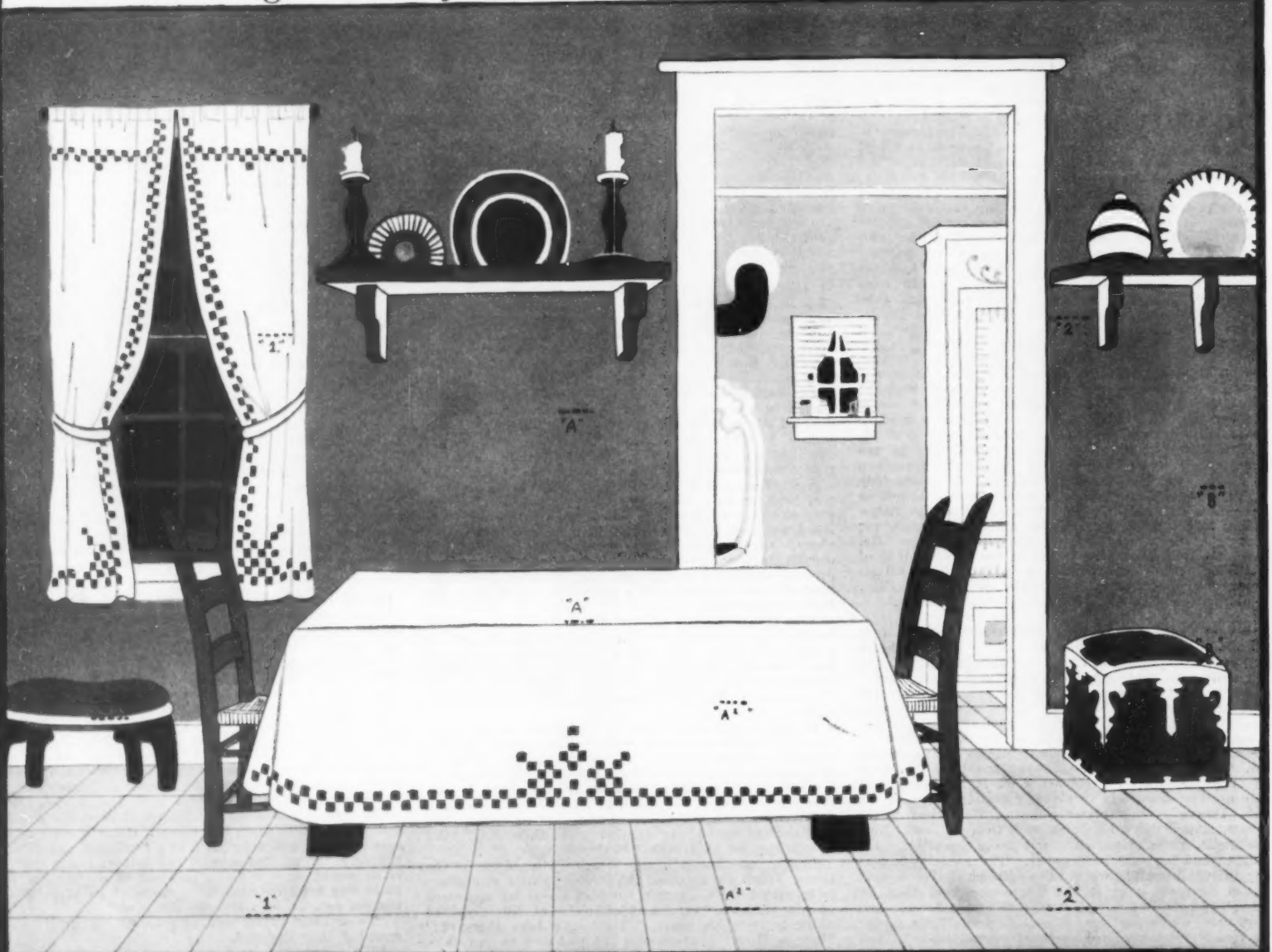
"Not that I have heard. But once they'd gone, among us crew, the murmurs grew for grog. Grog we asked—grog! If not—plain beer or ale. But when'er we asked—polite and civil though we were—plain no was all we got. So one night, late, this hairy man, this Cal, he steals him a firkin of wine from the ship's stores and three of us—me and him and old frosty gaffer, Trink—we three slipped over the side of the ship into a boat and rowed us to the shore."

"T was fair venturesome," Rafe commented.

VENTURESOME. You'd say venturesome, indeed, knew ye all. But list! Over the island we went, stopping to gaze at all about us and drinking as we gazed. 'T was passing fair, that scene; flowers like jewels and sweet-smelling shrubs; no high trees but bushes that were mountain-size and all abloom, and birds that sang most hurtful sweet. And the air so glad and soft. . . . We gazed and gazed, and the more we gazed, the more we drank and the more we drank, the more we gazed. . . . And then the dusk came on and still we gazed and drank. But once 't was dark, by God, [Turn to page 69]

# The Dining-Room of Sunshine Cottage

By Berta and Elmer Hader



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Cut around dining-room carefully. Then cut out the rest of the figures on the page paying particular attention NOT to cut off the lettered tabs. Cut the slots marked with the dotted lines and insert the corresponding marked tabs into them and see Mary and Jack getting the dining-room ready for dinner. The page will be stronger if mounted on another piece of paper before cutting out.



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## The Man-Eater

[Continued from page 17]

glance, diffident, appealing, like a boy who had confessed to his mother.

"It's a relief, you know. You're the only person—"

"I understand you better now. They were Gulab Din's men, those three robbers at the fort?"

"Yes, my enemy's," he answered. "They helped to stone her. And gloated to me. Thanks ever so much for listening."

She could not reply. What he had told, the manner in which he had un-bosomed all, stirred her as deeply with alarm and compassion as though he had spoken of love. The sun had risen, poured its first low glory for miles on the sand, over their faces, across the river, down to the bottom of the hills. Neither girl nor man saw this transformation, but waited, their eyes unwilling to part.

Thus Edmund Bull, scrambling up the nullah, spied them before his horse came above the crest, and thought he observed a new light upon them which was not the splendor of sunrise. It gave him a very hard honest pang. "No more hope for this Johnny," he told himself. "Not a bit. Never a chance."

He halted, whistled for his dogs, and bawled commands at them, as loud as possible, though they were climbing after him perfectly obedient. "Well, that's that." A good little sportsman, the pink-cheeked Bashan bade farewell to another young dream of his own. "You're not in the old boy's class. Never had the pace, you fool. She couldn't do better."

He rode up, therefore, with a pretty fair grin and a wave of the hand. "Foiled again. False alarm," he bailed them. "We rummaged the length of the nullah, but nothing in it."

Not without cause did men at Simla, every year, dispatch telegrams begging him to come take the lead in amateur theatricals. The parson's bullfinch could do comedy. He seemed no more discouraged than his dogs. "Where next?" "Miss Wayne would like," declared Morgan, "to see the ford."

Having said nothing of the kind, she admired this promptness. It ended a moment of embarrassment, which was odd, she felt, because they had said nothing that the younger man might not have been free to hear. Yet was this true? She dared not consider the question, but even while she gathered her bridle-rein, had answered it; for no one must ever know what they had said or how great a change had come in secret.

"Right," cried Bull. "The ford it is, then. Round again, boys." The pack wheeled and trotted before as they rode up-stream.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Morgan suddenly. "Another one. Who's that?"

On the curving beach, ahead, between the yellow reed hut and the water, appeared four men where there had been three. The squatting native by the boat sprang up and gesticulated. The khaki figures of the two sepoys were knotted together in what seemed a very deliberate struggle with a tall bundle, which, as they presently drew back from it and stood clear, became a long-robed Pathan. He and the nearer guard held a cord sagging between them, as if ready to indulge the ferryman or the other guard in a game at skipping rope.

"What's up now? Trot, Bashan." Dogs and horses quickened their gait. They swept down the beach, past the box of reeds, to a halt.

"Nothing," said Bull, "but an arrest." The guards drew rigidly up and saluted. The ferryman, breaking off some loud harangue, retreated with a salaam. As for the man in the long robe, he did no more than scowl. On his wrists gleamed a pair of well-worn handcuffs, to the chain of which was tied a good stout rope. It was not a game being played by the ford.

Lieutenant Bull put a question. He who held the other. [Turn to page 67]



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## The Prince of Wales

[Continued from page 10]

is the most accessible man in Great Britain today. Apparently he never refuses his personal attention or his presence where the slightest tangible claim upon them exists.

Only a condition of superlative physical fitness could possibly enable the Prince to cope with his program. He is almost never ill, and he appears to be indefatigable. He is exceedingly fond of dancing, and the end of a long, hard day frequently finds him at some dance looking quite as fresh as though his day had just begun. He spends his energies unstintingly, taking few, if any, of even the casual precautions which a busy man in a responsible position finds necessary. The pertinacity with which he exposed himself to danger during the war was a source of incessant apprehension to the British command. The Prince's rejoinder to the suggestion that, as future ruler of the Empire, he guard himself more carefully, was characteristic. "Why worry about me?" he asked. "I have many brothers." And he carries the same attitude into his peace-time life. It was only last winter that the British press became agitated by the Prince's proclivity for courting risks while in the saddle. And it is worth noting that his venturesome attitude has been in no way modified by any suggestion of restraint from whatever quarter it may have emanated. His independence is as characteristic as his gameness.

My audience with the Prince took place, appropriately, at Olympia, in London, where the annual International Horse Show was being held. It was the afternoon of the competition by British, French, Belgian and Italian teams for the Prince of Wales's cup. The Prince came to Olympia to witness the competition and bestow the cup upon the winning team. His entry into the royal box was the signal for a prolonged burst of spontaneous enthusiasm. The Prince's punctuality is proverbial; he rarely postpones an engagement, and he is never late. In a few moments, exactly according to schedule, I was summoned to the Prince's box.

There is, I believe, a prescribed and formal etiquette governing presentation to the Prince of Wales. I had no opportunity to put it into practice. At the door leading to the box I was received by Lord Lonsdale, who was to introduce me to the Prince. But before any introduction could be effected, the Prince had arisen from his chair, stepped into the anteroom, and had quickly greeted me with outstretched hand and a "Very glad to know you, sir!" His movements have the agility and precision of the disciplined athlete. Slight of frame and youthful, even boyish in appearance, he suggests not muscular force, but perfect control. The personality of this slender young man with the large, serious eyes and ready, winning smile is singularly magnetic. People in England frequently compare him with his grandfather, King Edward. But what distinguishes him immediately, however, is his complete informality.

In this quality he is unlike most men in public life in Europe today, for he possesses the secret of concealing a veritable dignity beneath a perfectly natural and spontaneous manner. To meet the Prince of Wales is, for an American, to be reminded of meeting Theodore Roosevelt. Like Roosevelt, the Prince manages to establish an instantaneous contact with the person to whom he is talking. His handclasp is vigorous, his greeting intimately responsive, and his interest in what you have to say to him is unmistakably sincere. The Prince's first remark was characteristically unassuming. "Why," he asked, "write about me?" But when I explained that my interest was in his participation in sports and in the means which he employs to keep himself in good physical trim, his eyes flashed and his interest quickened. It was evident that we had embarked upon a [Turn to page 75]

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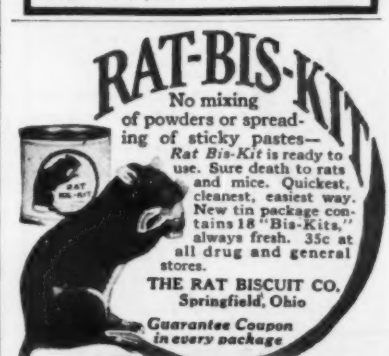
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## The Man With the Black Patch

[Continued from page 9]

Army expert," murmured Dancing Even, "tryin' to rescue a soul from the haunts of vice."

"There's nothing of that about it," said Stronge, with the nearest approach to a grin which his dignified personality would permit. "I've a proposition to put to you. It's a job of work—pleasant work—and the remuneration is high."

"Work!" exclaimed Dancing Even. "What a terrifyin' idea."

"If you tell Captain Even just what you want him to do, papa," remarked Gladise, lighting a cigarette, "you may save his constitution from too severe a shock."

"My daughter, sir," explained Stronge, with subtlety, "has an idea that the proposition may be too sporting for your taste. What I want you to do is to dance with my daughter."

DANCING EVEN laughed. "Dance with your daughter?" he exclaimed. "My dear Sir and Madame, as they say, that's just what I want to do. But where's the catch? Where does that morbid word, work, start functionin'?"

"Listen!" said Stronge; "does the name Ronoff mean anything to you?"

"Ronoff? Ronoff?" repeated Dancing Even, vaguely. "Can't say it does. Has he invented a new one-step or something?"

"Among other things," Stronge explained. "I'm a newspaper owner. If you don't know Ronoff's name, you must know mine. Ronoff has brought an action against my group of papers for exposing him as the mainspring of all the present industrial troubles in the States and accusing him of being Trotsky's American representative engaged upon the destruction of the present social order in my country. I've described him as the greatest danger America has ever known. There have been columns about it in the press. I won't elaborate. The point is that he has now 'called' me in the courts. He has dollars at the back of him and he's retained the ablest lawyers in the States. Unless I can prove my case up to the lid and the steel binding, he will not only win heavy damages, but he will be in a better position than ever for pursuing his object and destroying God's own country."

"Most interestin'," observed Even. "But where does the dancin' come in?"

"A live news sheet has got to take chances," said Stronge. "In this case the proofs exist, but we have still to get our fingers on them. At this very moment, somewhere in Ronoff's Fifth Avenue house, there is enough proof to smash that Bolshy gentleman very thoroughly and save my country from inconceivable dangers. The house is well guarded by an unbribeable Russian staff. Ronoff has too much pull for a police raid on the present evidence. More subtle methods must be adopted."

Dancing Even sidged with his black patch. "Sounds like a film scenario," he commented; "but what's it got to do with me dancin' with your daughter?"

Stronge smiled. "This Ronoff, like his brother Bolshies in Russia, and many other folk in New York, gives entertainments and things at his home; and like everyone else nowadays he is crazy about dancing. Through an agency in which I have an interest, he has booked the Starr-Russells to do their turn at his house a few nights hence. I want you and my daughter to dance there in their stead."

Dancing Even grinned as if in appreciation of a compliment. "Sounds simple, but if this Ronoff person, or whatever you call him, has ordered a Bronx, as you might say, he'll want a Bronx, not a Manhattan."

"Ronoff," explained Stronge, "has never seen the Starr-Russells in the flesh. It is a thousand to one they are unknown to any of Ronoff's guests, except by reputation on the picture sections in the papers—and nobody expects a person to look like his press photograph. I'll fix the Starr-Russells and pay you the same fee they would get plus whatever you think is adequate."

"Splendid!" agreed Dancing Even, with laughing interest. "That's a great idea. But how does it stymie Runoff-skie's plotsky?"

"You can leave that to Gladise," answered Stronge. "All you have to do is to dance and keep your own counsel. Gladise will do the rest."

"Well, Mr. Stronge," drawled Even, cheerfully, "the prospect of dancin' a whole evening with your daughter is very attractive. An' the rest of the show sounds as though it might be amusin', an' not too risky."

Gladise smiled and began to whistle the air of the waltz. "If the proposal appeals to you," remarked Stronge, examining the ash of his cigar, "we can settle details later. The risk, as I say, is nil, and my daughter—well! she's just feminine."

Gladise stopped whistling and smiled again, her glance resting on Dancing Even's face. "I think," she said tauntingly, "Captain Even is afraid of both."

Dancing Even rose to his feet, adjusting the tape which supported his black patch. "D'you know, I rather think I am," he agreed. "Never was one of those lion-hearted boys. But as there seems to be nothing to be frightfully nervous about, suppose we have another dance as a sort of preliminary canter." He smiled a little faintly, and began to oscillate his body to the music of the band.

"Then I take it you agree to help us, Captain?" queried the older man.

"You've got the step," affirmed Dancing Even. "It'll be a bit of a rag. Miss Stronge, our dance, I think?" Gladise rose and placed the tips of her fingers on his extended arm.

DESPITE the lack of necessity for continuous rehearsals, Gladise monopolized the next three days of Dancing Even's time, to the exclusion of any other acquaintances he may have formed in New York. She found him very ready to be monopolized. They lunched together, dined together, and talked together. Her respect for his masculine qualities remained incomplete, but his boyish gaiety, cheery irresponsibility and whole-hearted enjoyment of life overcame a lot of her covert antagonism. But his negativeness tantalized her. His reticence about himself annoyed her. She could not make up her mind whether he was an attractive mystery or a pleasant fool. "Why do you wear that black patch?" she asked him at luncheon on the last day of the adventure.

"To cover my left eye," he replied with a grin.

"Don't you ever do anything but talk rubbish, and dance?" she enquired.

"Not if I can help it."

"I've no use for a man who does nothing but dance," she said provocatively; "the right sort of men don't waste their time that way."

"Quite right, dear partner," he agreed cheerfully. "You see I ain't tryin' to be any sort of man, but just endeavorin' to have a good time."

"You are hopeless," she announced. "Do you realize that we have spent three whole days together and I don't know you any better now than in the beginning?"

He grinned and slid his hand over hers. "What about beginning now. Nice thing. Perhaps we have been a trifle slow."

"Can't you be serious?"

"I am," he asserted. She removed her hand.

At eleven o'clock that night, Dancing Even and Gladise were introduced to Mr. Ronoff's guests as Mr. and Mrs. Starr-Russell, the famous dancers. Dancing Even was in evening clothes and Gladise in a frock of shimmering gold which began beneath her arms and ended in golden fringes at her knees. A smell of fresh violets completed her ravishing effect. Both wore black silk masks. Their host was a small, slight, dark man with a pale, strongly marked face, a bald head, brilliant black eyes, and a suave

[Turn to page 94]





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## The Man-Eater

[Continued from page 61]

end of the rope, taking a few fresh turns round his right hand, and passing his rifle into his left, made a quiet answer. Again the lieutenant spoke. Both guards, gravely smiling, and looking one to the other for confirmation, replied in turn at some length. Miss Wayne caught little or nothing but a word which they repeated now and then: "Sarna . . . sarna, sahib."

MORGAN, who kept his eyes on their prisoner, wore the cold, somber air that she remembered well. It made her watch more closely and try to learn its cause. The Pathan, a hard-featured young reprobate, had a bruise on one cheek-bone; sand clung thick to his earlocks, plastered his dirty robe, which hung stiff as it dried from a recent wetting; and like some creature of the night, a draggled bird of prey, he out-stared his captors with a malice that did not wink against the full sunrise. His hawk eyes and oily brown face reminded her of someone she had known. "Why," she said, "it's one of your three at the fort."

"Yes," replied Morgan impatiently. "Jafr Khan. Caught again. I don't like this."

She would not interrupt, and waited. Their talk went on, she and the naked ferryman being mutes and audience to the scene, but with a difference, for she envied him that he could understand it. At last Morgan gave some brief advice to the guards and turned away.

"What has the man done this time?" He did not hear her. It was Bull who explained.

"Oh, of course. I'll show you." At a word, the man holding the rope swung his captive about. Down Jafr Khan's be-sanded back there hung, on a loop of thong, an old goat-skin bag, empty, flat, with a few black and white hairs not yet rubbed from the leather.

"They arrested him last night, you see. He carried the thing under his clothes, but a bit peeped out. When we first saw them, they were roping his handcuffs. They'll haul him into the station with the evidence hung round his neck, like the chap's albatross in the poem, eh?"

"But why?" asked Miriam. "What was wrong?"

"Don't you know," rejoined Bull with surprise, "that it's illegal to have a sarna in your possession? Our friend, Jafr Khan, was bound somewhere on mischief. Honest people cross by the fords or the ferries, go and come openly, under the guards' eyes."

"But what has an old leather bag to do—"

"There! I keep forgetting you're a stranger!" The youth smiled. "A sarna is a float. Raiders use 'em constantly. You blow that bag up like a balloon, wade into the river, and kick away like winking." He whistled to his bobbery pack, returned the salute of the guards, and rode beside her up the beach. Morgan, at her right hand, seemed lost in thought.

Bull attended strictly to his dogs. For a while the captain had nothing to say, but dropped into a brown study. With the river now at their backs they jogged through glaring desert. He returned suddenly. "Look here, Bashan."

Morgan brought his mare to a walk, then waited until all three kept pace together. "That man with the sarnai, Jafr Khan, is neighbor and cousin to one Gulab Din, a gentleman with a purple beard, an active brain, and not many scruples worth mention. I don't like it. I don't like it at all, this appearance of friend Jafr Khan down here. And I want a promise from you."

Lieutenant Bull began mouthing a fragment of Hamlet and the ghost. "Swear by me sawd! Swearrrr!"

Morgan stopped him. "This is not a joke. Help us out, Bashan, you ought to know how unsafe it can be,

thoroughly unsafe, to ride off the station alone. Back me up. Tell her she must not; and that so long as one of us is here, off duty, however disagreeable it may be to her, we'll see that she does not!"

The younger man dropped his nonsense. "Why, of course," he agreed. "You're quite right, Adam Khor. I will try to— Hallo!"

The dogs went swirling away before them. "Look! There he is!"

Northward of the risen sun, ahead, low on the sand with movement hardly perceptible against a background of gravel, crept a lean, four-legged thing. At first view it might have been one of the pariah dogs with his hair restored; at the next, crossing a dip in the gravel, it showed black on the glow, a fox-like silhouette, sharp-nosed, prick-eared and furtive. It was a belated jackal stealing home from his night's prowling round garbage-can and dust-bin at the station. Bull's three greyhounds, flying in airy leaps that scorned the ground, were halfway to him before he turned his head from profile, held for one instant his black fox-mask toward them, and was gone, a flash, a grayness darting along the nearest band of shadow.

Terriers after bounds, and horse after terriers, raced Bull and his pack. Miriam's tall white steed, with the captain's little piebald, came galloping not far behind. The drum of a dozen hoofs made her heart rejoice; the air which after sunrise had warmed and dried, now suddenly reviving, rushed past, cool on her cheeks and throat; while the vanishing of the dogs, into the earth at a gully, over the sky-line as the horses plunged down one bank and up the next, kept her in suspense that was both wild and laughable. On the whole she wanted that jackal to escape.

So did the jackal; and he must have known a short cut or private dodge in the nullahs, for when all galloped on level sand again there flew the gray streak farther ahead, his lead increased. He was making for some rocks that clustered on the point of a long water-worn cape or sand-spit.

"Oh, do let him go!" They pulled up under the crags, where the terriers, yelping with rage, scrambled and fell and jumped again to explore every hole in a honeycomb of brown rock. The Pathan greyhounds worked with gingerly caution, but climbed faster.

"Please let him off, this time!" The crannies being too open for more than temporary shelter, he could give only a moment's check, then must away. Bull, in the midst of his glee, turned and was wonderstruck.

"You really mean it?" "The poor beast, he gave us such a good run!"

"He's yours, then." The good little martyr flung off his horse and began to climb. "Here, Meg! Down, Kamran, down, boy! He's yours, Miss Wayne, to live and run another day. Come out of that, Haidar, Knobs, you old fool!" With great labor, shouting, pulling, driving, he got his pack down from the rocks. "Home, boys. No, you don't. Back here! To heel!"

The wind of the chase had blown away other affairs. Miriam Wayne, at least, could remember none that had been in mind before. As they rode back, however, along their own hoof-prints, Morgan returned to an old subject they had thrown down and dashed away from.

"Don't forget what we were saying, will you?" he asked. "I must leave you here. This beggar over yonder—" He pointed across the sand toward the hidden river. Two men on foot came slowly moving eastward, a tiny pair in the distance. While Morgan's arm was raised, the one in front suddenly halted, the one behind ran a few paces, took the lead, and began jerking as at a balky horse. The action suggested rope between them.

"It's only Jafr Khan," said Bull, "and the guard hauling him."

Morgan reined his mare aside. "The guard," he rejoined, "has a rifle to carry and only one arm for hauling with. Horse-flesh will help him do the trick. Besides, we don't want a rescue of the chap, and I do want to hear his examination. As a friend of Gulab Din's, he may have been up to something. Good-by. See you both later."

So saying, he cantered away.

One morning after breakfast, Miriam went for a short ride alone, to be round the station and back before the day grew hot. Whether her friend, the tall white horse, took his own way, or whether she guided him while thinking of greater affairs than the choice of direction, she never knew; but it is likely that he ambled along by the garden hedges, hoping to overtake his good companions, the bobbery pack; and it is certain, because truthfully reported later by a dozen witnesses, that he with his rider passed through the mud village. The bullock driver by his Persian wheel became, as it were, historical by swearing that he, of all men the last, watched the memsahib go out across the barley stubble. She gave him salaam. His eyes beheld her. Yes, the horse was white and very high, not a country-bred pony. She rode like a piece of him, cantering.

Beyond the pale barley chaff a good stretch of even ground led toward the river. Desolate country at all times, just then by early morning it held no trace of life anywhere. There were guards near the reed hut, she knew; perhaps unacknowledged at the back of her mind was a hint that some one might be returning by the ford; yet when at last among the slight, deceptive contours of gravel she woke to look about her, there lay the river indeed, but neither hut nor beach. She had ridden to a lonely curve of the bank, half a mile down stream.

"Time to go back now." She gave a last look at the river. Down from the point of the next island came drifting a nasty object that whirled on the current. It resembled the body of a cow, part hide, part hair, bloated with unclean distension. It bobbed as it came, dipped, and swung. Round the bulge of it a man's face turned into view, a brown face with dripping beard, long ringlets, a mouth spitting out water, and black eyes that saw her in a flash. The man kicked himself up sprawling on the bloated bag, raised an arm to point at her, and shouted.

"Sarnai!" she thought, gathering the white horse to run. Other shouts replied. Out of the earth from a gully jumped men in long gowns who pressed about her, laughing, with hot oily faces and a smell as of goats. A tall man, his beard bright purple under a hooked nose, caught her bridle.

WELL to the north of all this affair, Captain Morgan with twenty troopers followed another task among the hills, according to information which was now devious and elaborate, now plain worthless rumor. The troopers enjoyed themselves, but Morgan found the work dull. To recover three stolen rifles by tracking a thief, a master thief, in and out through crooked country and a greater crookedness of liars, was nothing new.

On the long, shadowy hog's-back of a ragha they drew their cordon round a black lump. In the pitch darkness among the rocks the little band crept nearer and nearer to its prey until the wink of Morgan's electric torch commanded them to halt. The ground was dust, hard as powder of granite, which the next rains would transform to green hill pasture; the lump, a solid cube, the house of a wealthy horse-breeder who, for that night, chose to cover his window and make night-wanderers believe that he lay in bed asleep. Morgan [Turn to page 92]

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SOME people call them waterbugs. By any name they are one of the nastiest, dirtiest and most dangerous insect pests. To kill them, blow BLACK FLAG powder (using a powder gun) under sinks, in closets, around drains, or wherever they

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BLACK FLAG, Smallwood & Eagle Sts., BALTIMORE, MD.



**BLACK FLAG**  
The Nation's Insecticide



## Having the Courage of Your Convictions

[Continued from page 28]

should demand in tones of thunder, it is pictures for children and places where they may be exhibited, and that they be not permitted to see any picture with which circumstances bring them in proximity. Censorship is a direct result of overwhelming public opinion in this direction, and yet, in some way, it has not been successful. It has not done the work. It has succeeded in making the production of a picture almost impossible because some of its requirements are so idiotic and the real evil which it is supposed to cover seems to me scarcely less glaring than it was in the beginning; and yet it is possible to handle almost any situation that can be conceived in a picture in such a manner as to make it neither vulgar nor in any way offensive.

A few days ago I heard a woman whose judgment I respected say that she had gone to see "The Ten Commandments." She thought the first part of the picture wonderful in the extreme. The latter part was so terrible that she got up and left when it was about half finished. I went to see the picture wondering in my heart if the thing that I should do would be to get up and leave when it came to the latter part. There can be no question as to the Biblical half of the picture's being one of the most spectacular and the greatest things that ever has been done. The story is told adequately, convincingly, and with the majesty of the time. It portrays convincingly the necessity for and the evolution of the ten commandments. There was but one thing that struck me like a blow in this part of the picture and that had nothing to do with the picture, but it dealt with you and with me. In the terrific scene where Moses on the mountain chisels out the law upon stone as it is revealed to him by God, from the first commandment onward the audience, which was you and I, greeted each fiery revelation flashing across the sky with rocking salvos of applause. With hands raised ready to continue this, I suddenly found that there was one command flashing on and being chiseled and the audience was as still as death. I was so arrested that my hands seemed paralyzed. I could not even start the applause on what I had supposed would be the command which would elicit more than any other since the recent war experiences of most of us. "Thou shalt not kill" flamed in red across the sky and Moses wrote it down and a full house in the big Grauman theater in Hollywood made not a sound. This was followed by two other commandments which elicited not one sound of applause, and they were: "Thou shalt not steal," and "Thou shalt not commit adultery." Seven of the ten commandments were heartily approved. These three met with absolute silence. If this is not cause for some deep and sincere reflection, if it is not going to be a great help in bringing you and me to the point where we are ready to do something drastic, then there is one thing as sure as the voice of John was sure when he cried in the wilderness: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight." Murder and adultery and stealing are not the way of the Lord, and when any nation departs from the way of the Lord and sets up a way of its own, that nation fails and it falls just as we shall fail and fall as a nation for all our strength, for all our territory, for all our wealth, if we undertake to break the laws of God and substitute therefor a lawlessness of man which is absolutely without precedent in our history.

And now we reach the second part of this great spectacular picture, the part which is so trying because it brings the every-day home life of a plain American family in sharp contrast with the might and the majesty of what had gone before. In this part of the picture, it was necessary to show in about an hour of time six or eight years [Turn to page 74]



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EVR-KLEAN  
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5 Styles **Art Corners** 5 Colors  
are on sale at Photo Supply and Album counters everywhere. They are the only Quick, Easy, Artistic. No Paste, No Fold way to mount Kodak Prints. A dime brings 100 and samples to try. Write **ENGEL MFG. CO.** Dept. 10 P. 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago

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## The Spring Flight

[Continued from page 59]

fear caught us. For lights began to come, to flash in the air, to dance; lights so thick and big and bright as though the stars had fallen, and always a-dance, here, there, everywhere. . . .

"'Twas glowworms!" Rafe skeptically announced.

"Man, I say 'twas dancing lights; there, low on the ground; here, higher than a man's head. They sparked and went out and sparked again. We tried at first to catch one—as well try to catch and hold the sunshine. And then a great fear came across us for, on a sudden, we saw—not far off, yet so near we could have touched him—a little minnikin . . ."

"A little minnikin? What meah ye?"

"A little man-thing, no taller than my arm. It danced before us—all wound up in white, mist-like, with shining jewel-eyes and mouth that smiled, beguiling, like a maid's. And 'a beckoned! We chased it, Cal. Trink and me, in the fairy light we chased it, over hill and brook, through briar and bush; but still we caught it not. 'Twas fairy too—it floated with unfair aid from wind and breeze. But on we ran, and on and on. And as we ran a tempest came—tempest with roaring thunder as broke my ears and such lightning as split the sky in twain, twin sheets of fire. And rain—'twas like a monster fagot-pack beating us on backs and faces. And in that tempest, all the fairy lights went out; the minnikin leapt away. But fright had sucked the very guts from out us! We ran in that pouring sea till we could run no longer; fell; raised up; ran once more, staggering-like, till we all three dropped on our faces—slept, with the tide of rain pouring on us; slept till noon . . ."

"And what came of it?" asked Rafe.

"Naught! When we woke 'twas bright blue day, the sun shining round in the sky. The minnikin—we saw it not again. But through it all, Trink holds him fast to the firkin. And when we two, Cal and me, woke chatter-toothed, 'Here's my comfort!' says Trink; and pulls long at the wine."

"And how came you back to the ship?" Rafe demanded.

"Oh they put out from the ship a gang who searched until they found us."

"And what punishment gave they you?"

"Irons for sennight and bread and water in the hold. But Sir Jarge—too pleased he was 'ad found the Bermoothes to hold his anger long—so soon on deck we came and made our voyage fair and safe to England."

"How now—did Cal and Trink mind them of that minnikin after their drink had passed?" Rafe asked shrewdly.

"Never came we twain together without talk of it," Stephen asserted gravely. "I see him now—the little misty wight, with eyes a-mock like elves, lips smiling, beguiling like a maid's, and wee hands beckoning . . ."

Shakspeare arose from his seat as from a dream. He moved so quietly that Stephen and Rafe took no note of his departure. He walked slowly at first, then swiftly across the bridge, up Cheapside to Silver and Muggle. As he neared the Montjoy house, he broke into a run. Once indoors, "What's happened to thee, Will Shakspeare?" Mistress Montjoy asked. "Thy eyes are coals; thy color fever-high."

Shakspeare did not answer her query. "Send up paper to me, mistress," he begged. "All thou hast and then send out for more!" He ran, light as a lad, over the stairs. Once in his room, he seated himself at the table; drew a blank sheet to him. Writing swiftly, he inscribed, *A Summer's Tale*. Then he drew a line through the title; wrote:

THE TEMPEST  
Act I. Scene I

Scene: A ship at sea.  
A storm with thunder and lightning.

## Many Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit Users Personally Thank Mr. Nestle

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THERE is nothing that women and girls appreciate more than a useful invention which adds to their daily comfort and beauty. But we doubt if ever any other invention aroused such spontaneous approval in thousands of American women, as has the Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit.

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If you have any doubt as to the Nestle Company's responsibility, write to this magazine, or to the Harriman National Bank, or the Equitable Trust Company of New York City. Nestle's have been established in Berlin, Paris and London since 1905, and since 1915 in New York, where in their two establishments, each day several hundred prominent women of fashion and the stage get their Nestle LANOIL Permanent Waves.

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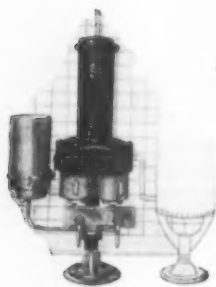
# What a Slice of Toast Proved



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# NESCO PERFECT

## OIL COOK STOVE

## It Was Not Love

[Continued from page 24]

Pansy Miller—when many another man would have chosen to trade on her passionate simplicity! Yet—curiously—he hated remembering it.

All the poignant greedy little exactions of the last time. Saying good-by to the boats at anchor in the canal . . . to the long lights quivering across the water . . . to the dusty panache of the golden-rod—just coming in to bloom. Still at last, in the heavy shadows of a live-oak, near the Park lagoon. Then—the part that Ladd didn't like remembering—the part that satisfied his honor, yet left him somehow not quite a gallant figure in his own sight. Pansy had said—between kisses—"You do love me—don't you, Ladd?" The softest little sigh of happiness.

And between kisses, Ladd had answered her very gently—"Not love—Pansy—love's too big a word. . . . I care for you—a lot." He wasn't of course telling her anything but what she must have known. Only his relentless honesty would have him put it into words—beyond the possibility of Pansy's misinterpretation. His honesty was more to him, he supposed than Pansy—or any other woman. Honesty?—Honor, really. His honor lay at the center of his soul and was more to him than kisses or clinging arms.

"It isn't love," he went on stubbornly—not quite so gently as at first because her small slim body had gone tense and that annoyed him vaguely . . . "you know it isn't—and so do I. So why pretend? I care for you—a lot—but it isn't love. And I won't lie about it."

"Oh!" said Pansy. She flung herself out of his arms with a sharp little cry. Ultimately she flung herself back again—perhaps because he didn't touch her but sat silent, hands in his pockets, looking off across the verdant darkness of the Park, brows frowning—mouth set hard. Ultimately, she flung herself blindly against his shoulder and put up her face once more. "Tomorrow I'll be gone," she said—"so it doesn't make much difference . . . does it?"

Ladd, with his honesty appeased, had been recklessly tender, in response. And the question of love—as such—had not come up again, between them.

Saying good-by was not easy—for either of them. They rather dragged it out. "I'll never have another week like this!" she whispered—her last unsteady word to him.

Obviously she wanted him to say that neither would he. He didn't say it. Instead, he said—"Good-by darling!"—a trifle hoarsely, perhaps—drew away and left her—taking his honor with him, intact to the last.

Which consoled him somewhat, even so soon as the following morning. But it took him some little time to forget her—even measurably. And just at the first, he had from her one or two post-cards; written in a round unformed hand and signed merely, Pansy.

Those post-cards helped him as much as anything to be glad that at the last he had kept his head. Because they were the commonest kind of thing, bearing colored photographs of court-houses and post-offices in the towns in which she played—and the messages written thereon were far too outspoken . . . the sort of thing one simply doesn't say on a post-card.

Without Pansy's breathing presence to confuse his senses, he was shortly able to perceive the entire desirability of allowing such an episode—however lovely—to remain an episode.

Shortly, also, the flood-tide of his emotions, roused by Pansy and denied full outlet by himself, found a channel in Lydia, who happened to be thrown with him on several parties . . . the younger crowd returning from mountains and shore . . . and although Ladd didn't know it, Lydia's cool slightly arrogant poise, her safe sophistication and amused contempt for romance, drew him as a harbor draws a storm-tossed ship.

Lydia was the girl of his deliberate choice. Life with Lydia was all he asked—but Pansy's pictured face had still the power to stop him . . . cold . . . with an odd feeling behind the eyelids. . . . Funny!

Ladd didn't spend the rest of Sunday thinking about Pansy . . . naturally. He telephoned Lydia in the afternoon and went out to her house that night for supper. There were other people there and he hadn't a great deal of time alone with Lydia. Such time as he had was eminently satisfactory. She had a thousand things to tell him. She put her arms about Ladd's neck when he kissed her good night, in the temporary shelter of the library—her larkspur eyes shone frankly into his (—Pansy used to shut her eyes and catch her breath each time, as if he had never kissed her before. . . .)

Lydia's cool hands slid reluctant out of his when he left her.

It was midnight, but Ladd didn't at once go back to his rooms. He walked the streets instead. He was trying to decide something—should he or should he not look up Pansy Miller? There wasn't any enormous reason why he should, but equally—thank heaven!—there wasn't any reason why he shouldn't. He felt he'd like to see her once again. Just once, of course. In a purely friendly way—after all their friendship had been the most innocent thing in the world. Nothing he couldn't tell Lydia all about—sooner or later—without a qualm. He went home at last—and to bed, where he slept, being tired to the bone with indecision. Toward dawn he woke and lay staring through his windows at a gray and viscid sky.

Something stiffened in him in that chill and disenchanted hour. He said to himself: "You will not see her. You've got no right to see her. You're fooling yourself with all this rot about a friendly good-by. She'd be just the same—and you'd slip! It isn't safe. It isn't even honest." So he tubbed and shaved and dressed when daylight came and made ready to go down to his office, as he did, six days a week. . . .

It was really the morning paper—once more the morning paper—that altered his plans. It lay beside his plate, at breakfast, and when he had come to the third or fourth page of it, a little sullenly perhaps but with his mind grimly made up to let Pansy Miller alone . . . he chanced upon a casual head-line which drained the blood from his face, set his heart beating like a sledge-hammer, and the cold sweat starting out upon his forehead.

"Pretty Little Dancer Found Dead in St. Charles Street Boarding-house. Pansy Miller Takes Her Last Curtain-Call."

There was more—half a column more—to the same cheaply pathetic effect. In the end, the reporter averred, that there was apparently no question of suicide. Although the girl had been in poor health for some time—. That an over-dose of a sleeping powder had done the mischief. Ladd read the thing three times over, choked down his coffee and pushed his plate aside, untouched.

He got out into the street, somehow, with the newspaper still in his hands. His car was parked at the curb, waiting. He got into it and drove downtown. It would not be too much to say that Pansy drove with him. His right shoulder bore, like a burn, the feel of her smooth, hot cheek.

Pansy . . . Pansy Miller found dead. "Steady, you fool!" he said to himself. "It's horrible—of course—but there's nothing—you can—blame yourself for. You were—honest with her—weren't you?"

Yes—he had been honest with her. Pansy herself would be the first to admit it. Only, now, of course, Pansy was past admitting—or denying—anything at all. [Turn to page 73]





### Proven Pineapple Recipes (Using "Sliced")

**HAWAIIAN SALAD SUPREME** (Illustrated above): For a quick salad that is decorative and tempting to the appetite, place a slice of canned Hawaiian Pineapple upon a slice of tomato jelly of equal size. Arrange upon lettuce leaf and top with mayonnaise.

**PINEAPPLE MERINGUES**: Heap slices of canned Sliced Hawaiian Pineapple with a meringue and brown quickly in a hot oven. Serve with red jelly sauce.

### (Using "Crushed")

**PINEAPPLE ICE**: Mix  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups sugar and 1 cup hot water. Boil until the sirup spins a thread. Add 1 cup cold water,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup lemon juice and 2 cups Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Freeze until of mushy consistency and serve immediately.

**OAHU ISLAND SALAD**: Remove skin from 3 bananas, cut in halves, then into quarters lengthwise and slice. Mix with 1 cup well-drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise.

**PINEAPPLE SHORTCAKE**: Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt to 2 cups Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, cook slowly until thick and add 2 tablespoons butter. Mix and sift 2 cups flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sugar and 4 teaspoons baking powder. Cut in 4 tablespoons fat and add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk. Spread in a pie pan and bake 30 to 35 minutes in a moderate oven. Split while hot, spread half the hot pineapple mixture between the layers and put the remainder on top. Serve immediately.

**PINEAPPLE JULEP**: Chop fresh mint leaves to make  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup, add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup powdered sugar and rub well together. Add 3 cups sirup drained from Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup lime juice and 3 cups ice water. Allow to stand in a cold place at least 1 hour. Serve in glasses with a cube of ice in each and garnish with a sprig of mint.

# ~and don't forget to buy it SLICED

If it's a pie, a cake or a made-up salad or dessert that you are planning, naturally you will want to use Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple.

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Both are identical in quality and flavor—the same luscious, full-ripe fruit, grown on the same Hawaiian plantations—simply packed in two different forms for different types of uses.

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# HAWAIIAN CANNED 2 WAYS PINEAPPLE

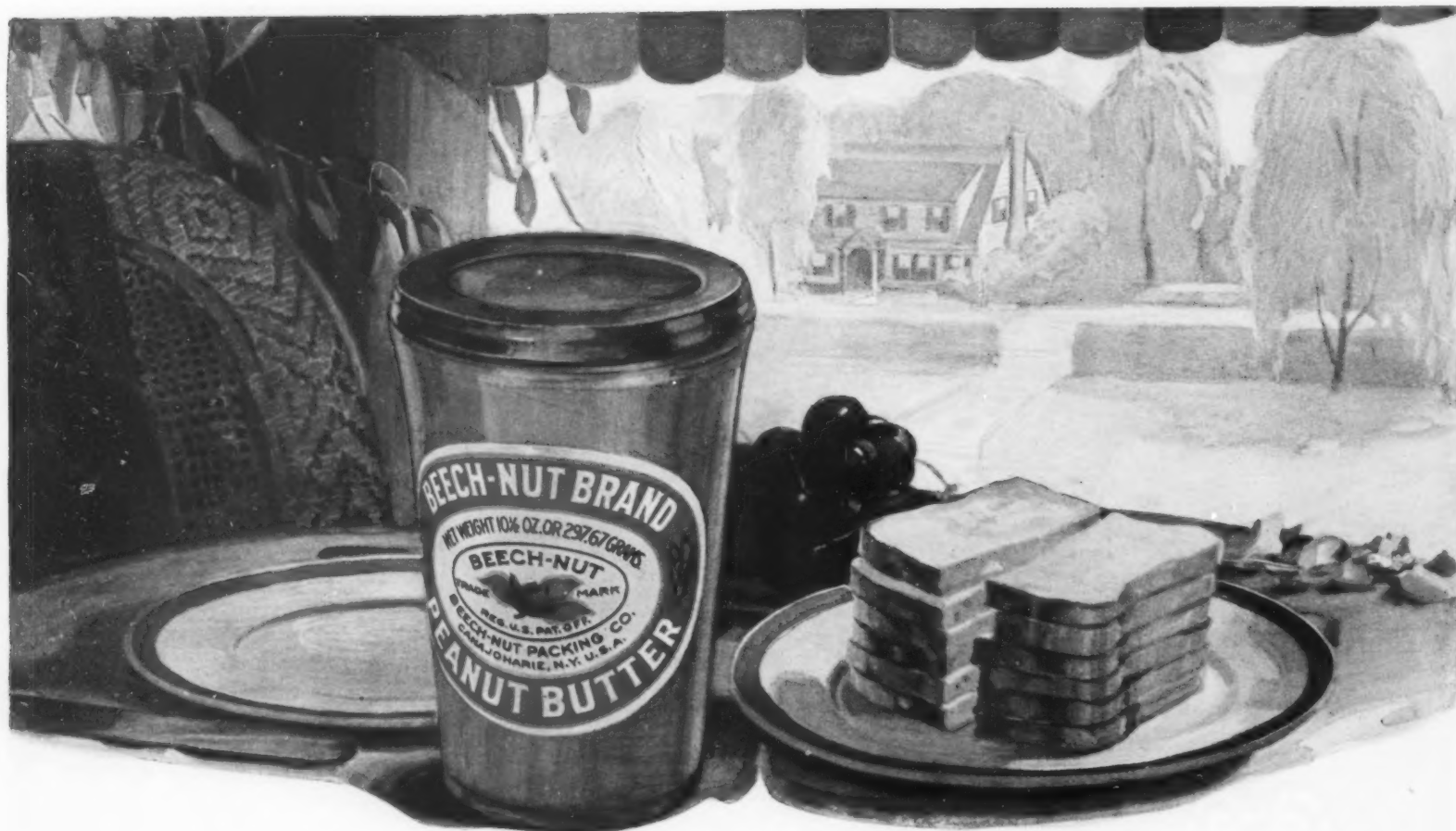
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*Crushed*

—For sundaes, ices, pies, cake filling, salads and hundreds of made-up dishes.



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JUST because the Summer days are here, don't neglect nourishment in planning your meals. Beech-Nut Peanut Butter will give your luncheons the necessary substance and still remain in harmony with your cooling drinks, your vegetable salads and your "fruits in season".

Owing to its extraordinary flavor Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is delicious with all kinds of bread—white bread, brown bread, rye or graham, biscuits and crackers and muffins. And it puts real food value into a sandwich, too, when you use this smooth, golden peanut butter—"Dixie sunshine in a jar".

For Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is no ordinary product. It is made of two kinds of peanuts—No. 1 Spanish and No. 1 Virginia. Special attention is given to the roasting to the perfect flavor which the homemakers of the country expect in Beech-Nut. The skins of the peanuts are entirely eliminated, the bitter hearts removed and all imperfect nuts are carefully sorted out by experienced workers.

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Spread Beech-Nut Peanut Butter with Beech-Nut Orange Marmalade on dainty slices for the lunch *al fresco*; add it to tomato-and-toast sandwiches. Mix it with honey for the little children or with prunes or Beech-Nut Strawberry Jam. Make good thick substantial sandwiches of it for canoe or fishing parties. The matchless flavor of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter tempts and pleases and satisfies the appetite of the young and the not-so-young. Just right for motor trips, for bridge or mah jong parties, and for the man-who-keeps-house-in-the-ice-box.

And if you are touring through the Mohawk Valley this summer, stop off and see how Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is made. You are welcome. We are at home every working day but not Saturday afternoon. Beech-Nut Packing Company, Canajoharie, N. Y.



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# Beech-Nut Peanut Butter



# It Was Not Love

[Continued from page 70]

Tuesday was his wedding-day. Tomorrow was Tuesday. Much as he felt . . . the . . . the tragedy . . . of Pansy's death . . . he thought he'd better keep away from the place on St. Charles Street. For Lydia's sake. It wouldn't be fair to Lydia—to run any chance—of ugly gossip. But after all—what chance could there be! He'd never written Pansy a line. Never sent her so much as a flower. They'd only gone driving—night after night—driving—in the dark . . . he could feel her warm little body curled close against him. . . .

What chance—what possible chance—of his being drawn into the matter? He had left her at the doorstep, always. "Are all the women you know out of town?" Pansy had asked him one night. Well—they had been—for the most part! He and Pansy had had that one week to themselves as completely as castaways upon a desert island.

He pulled himself together and went to his office. It was a long morning. One or two people laughed at him about being pale—and not listening when he was spoken to.

"The nervous bridegroom—hears old Lohengrin in the distance!" suggested one blithe crony.

It wasn't Lohengrin, Ladd was hearing but Pansy's funny little wail—"Oh, my Lord—I've broken a mirror!"

It was rather a quiet day on the Exchange. He lunched—made a pretext of lunching, rather, at one o'clock, with some men he could not shake off.

Ladd was back in at his office by two o'clock, figuring closely, small incoherent figures—upon a scratch-pad . . . scowling over a paper or so on his desk . . . anything rather than have people look at him—question him. . . . It was when he had covered one page of the scratch-pad, that the thought took hold of him: "I wonder—if Pansy—had any money . . . I wonder—who's paying—for—things?"

He took his hat and went out. "I shan't be back today," he said to the men in the office with him. They laughed indulgently, almost before his back was turned. Everybody liked Ladd. He was so clean. So upstanding and decent. He had more friends than any other man in his crowd.

Ladd got his car and drove to the boarding-house on St. Charles Street. He had never seen it by daylight before. There wasn't any crape on the door. Well—there wouldn't be. Most likely any one who—died—in a boarding-house—would be—gotten out of the way—as quickly as possible. Out of the way—where? Where was Pansy, if she wasn't behind that blind wall—those dirty windows—that door with the paint peeling off it. . . .

He had an almost unbearable feeling that Pansy was close beside him; in the grimy little square between the street and the door. He had kissed her there—that was why! Last time he stood there he had kissed her . . . she had to reach up to him . . . such a little thing . . . he remembered the sting of salt on his lips—brushing her cheek—he had kissed her eyelids, too—

The door opened sharply yet with a suggestion of caution. Against a background of narrow hallway, appeared a woman in the full of an unlovely middle-age. She said brusquely: "Another reporter, I suppose?"

Ladd, his smooth brown head courteously bent, his hat gripped hard between his hands corrected her quietly. "I am not a reporter. I have come to ask . . ."

"You knew Pansy Miller?" demanded the woman.

"I knew Miss Miller—yes."

"Know her well?"

Ladd answered stubbornly—"Fairly well. We were not old friends. I thought perhaps that—there might be something—anything I could do. . . ."

Unexpectedly the woman thawed, assumed a half-smile, deprecatingly shook her hennaed head. "Nothing—nothing at all, young man—that I know of."

"There would be—expenses—of course."

"Oh, yes," said the woman—"Dying's not so cheap as it used to be. Folks from the theater are looking after the funeral. And there was a hundred dollars in her trunk."

"Did she leave a letter—or anything of the sort?" asked Ladd.

"You think it was suicide, do you?" suggested the landlady acutely.

"I have—no—idea," said Ladd. "It sounds—rather like it."

"I don't think so," said the red-haired woman. She shook her head again, vigorously. "No—I don't think so. She was all right yesterday. Sat in her room all morning—reading the papers. . . ."

"Oh—the papers?" said Ladd.

"Yeah—the Times-Picayune . . . she didn't eat much lunch but then she hadn't an awful good appetite . . . she'd had typhoid last spring, you see . . . and she never got over it real well. Nasty thing, typhoid. Leaves you so weak. In the afternoon," the landlady, having melted, became almost verbose -- "she got her a taxi and went for a drive—out the West End Road—"

"I see . . ." said Ladd.

"People don't go for rides in taxis—if they're thinking about killing themselves—do they?"

"I—shouldn't think so—" said Ladd. "Well—she came home about six. Then she had dinner and went to the theater. She came home again—at half-past ten—and went to bed. At one o'clock I saw her light still burning and stepped in to see if she was sick. I knew she hadn't been sleeping good. Well—she was dead in her bed with a book in her hand . . . just an overdose, that's all!"

(An overdose, of course! Suicides didn't draw trade, either.)

Ladd said nothing at all. The landlady closed the discussion rather suddenly, appearing to remember other calls upon her time. "If you want to see her before the funeral," she offered practically—"she's at Snyder's Undertaking Parlors, over on Carondelet Street . . . two blocks down and one block out."

Ladd stopped at a florist's—a little florist in a side-street, not his usual man—and bought some roses. White ones. He wished as he went up the steps of Snyder's Undertaking Parlors that he had asked for red. The young man who met him in the hallway of that strange muted place had faded gray eyes and a lantern-jaw; a sort of smug sorrow fitted his features like a mask.

"I should like to leave these—for—Miss Miller," Ladd told him stiffly. The horror, the mincing horror of the moment, almost strangled him. He went through with it doggedly.

"She is in the other room," whispered the gray-eyed young man. "Would you like to look at her? Very sweet indeed, very natural!"

"If you please," said Ladd. His knees shook beneath him as he followed . . . a kind of nightmare . . . not real, surely . . . the roses in his hands reminded him—he hadn't ordered Lydia's wedding bouquet . . . better see to it—at once. . . .

"In here," murmured his guide—and left him.

Beside a cheap gray coffin—with Pansy inside. She looked very small. She looked very white. She looked very beautiful. With a beauty that sent Ladd to his knees beside her.

The room was very still. The roses fell out of his hands upon the floor. He wanted to pray. He couldn't remember any prayers. Anyhow Pansy didn't need them. There was that in

her face which transcended prayers. Peace. And eternal forgetting. Even the sweet full curve of her lower lip had already forgotten. He didn't touch her. She wasn't to be touched. He didn't pray. Prayers wouldn't come.

He picked up his roses. He thought to himself stupidly—"the white ones were right." . . . He laid them on top of the gray coffin . . . above Pansy's little feet . . . and went away.

He thought to himself getting into his car once more—"I'll go home and get a drink." He didn't think anything else. His mind hung in a kind of cloud. When he stood once more in his own room, he drew a long breath. He fetched the drink, a stiff one, and was standing with the glass in his hand when something occurred to him sharply. . . .

He hadn't called Lydia all day. She wouldn't know what to make of it. The day before their wedding! Rotten of him. He'd better call her now—not put it off a minute longer . . . he'd feel better after he'd talked to her, anyhow . . . get back to normal . . . shake off this—terrible experience—

He set the glass on his table, untouched, and sat down to the telephone . . . picked up the receiver . . . Lydia's number was on his lips but he didn't call it . . . he sat there staring straight ahead of him. As if Pansy stood at his shoulder, all at once, he felt her fingers, her lovely clinging fingers . . . felt the warmth of her body against him . . . jasmine, teasing his nostrils . . . her funny little sighing laugh, in his ears . . . not a laugh . . . not a sigh . . . the faintest happy whisper . . . her lips almost against his cheek . . . her arms slipping about his shoulders . . . closer . . . closer. . . .

"You do love me . . . don't you, Ladd!"

The receiver slipped from his hand. The telephone fell draggily, noisily to the floor. He flung out his arms, across the table, and dropped his head upon them.

He broke into heavy, cruel sobbing . . . "Pansy . . . Pansy. . . ."

## Letters from Our Readers

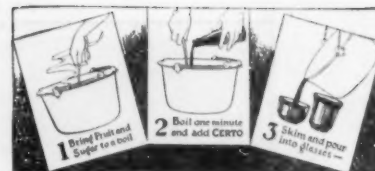
[Continued from page 1]

room (the more shame on us) I am sorry to say. Trusting that your magazine may further the gospel of good common sense in the years to come as you have in the past. A. S. PETERSON, Nome, North Dakota.

Dear Editor: I think your magazine is wonderful! Not alone for the price but for the fact that you have such wonderful stories. And singularly, the writers are all my favorite ones. R. W. Chambers' stories seem each more wonderful than the one before. The moment McCALL's is in the house I do not let go until I have finished. I have not been a subscriber to McCALL's though I have been reading it for the past six years. Now I do not care to get it second hand—for a friend and I exchange, and so I want it to come directly to me by mail.

MARIAN T. MANCUSO, R. F. D. Hazleton, Kansas.

Dear Editor: Just a line to express my appreciation of the articles written by Gene Stratton-Porter for your magazine. I wait for each publication with great eagerness and read the articles several times because I find so much material that is inspiring and refreshing. I also select suitable parts and read them to my classes at school, for I am a teacher. I feel that there are many who enjoy such bits of reading as you have presented and would welcome even more. CAROLYN FIELD, St. Louis, Mo.



## How to Make Strawberry Jam in 15 Minutes

By ANN PROCTOR

You can do it easily—with never a failure. And the result will be the best strawberry jam you have ever tasted—at less cost than ever before.

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Everybody loves strawberry jam. No home ever has too much of it with its varied uses. Make a lot of it for your family this year. Get some fully-ripened fruit, and follow this recipe for

## The Quick and Easy Way to Make Strawberry Jam

Crush about 2 quarts ripe berries in separate portions, so that each berry is mashed. This allows fruit to quickly absorb the sugar during the short boil. Measure 4 level cups (2 lbs.) crushed berries into large kettle, add 7 level cups (3 lbs.) sugar and mix well. Use hottest fire and stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard for one full minute, remove from fire and stir in ½ bottle (containing ½ cup) Certo. From time jam is taken off fire allow to stand not over 5 minutes, by the clock, before pouring. In the meantime, skim, and stir occasionally to cool slightly. Then pour quickly.

Use same recipe for Raspberry, Blackberry or Loganberry Jam.

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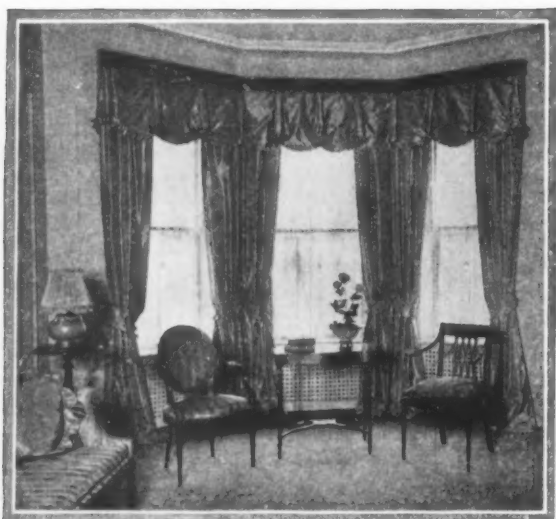
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## Having the Courage of Your Convictions

[Continued from page 68]

of the life of a man who deliberately set out to be a law unto himself. This means that in acting his part in the picture he had to break every one of the ten commandments. It means, also, that some fairly horrible things had to happen, and they had to happen in quick succession. So far as I am concerned, personally, I saw not one thing in the second part of this picture that need shock the most sensitive or refined person so far as the decencies of life are concerned. I do not know how any one could have told the story that was being told and have done it in any more restrained and dignified and convincing manner. There might have been work I did not care for among the actors; there might have been parts of the story that were improbable and not well conceived, but take it as a whole, with the story that set out to be told, when one man in a given space of time must break every one of the ten commandments—in the parlance of the day, he had to be "going some." In an effort to make this world the best possible place in which to live, it is a poor idea to be what my grandmother used to call "overly nice." It is fine to be nice enough to live an exemplary life, to keep the laws of God and man, to do everything in our power to advance any effort or endeavor along any line for the general welfare; but it is very bad business to be so nice that we cannot endure to see and to hear the manifest truth. And if the truth happens to be shocking and horrible, then the quicker people are shocked and horrified and the more deeply they are shocked and horrified, the quicker we will get action along the lines of betterment in every form of our national progress.

The country has been fairly seething during the past few years over the question of pictures, and yet people have not really the courage of their convictions. You and I go every few days to see a picture in the hope that it will cultivate, instruct, or amuse us, and we come away shocked and disgusted; but we keep on going, risking the same thing repeatedly. We say that we want pictures that are clean, that are entertaining, that are educational, but we do not stop going to those which are not. We allow such untold sums of money to be earned by the pictures to which we object that it is very seldom that the kind of picture we are saying we would like to have, gets its opportunity or earns enough money to keep it before the people. The picture houses are in the hands of men who want to make money. Naturally, they will show the pictures which draw the big audiences, and if we keep on attending pictures of which we disapprove, we form a considerable part of these audiences; we spend our money and lend our approval and make it possible for them to continue, and we allow the pictures upon which people have spent their earnings and broken their hearts to produce, to go to the wall and fail, not because they are not exactly the kind of picture that we, the public, keep saying we want, but because we have not the courage of our convictions along any line. And until we reach the place where we lift up our voices in unison and say absolutely what we will have and what we will not have, we will continue to have exactly the things to which we are objecting so strenuously and yet doing nothing effective at the present minute to stop.

If you are honest, if you are in earnest when you say that you want better pictures, say so to the exhibitors, tell them in emphatic tones that you will not attend their theaters until they show you the kind of pictures that you assert so loudly that you want. You will be amazed at how many good pictures are failing because they need the support of your voice. Men and women believed you were in earnest, they thought you meant [Turn to page 93]

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## The Prince of Wales

[Continued from page 62]

subject close to the Prince's heart, for he proceeded to interview the interviewer. "Have you been over long enough to see any polo?" he asked. "There are some very good games coming off in a few days. You had better go down to see some of them." Yet for all his enthusiasm for polo, the Prince later told me that he regards his sports purely as a means of maintaining his physical fitness and contrives to fit them into his program so as to assure himself a certain amount of exercise each day.

"When I am in London," said the Prince, "my day begins with an hour or more of squash or calisthenics, followed by a swim or a cold plunge. I try to make this an invariable rule." This, in fact, may be called the irreducible minimum of what the Prince believes to be necessary as daily exercise. No matter how crowded his program, he seldom relinquishes this hour in the gymnasium. If absolutely necessary, he rises at a very early hour in order to fit it in. This hour, as he said, works out his muscles sufficiently to condition him for a long and often wholly sedentary day.

The sports in which riding is an element are those which the Prince especially prefers. When I asked him to name his favorite sport, the answer came quickly. "That's easy," he said with a smile. "Hunting, of course. It's Lord Lonsdale's favorite sport, too, isn't it? But he's better at it than I am," the Prince added quickly with a deprecating grin.

For indoor games of any kind the Prince has little fondness. He is, however, devoted to dancing, perhaps because it, too, is a form of exercise. "I suppose that dancing is my major indoor sport," he told me. "We dance over here quite as much, I believe, as you do in America. And we get all your new steps just as quickly as we can. I'm very fond of the American dances, and I never tire of dancing—especially if I have good partners."

I asked the Prince what proportion of time, in his opinion, a man or woman should devote to exercise in order to keep in thoroughly fit condition.

"All the time they can," the Prince answered. "The real point, however, is not the amount of time one spends in exercise or sports, but the regularity and consistency with which one takes them on. Nor does it make much difference what form of exercise one takes; all forms are beneficial. Some form of violent exercise, such as squash or handball, is an excellent antidote to fatigue; it limbers up the body and develops energy. But if a man or woman spends an hour a day with consistent regularity in vigorous exercise, he or she can bring themselves into good physical condition and maintain that condition under a high pressure of work. The ideal thing," the Prince added, "is to cultivate a variety of sports for the special benefits to be derived from each of them. That is the method which I personally employ to keep fit. But with a limited amount of time at one's disposal, one should plan for a minimum amount of exercise daily and adhere to that plan, increasing the amount of time as one finds the opportunity to do so. In these days when so many people are engaged in exclusively sedentary occupations, we cannot too often remind ourselves of the absolute necessity for physical culture. Sports of all kinds are good things in themselves, but they serve a much more important function than that of amusement. They are really a means for fitting men and women for the increasing burdens and responsibilities of life." Such is the Prince of Wales's recipe for keeping fit. As he gave my hand a firm grip in leavetaking, I looked at the erect, agile figure of Great Britain's future King, clear-eyed and vigorous, and I understood how it is that, though he is one of the hardest working men in England, he is undaunted by his job and unperturbed by the future.

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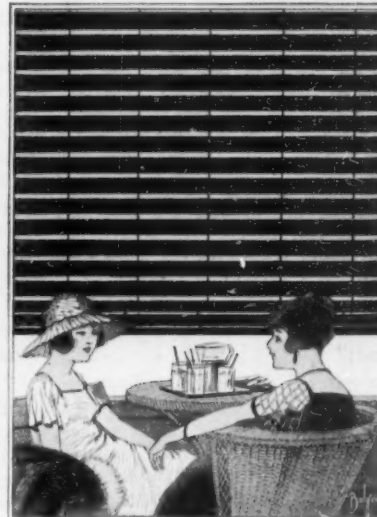
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[The perfect shade for all types of living, sleeping or sun porches—on city home, summer cottage, or country club. Aerolux Shades have many exclusive features. Ask for them by name.]

# ALL EYES ON PEGGY by Betty Earle

**S**HE was thin and all angles. She had a little pointed face and straight, straggly hair. Her mother called her Marguerite. Her sisters called her Peggy. When they called her Peg, she winced. It was too true.

Mrs. Davis could drape a few yards of plain gingham over Lillian or Elsa—and they looked beautiful. Not so with Peggy. She lacked style. Clothes hung.

She played tennis, basketball; swam, skated; did all the athletic stunts people expected of her boyish build—and hated them all. She longed to stand at twilight in the daisy field, sunset skies behind her, a clear star overhead, and have an appreciative poet creep near unawares. "You—you are just like a flower!"

A flower. All her dreams and ambitions merged into that. A flower. Yet she was a weed, too thin and ungainly . . . something for gay parties in automobiles to pass, nod to carelessly, and forget. They caught her in the field once. She was stooping for a daisy. As they passed, she leaped to the top of the fence and clung there, waving both arms grotesquely, till they laughed at her wild comics.

A flower.

It was in the same field two days later that her shoes sunk into gluey clay and refused release. She tugged. One foot came loose of the shoe. Half shod, limping across the field, attempting to avoid the worst of the mud, she saw and hailed Chad Norway.

Chad was the new doctor, the home boy grown suddenly wise. He jumped out of his car and was half across the field before she could reach the fence. "There's a ton of clay on that foot now," he warned her, and picked her up and swung her across the fence.

As he set her in his car, he gave her the first compliment she could remember receiving. "What a light thing you are!"

She entered the house without her shoe. Her mother glanced at her feet, saw nothing she didn't expect to see, announced casually, "Lillian and Jim have put the wedding forward a month. You know, of course, that you and Elsa are to be bridesmaids. The dressmaker is upstairs to fit you."

Peggy laughed ironically. "Fit me!" she repeated and hobbled up the stairs.

The dressmaker was draping pink across Elsa's fair shoulders. Peggy paused at the flush on Elsa's cheeks. The pink turned her into a miracle.

"Isn't it gorgeous!" cried Elsa. "And that blue on the bed is for you."

"Oh!" She lifted the blue to her face. "It's—it's so terribly blue. It makes me look darker than ever."

"I know, but—" Elsa caught herself in time. She almost said, "But what difference does it make—on you?"

Peggy realized. She laughed pleasantly. "I had forgotten everything was to be pink and blue."



She seized both his hands. She clung to them, her face white, wistful before him. "Say it, say it again, Chad!"

The dressmaker achieved no miracle for Peggy. There was shape to the blue dress; but not on Peg. Peggy tried it on when she was alone . . . tried draping it, lifting it here and there, holding cream up to her throat to shut the bright blue from her face. Nothing mattered. It made her dingy. It hung.

Elsa found her thus. "Now that Jim's brother has gone west, Lillian wants Chad Norway to be best man."

"Chad!"

"He asked about you before making a call on Mrs. Reynolds, next door. Did you see your mail? A package and letter from Pennsylvania."

Peggy rushed down the stairs. She knew no one in Pennsylvania. She had ordered no gift. Yet she saw in a fleeting glance that the package was addressed to "Miss Marguerite Davis." She opened it a bit excitedly. She shook out the soft twilight blue and marveled at its shimmer. She read a portion of the letter.

" . . . So I am sending the shade of blue that will soften your complexion. And if draped like the pictured frock I sent you yesterday. . . ."

She held the fair blue to her face. Oh, it did, it did soften her complexion. If she could only hide the angles now—

She turned the mysterious letter over, and for the first time read the address. "Oh! It's a mistake," she said, "there's another Marguerite Davis!"

She folded the silk, rewrapped the package. But new thoughts were tumbling over each other as she worked—a great new hope suddenly dawned. A moment later, package held tight, she

was fairly flying down the street. . . .

That night she wrote a letter that touched the heart of a woman in Scranton, Pennsylvania.

"I'm not so terribly awkward," she wrote, "only no one knows how to dress me. I don't know how to dress myself. I'm—I'm just a peg for things to hang on. I want to be girlish—flowerlike. Help me make myself like a flower! In seven weeks. For Chad."

It was like a prayer.

And the woman who counted no day a day till she had answered such fervent pleas, wrote warmly:

"My dear: You can make in secret the lovely pale blue dress you want. Yet we must work fast, you and I, to make you seem so beautiful by your sister's wedding day. As for Chad—"

\* \* \*

Wedding preparations hid from her mother, her sisters, Peggy's absorption in her new work. When they thought her sitting silently in her room, she was before the mirror, draping. Not even Chad's frequent stopping on the way to Mrs. Reynolds accounted for all the radiance in her eyes.

A strange, lovely girl stood in the mirror on the day of the wedding. Blue, whose supple folds had been like water through her fingers, hung in cool, flimsy fluffiness. The color, the softness, the simplicity made her fragile—as if one moment she might be there, and then—not there at all. Exultancy touched her face. "And I—I made you," she whispered in awe.

"Peg!" It was her mother's voice. "Have you seen her, Elsa? Her blue dress is still on her bed, untouched."

"She hates that shade of blue, Mother."

"I know, but—Peg! Peg!"

"That's not my name any more," she told herself whimsically. "I'm Peggy or Marguerite now."

She slipped down to the landing, where the stairs made their turn. She could hear the guests talking. Then the deep, hushful note of Chad's voice, "Where's Peggy?"

She came down the three remaining steps. . . . Suddenly all eyes were on Peggy. Before that blinding leap of admiration she lowered her eyes demurely, focused them on her arm, somehow so white against that pale blue gleam.

Lillian kept looking at her in a kind of amazed wonder. And Chad—Chad was near Peggy. The blue was all a twilight sky, and there was a star somewhere.

"Why—why—Peggy—you look just like a flower—"

She seized both his hands. She clung to them, her face white, wistful before him. "Say it, say it again, Chad!"

He looked at the graceful sweep of her dress—at the new paleness it lent her throat, her face—at her hair smoothed back in that new, simple way. He blushed, grew embarrassed with the emotion that awed him.

"But—Peggy—you do look—just like a flower!"

\* \* \*

Wouldn't you, too, like to know the joy that Peggy found—the happiness of having lovely clothes, really charming, becoming clothes? And wouldn't you like to know the satisfaction of making them yourself at wonderful savings?

Then write, as Peggy did, to the Woman's Institute, the great school that has brought clothes happiness to thousands of women and girls. And let Mary Brooks Picken, its Director of Instruction, be to you, as she was to Peggy, an understanding friend. For with her personal help and the Institute's fascinating plan, you can really learn with amazing ease, right at home, wherever you may live, to plan and make the clothes your heart desires.

Just the tiniest word of interest will bring you—free—the booklet "Making Beautiful Clothes," with the full story of what the Woman's Institute can do for you. This booklet tells how you can have lovely dresses just in free minutes at home—make them at smallest cost . . . give them little striking touches that make them distinctively becoming to you . . . be ready for happy times . . . make money.

A stamp may bring you, too, more good luck than you ever had before. Won't you send a letter, postal, or this coupon, so we can start the booklet to you by return mail?

## WOMAN'S INSTITUTE Dept. 3-F, Scranton, Penna.

Please send me, without obligation, a copy of your 48-page booklet, "Making Beautiful Clothes." I am most interested in learning—

- ☐ How to Plan and Make Attractive Clothes
- ☐ How to Earn Money Sewing for Others
- ☐ How to Become a Professional Dressmaker
- ☐ How to Design and Make Becoming Hats
- ☐ How to Become a Successful Milliner
- ☐ The Art of Successful Cooking

Name.....  
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....



## Two Favorite McCall Frocks Worn By The Famous Movie Star Hope Hampton

### The Outlook

By  
Anne Rittenhouse

**A**N EXTRAORDINARY phase of dress has come upon the women of the land, considering the accepted creed for simplicity in the cut of clothes and in their reduction to the irreducible minimum. This phase is expressed in an overwhelming desire to decorate whatever is worn and whatever is the background of home life. It may be a revolt against too much simplicity.

Maybe it was ushered into fashion by the effort of fabric weavers to print all the colorful designs of dead ages on cloth surfaces. Maybe it was caused by the quickening of dead Victorianism in ornaments for the house. But whether it is the influence of the spirit of Tut of Luxor or Victoria of Windsor is of slight importance. The fashion enlivens our new frocks, it reaches into all the corners of the rooms we inhabit, it touches the things that women covet and possess. Thank fortune, it has not reached the frying pan and the griddle, raising them to wall decoration. William Morris of England gave his genius to abolish the transposal of kitchen implements into drawing-room society. Let them stay in the shadows.

#### Frocks with Bow-knots on Hips

Simplicity is the creed of Vionnet's frocks shown in New York, yet she paints or embroiders a conspicuous bow-knot on the hip. It is of gold or silver, it is of embroidery and gilt, and, always, it is the distinguishing mark of the gown. Other dressmakers, taking her cue, also put bow-knots of vivid embroidery on the hips of their frocks. Poiret paints large arches of gilt and black on the front of a gown. Chiffons are hand-painted with bouquets of flowers. Hats are painted, also embroidered. Stockings are hand-painted over the instep and up the ankle.

A striking evidence of the desire for decoration in the house is shown in the fact that "McCall's Needlework Book" has given its readers several designs for ornamental bedspreads, and over 900,000 designs were sold. The number will have gone into a million, probably, when this gets into print. The "Needlework Book" not only gave women a good idea sponsored by the best interior decorators, but it gave precise instructions how to carry it out, which is first aid to the anxious, for women are often fired with a new suggestion for home improvement, but no one gives a satisfactory answer to their question: "How is it done?"

[Turn to page 78]

**No. 3723, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS.** Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material. Width,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

**No. 3722, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS.** Size 16 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material. Width, at lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

**No. 3702, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' DRESS;** four-piece camisole skirt. Size 16 requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch material for blouse,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch for skirt and collar. Width, at lower edge,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

**No. 3700, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS;** two-piece skirt with pleated front flounces attached to body lining. Size 36 requires  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material. Width,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

**No. 3719, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS;** three-piece wrap-around skirt. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 32-inch material,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 27-inch contrasting. Width,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.



3723 Dress  
6 sizes, 14-16,  
36-42

3722 Dress  
8 sizes, 14-16, 36-46



3700 Dress  
8 sizes, 14-16,  
36-46



3702 Dress  
5 sizes, 12-20



3719 Dress  
6 sizes, 14-16,  
36-42



## The Sleeveless Summer Frock

Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.



3703 Dress  
8 sizes, 14-16,  
36-46

No. 3703, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material,  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

No. 3723, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch material,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 36-inch for collars and cuffs. Width,  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards.

No. 3707, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 27-inch; front,  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard of 27-inch. Width,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards. A satin-stitch monogram. Embroidery No. 1267 would complete the smart effect.

3723 Dress  
6 sizes, 14-16, 36-42

3708 Dress  
8 sizes, 14-16,  
36-46  
Emb. No. 1352

3706 Dress  
9 sizes, 34-50

3721 Dress  
7 sizes, 14-16,  
36-44

No. 3708, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material. Width,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards. Embroidery No. 1352 in chain-stitch, would give a desirable finish.

No. 3721, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material. Width,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 3706, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 40-inch material,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards.

3707 Dress  
7 sizes,  
14-16, 36-44  
Emb. No. 1267

### The Outlook

[Continued from page 77]

#### Painting the Front Porch

A guest arriving for a week-end party at a country house encountered a group of women on the front porch who, wearing bungalow aprons and gingham sunbonnets, greeted the visitor with wildly waving brushes and cried out: "Look out for the paint! We are decorating the porch and everything on it in French blue. Watch your step if you value your clothes."

"Can't you afford painters to do that work?" was the query.

"We can. But we won't. The fun is in doing it ourselves. All the women in the countryside are at this work," was the answer.

The wife of a rich man entered a dinner party late. Unpardonable. . . . But she quickly appeased the hostess by saying: "I'm sorry, but I was so engrossed in painting flowers on slippers that I forgot the time." And they were off on that subject. Here's what I picked up from their sophisticated conversation; that old slippers are made to look like new by painting them to match, or to contrast with, the frock; that they are decorated with bouquets of small French flowers on the vamp; that a fashionable and costly Fifth Avenue bootmaker is making black or white satin ones, preferably the former, the vamps covered with eighteenth-century [Turn to page 79]





Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

## For The First Warm Days

**3709 Dress**  
8 sizes, 14-16, 36-46

**3713 Dress**  
8 sizes, 14-16, 36-46

**3704 Dress**  
9 sizes, 34-50

**3717 Dress**  
8 sizes, 14-16, 36-46

**3719 Dress**  
6 sizes, 14-16, 36-42

**3722 Dress**  
8 sizes, 14-16, 36-46  
Emb. No. 1314

**No. 3709, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS.** Size 16 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material. Width,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

**No. 3713, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS.** Size 16 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 32-inch material; contrasting,  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 36-inch. Width,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

**No. 3704, LADIES' DRESS.** Size 36 requires  $2\frac{5}{8}$  yards of 36-inch material,  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

**No. 3719, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS;** three-piece wrap-around skirt. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 32-inch material; contrasting,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 27-inch. Width,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

**No. 3722, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS.** Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material. Width,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards. Effective darning-stitch flowers are suggested for trimming, using Embroidery No. 1314.

**No. 3717, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS;** three-piece wrap-around skirt. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material,  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

### The Outlook

[Continued from page 78]

flowers in different, but harmonizing colors; that he asks eighty-five dollars for them, not by the dozen but the pair; that women of rank and wealth are painting their own at home. Oil colors are used for painting the slippers.

#### Muslin and Embroidery Underclothes

At another house the women of the family, plus a seamstress or two, were busy with a trousseau of fine nainsook and handkerchief linen with exquisite patterning of embroidery at the edges. "I didn't know anyone made underclothes at home in these days of jersey silk and ready-to-wear crêpe de Chine garments," said an onlooker.

"You are behind the times," answered the mother of the future bride. "Hand embroidery in fine workmanship on wash muslin has returned to fashion, especially for trousseaux." And it's true, that statement.

#### Blouses with Embroidered Frills

Chanel, of Paris, who has invented a goodly percentage of the fashions adopted by American women, [Turn to page 89]





## Confident of Abiding Charm!

NO woman can radiate freshness and sweetness—her greatest charm—so long as she is annoyed by excessive underarm perspiration. Neither can she avoid ruined gowns nor the embarrassment of armpit odor. If you are such a sufferer, by all means USE NONSPI, which

### Keeps The Underarms Dry and Odorless

NONSPI is an old reliable remedy that destroys the odor and diverts the excessive moisture from the underarms to other portions of the body. It has a record of many years of honorable service; is used by more than a million women; recommended by physicians, chemists and first-class toilet and drug dealers everywhere.

NONSPI is unscented and contains no artificial coloring matter whatever. It is not intended to appeal to sight or smell, but consists in its entirety of antiseptic and other beneficial ingredients. Daily baths do not lessen the effect of Nonspi and about two applications a week will free you from perspiration worry. 50c (several months' supply) at all toilet and drug dealers or by mail direct.

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Send for  
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If you wish first to make a personal test, send us 4c for TESTING SAMPLE and booklet telling what medical authorities say about armpit perspiration.

THE NONSPI COMPANY  
2630 Walnut St. Kansas City, Mo.

## New Modes of Early Summer



Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

No. 3701, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material; contrasting,  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 36-inch; chemisette,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 36-inch. Width,  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards.

No. 3623, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material. Width,  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards. A graceful flower design in buttonhole- and darning-stitch from Embroidery No. 1360 would be most decorative.

No. 3633, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 27-inch contrasting. Width,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

3623 Dress  
7 sizes, 14-16,  
36-44  
Emb. No. 1360

3701 Dress  
10 sizes, 14-16,  
36-50

No. 3704, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{5}{8}$  yards of 36 or 40-inch material; vest,  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 36-inch. Width,  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards.

No. 3703, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 32-inch material. Width,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards. Chinese motifs and border may be worked in bright colors and simple stitches according to Embroidery No. 1337.

3703 Dress  
8 sizes, 14-16,  
36-46  
Emb. No. 1337

3704 Dress  
9 sizes, 34-50

No. 3643, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires  $3\frac{5}{8}$  yards of 36-inch material. Width,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards. A wheel motif in outline- and darning-stitch. Embroidery No. 1355, will supply the necessary trimming.

No. 3631, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material. Width,  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards. Trimmed with braid and a satin-stitch Chinese monogram from Embroidery No. 1267, this model is most smart.

3643 Dress  
6 sizes, 14-16,  
36-42  
Emb. No. 1335

3631 Dress  
10 sizes, 14-16,  
36-50  
Emb. No. 1267



# The Essential Sports Frock

Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage pre-paid, from The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

No. 3713, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material; contrasting,  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 36-inch. Width,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

No. 3630, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material; contrasting  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 36-inch. Width,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards. In striped flannel with a satin-stitch Chinese monogram. Embroidery No. 1267, this frock would be most smart.

No. 3701, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material; contrasting,  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 36-inch. Width,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards.



3707 Dress  
7 sizes, 14-16,  
36-44  
Emb. No. 1335

3655  
Dress  
8 sizes, 14-16,  
30-40



3713 Dress  
8 sizes, 14-16,  
30-40

3630 Dress  
8 sizes, 14-16,  
30-40  
Emb. No. 1267

3701  
Dress  
10 sizes,  
14-16,  
30-50

3717 Dress  
8 sizes, 14-16,  
36-46  
Emb. No. 1252

No. 3707, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch. Width,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards. This may be decorated with a design in darning- and out-line-stitch from Embroidery No. 1335.

No. 3655, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 16,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch; collar,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 45-inch. Width,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

No. 3717, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material. Width,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards. Embroidery No. 1252, the pointed monogram, may be worked in satin-stitch.

No. 3721, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material; collar,  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 36-inch. Width,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards.



## Youth, Grace and Comfort

are assured the woman who wears

Featherbone Girdle No. 4070

Light in weight, yet sufficiently boned, of a special fabric and excellent elastic webbing and designed to give long straight lines; it is ideal for warm weather occasions.

Ask for it by name in your local dry goods store

In case you are unable to find it we will send you one on receipt of \$2.00 and your waist measure. Even sizes 22 to 32.

*Warren's*



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In made-to-order garments request "Warren's" Girdelin for the belt in your suit or when replacing a flimsy belt in a ready-to-wear suit use this dependable belting. It assures the straight, smooth line so necessary in the new severely tailored models.

It comes plain or with Featherbone supports and is made in a variety of widths, including the very narrow now so popular.

On sale at all notion Counters



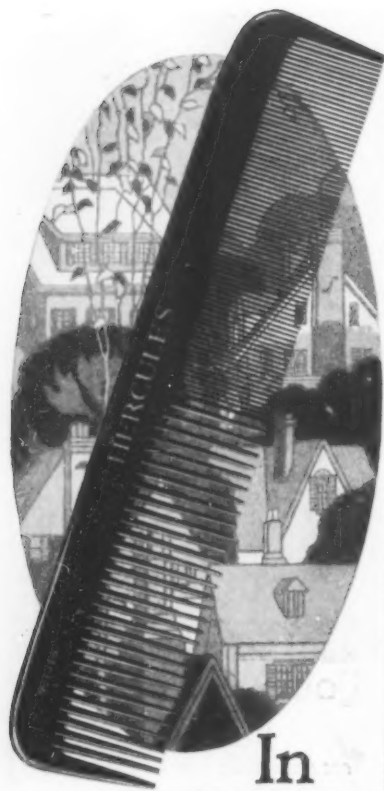
"Warren's" belt length of Girdelin finished with hooks and eyes.

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NO matter how large the family, or how limited the means, no two persons should use the same comb.

Hygiene demands an individual comb.

You will find Ace Quality Combs in a sufficient variety of style to suit any taste, and priced to meet every purse. The parallel teeth, smooth surfaces and rounded edges protect your hair and distinguish them from ordinary combs.

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## Smart Sport Effects

3629 Blouse  
7 sizes, 34-46

3644  
Shirtwaist  
9 sizes, 34-50

3718 Skirt  
9 sizes, 26-42

No. 3725, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36, 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch. Satin-stitch initials from Embroidery No. 1049 may be used.

3725 Blouse  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Emb. No. 1049

3627 Blouse  
9 sizes, 34-50  
3540 Skirt  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Emb. No. 1267

3615 Coat  
8 sizes, 14-16,  
36-46  
3531 Blouse  
7 sizes, 34-46  
3380 Skirt  
6 sizes, 34-44

3628 Blouse  
6 sizes,  
34-44  
3667 Skirt  
6 sizes,  
34-44

No. 3718, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT. Size 28 requires 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch material. Width, at lower edge, 1 1/2 yards.

No. 3615, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36 requires 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch material.

No. 3531, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3380, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT. Size 36 requires 2 1/2 yards of 54-inch material; cami-sole, 3/4 yard of 32-inch. Width, at lower edge, 2 yards.

For other descriptions,  
see page 89

## Wayne Wardrobes



Your clothes  
deserve this  
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WAYNE Wardrobes offer a protection from destructive dust and moths. They can be quickly closed and fastened absolutely tight. Made of extra heavy duplex paper re-enforced. Strong and durable, they will last for years.

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Remit \$3 and we will send you our guaranteed \$18 Acme Collapsible Adjustable Form. Pay the balance of \$15 at the end of 3 months. Ten Days' Trial. If unsatisfactory, return form and we will gladly refund your \$3.

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Do you need money? National organization, Fireside Industries, has a few openings for new members. Wonderful, easy way to earn \$5, \$10 or more every day right in your own home. Fascinating, pleasant work. No experience needed. We teach you everything.

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## Deaf Can Hear Says Science

### New Invention Aids Thousands

Here's good news for all who suffer from deafness. The Dictograph Products Corporation announces the perfection of a remarkable device which has enabled thousands of deaf persons to hear as well as ever. The makers of this wonderful device say it is too much to expect you to believe this, so they are going to give you a chance to try it at home. They offer to send it by prepaid parcel post on a ten day free trial. They do not send it C.O.D.—they require no deposit—there is no obligation. They send it entirely at their own expense and risk. They are making this extraordinary offer well knowing that the magic of this little instrument will so amaze and delight the user that the chances of its being returned are very slight. Thousands have already accepted this offer and report most gratifying results. There's no longer any need that you should endure the mental and physical strain which comes from a constant effort to hear. Now you can mingle with your friends without that feeling of sensitiveness from which all deaf persons suffer. Now you can take your place in the social and business world to which your talents entitle you and from which your affliction has, in a measure, excluded you. Just send your name and address to the Dictograph Products Corporation, 1361 Candler Bldg., 220 W. 42nd St., New York, for descriptive literature and request blank.



# A Variety of Summer Styles



3632 Dress  
8 sizes, 14-16,  
36-46



3725 Blouse  
7 sizes, 34-46

3654 Blouse  
7 sizes, 34-46

3724 Blouse  
7 sizes, 34-46



3638 Dress  
7 sizes, 14-16  
36-44



3592 Dress  
10 sizes, 14-16,  
36-50

3583 Dress  
8 sizes, 14-16,  
36-46  
Emb. No. 1287



3622 Dress  
7 sizes, 14-16,  
36-44  
Emb. No. 1119



Mother  
Says:

"My children just  
love 'E-Z' Waist  
Union Suits"

"I CAN understand it. They are the most comfortable things I've ever seen in the way of children's undergarments, so generous in size, of such fine, fresh, cool fabric and with every little detail so well cared for."

"Aside from the pleasure and satisfaction that they give me because it's no trouble to wash and launder them, I wouldn't have any other kind for the children's sake."

Mothers prefer "E-Z" Nainsook Undergarments because the buttons are of real bone, and all the important ones are securely taped on. That's why they won't tear off during play or break in washing. The buttonholes can't tear, break or unravel. The garter pin is kept straight in a tube of tape so that it can't tear the garment. Made in athletic knee for boys and bloomer knee for girls. Each suit sealed in an individual, sanitary, glassine envelope.

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UNION SUIT**  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

The Standard By Which To Measure  
All Children's Underwear  
SOLD IN THE  
CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR DEPARTMENT  
OF MOST GOOD STORES

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Booklet "B"

The  
E-Z Waist Co.  
61 Worth St.  
New York



**FINISH**—Carefully  
sewn, hand pressed.  
Triple stitched at waist  
to doubly secure all  
garment supporting  
taped buttons.

No. 3632, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material, ¾ yard of 10-inch lace. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards.

No. 3725, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE; dropped shoulder. Size 36 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material, 1½ yards of 36-inch for chemisette and puff sleeve.

No. 3638, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; two-piece circular tunic; two-piece foundation skirt. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 36- or 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards.

No. 3592, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material, ½ yard of 36-inch for collar and cuffs. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards.

No. 3654, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material, 2½ yards of 2½-inch ribbon.

No. 3724, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 3583, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. Embroidery No. 1287 in running- and button-hole-stitch may be placed diagonally for an original effect.

No. 3622, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. A delightful trimming suggestion is the bead design Embroidery No. 1119.

# ! betrayed

*Their first conversation betrayed the fact that she was not fastidious*

AT a distance she had appeared unusually neat, immaculate. But upon their first face-to-face meeting he discovered that her teeth were not clean. And he soon lost interest.

So many people overlook this one matter of fastidiousness. And do so in spite of the fact that in conversation the teeth are the one most noticeable thing about you.

Notice today how you, yourself, watch another person's teeth when he or she is talking. If the teeth are not well kept they at once become a liability.

*Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth a new way. At last our chemists have discovered a polishing ingredient that really cleans without scratching the enamel—a difficult problem finally solved.*

You will notice the improvement even in the first few days. And you know it is cleaning safely.

So the makers of Listerine, the safe antiseptic, have found for you also the really safe dentifrice.

What are your teeth saying about you today?—**LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., Saint Louis, U. S. A.**

## LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Large tube—25c

## Smart Ideas for Children



No. 3712, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS; with special embroidery. Size 6, 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch, 3/4 yard of 36-inch. To be embroidered in French knots, lazy-daisy and outline-stitch.

3712 Dress  
4 sizes, 2-8

3577 Dress  
5 sizes, 2-10

No. 3577, CHILD'S DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. Size 4 requires 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch, 3/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

3640 Dress  
5 sizes, 2-10

No. 3640, CHILD'S DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. Size 4 requires 2 1/4 yards of 32-inch, 3/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3636, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 4 requires 1 1/4 yards of 32-inch material.

3636 Dress  
6 sizes, 2-12

3716 Dress  
4 sizes, 1-6  
Emb. No. 1053

3634 Dress  
5 sizes, 6-14

For other descriptions, see page 89



3705 Dress  
5 sizes, 6-14  
Emb. No. 1072

3716 3698 3698 3698

3653 Dress  
5 sizes, 6-14

3625 Romper  
4 sizes, 6 months to 3 years  
Emb. No. 355

3698 Apron  
Small, medium, large  
View A

3698 Apron  
Small, medium, large  
Emb. No. 1290  
View B

3698 Apron  
Small, medium, large  
Emb. No. 1198  
View C

3712 3577 3640 3636 3634 3705 3653 3625



# Could They Be Daintier?



3556 Dress  
5 sizes, 2-10



3697 Romper  
3 sizes, 2-6

3696 Suit  
4 sizes, 2-8



3711 Dress  
4 sizes, 2-8



No. 3711. CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS WITH BLOOMERS; with special embroidery. Size 6, 2½ yards of 36-inch. ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Patch flowers are applied with buttonhole-stitch.

No. 3556. CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards of 32-inch check, ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3696. BOY'S SUIT. Size 4 requires 1¾ yards of 32-inch material. ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3697. CHILD'S ROMPER. Size 4 requires 1¾ yards of 27-inch, ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3613. CHILD'S ONE-PIECE DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. Size 4 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material. ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

3613 Dress  
5 sizes, 2-10



3639 Dress  
5 sizes, 6-14  
Emb. No. 1338

3705 Dress  
5 sizes, 6-14

For other descriptions see page 80



3650 Dress  
5 sizes, 2-10



3710 Dress  
4 sizes, 8-14

3702 Dress  
5 sizes, 12-20

No. 3639. GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 14 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material. 2¾ yards of 8-inch embroidered flouncing. The front may be adorned with an eyelet and satin-stitch spray from Embroidery No. 1338.

No. 3705. GIRL'S DRESS. Size 6 requires 2 yards of 32-inch material. ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3699. GIRL'S PRINCESS SLIP. Size 14 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material.



3711 3556 3696 3697



3699 Slip  
6 sizes, 8-18

3714 Slip  
5 sizes, 6-14  
Emb. No. 646



3613 3639 3705 3699 3714 3650 3702 3710



YOUR pride in the beauty of Rollins will be equaled by satisfaction in long wear. You can wear Rollins on all occasions with economy — and your ankles will always appear at their best. Our exclusive Harms-Not dye gives permanent color and luster without lessening the living strength of the finest yarns. The sale of Rollins is nation-wide — sold direct from mills to retail merchants.

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DES MOINES, IOWA  
Factories: Des Moines and Boone, Iowa

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and Children

it does one thing  
well



SANI-FLUSH cleans and purifies the toilet bowl and hidden trap—it was made for that particular purpose—and it does that one job better than you can by any other means.

Sani-Flush removes all stains and incrustations. Sanitizes the unhealthful trap, too, without injury to plumbing connections. Destroys all foul odors.

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Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25c for a full-size can.

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Canton, Ohio

**Sani-Flush**  
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

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is the word!



"Mum" prevents  
all body odors

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"Mum", the snow-white cream—not only prevents perspiration odor, but *all* body odors. "Mum" is so effective and so safe that dainty women use it with the sanitary pad. 25c and 50c at all stores.

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Mum Mfg. Co.  
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Philadelphia



How to Make  
Your Own  
Hats



1363  
See back view  
below.



1363  
See back view  
below.



1362



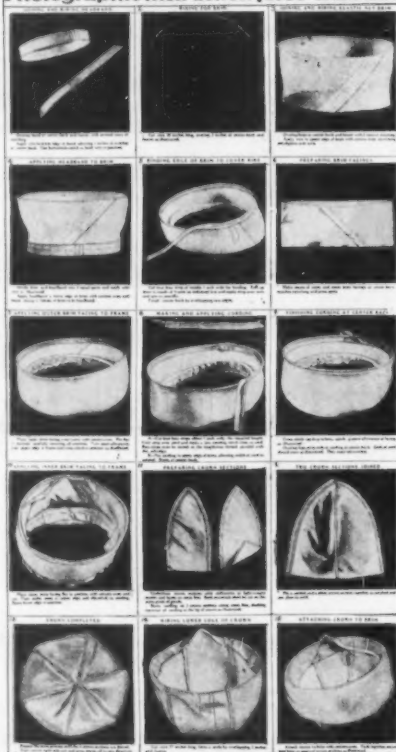
1354



1355

Large pictures in  
each pattern show  
how to make hat  
step-by-step, similar  
to the Photographic  
Instructions below.

**Photographic Instruction for McCall Hat**



1363



1354

No. 1362, McCALL PATTERN FOR LADIES' HAT. In 23½-inch head size. Bias folds of silk or organdie, or narrow straw braid, may be used. Price, 35 cents.

No. 1363, McCALL PATTERN FOR HAT WITH TRANSFER. In 24-inch head size. Two styles shown, narrow ribbon embroidered, or straw trimmed with ribbon. Price, 35 cents.

No. 1354, McCALL PATTERN FOR LADIES' HAT. In 23-inch head size. Requires 1 yard, 36 inches wide, brocade or plain silk; other materials stated, directions. Price, 35 cents.

No. 1355, McCALL PATTERN FOR HAT WITH TRANSFER. In 24-inch head size. Make and embroider with silk floss and beads as directed in pattern. Price, 35 cents.

**How to Obtain McCall Patterns**

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-250 W. 37th St., New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.



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Creator of  
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Established 1855

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Boudoir  
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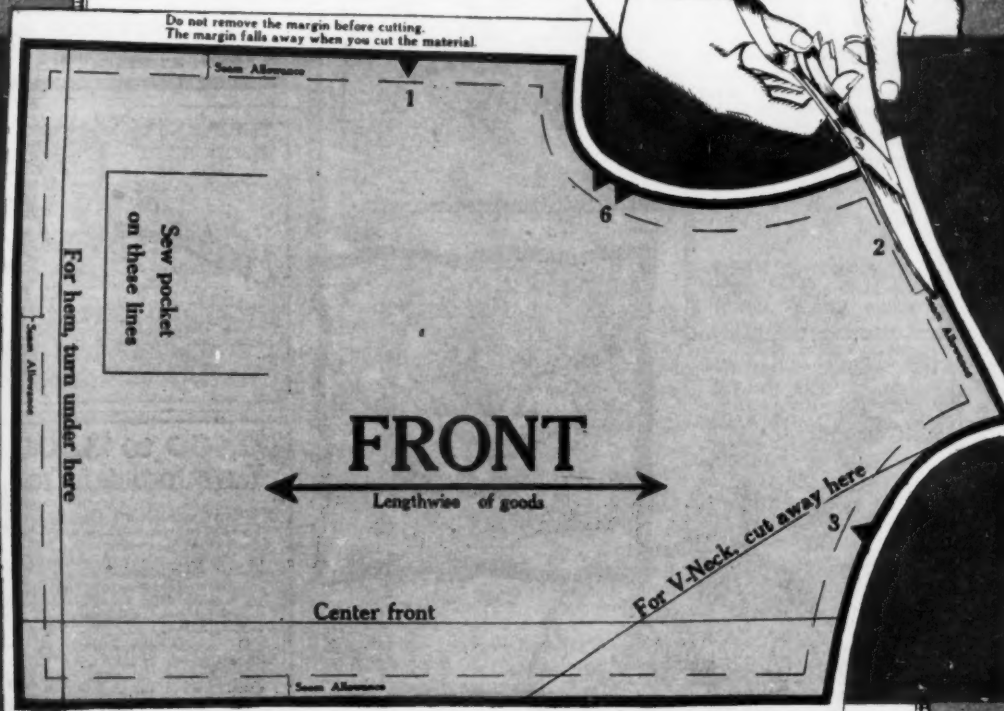
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luxurious. Instantly and unfailingly  
the eyes appear larger, deeper  
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of satisfied McCall Pattern Users  
**Because**  
the printed cutting line  
found only on  
**McCall Printed Patterns**  
is the only way of  
reproducing styles  
accurately



**Cut on a printed line**  
-not along a wobbly paper edge  
The margin, that protects the accuracy  
of the printed cutting line, falls away  
as you cut through paper and material

Patented Aug. 16, 1921

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**ALADDIN**  
We Pay the Freight  
You can buy all the materials for a complete home direct from the manufacturer and save four profits on the lumber, mill-work, hardware, labor.

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Living room, dining room, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, bath, other plans, some with porches, dining alcoves, grade and inside cellar entrances. Get free Aladdin Catalog.

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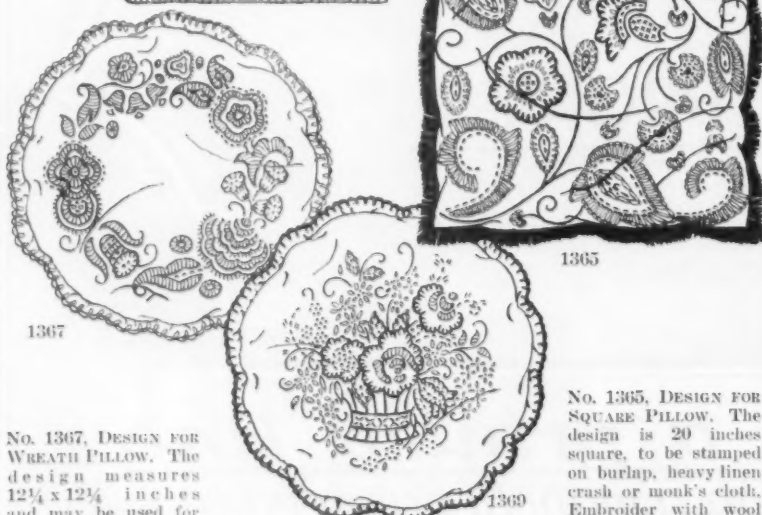
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By Elisabeth May Blondel



No. 1367, DESIGN FOR WREATH PILLOW. The design measures 12½ x 12½ inches and may be used for either a 20 or a 22-inch pillow. The pattern gives a chart for placing colors, also full embroidery directions. Price, 25 cents. Yellow or blue.

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No. 1366, DESIGN FOR BUTTERFLY SPRAYS. Pattern includes 4 large sprays (2 given as opposites) 10½ x 13 inches; 6 small sprays 3½ x 5½ inches. Directions for making and suggestions for color schemes given in the pattern. Price, 35 cents. Yellow or blue.

No. 1365, DESIGN FOR SQUARE PILLOW. The design is 20 inches square, to be stamped on burlap, heavy linen crash or monk's cloth. Embroider with wool on natural colored material in the bright peasant colorings as shown on pattern. Full directions included. Price, 35 cents. Yellow or blue.

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Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Transfer Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-250 W. 37th St., New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.



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I am made of the finest, long combed silky cotton; and my rich, deep, beautiful, delicate colors are as clear and brilliant and fast as Nature's own flowers. The old established house of Henry Glass & Co. stands back of me with this

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### FERRIS MATERNITY CORSETS

The Ferris Bros. Co., 5 Union Square, New York

## The Outlook

[Continued from page 79]

has sent us a new blouse for summer which is so reminiscent of another era that one searches the family album to find its counterpart. It is of white muslin with dozens of tiny ruffles going around it between shoulder and waist, each one finely scalloped and embroidered at the lower edge with colored floss. Chanel prefers black on white, but other color combination is permissible. A blouse in the new shade of blue called "Madonna" which was used by the fifteenth-century religious painters, has embroidery in a deeper shade of blue.

The white handkerchief linen tuck-in waist, which went by the name of "shirtwaist" in the decades when it was a commonplace of the wardrobe, has been returned to high fashion by Paris as a suitable accessory to the boyish suit of tweed. It shows exquisite embroidery of the kind women delight to do at home. Even feminine pajamas are embroidered with a crest or monogram, if nothing more elaborate is attempted.

Sweaters are splendidly decorated, but not with the Ukrainian cross-stitch. Flowers are the fashion for needlework. Interior decorators, who have suddenly covered the earth like robins after a Spring shower, have led us back to embroidered curtains of cotton stuffs. The "Needlework Book" shows new designs for these curtains along with working instructions. It shows, also, the arrangement of the fascinating new kitchens Americans have suddenly come to like. Painted in gay colors are these kitchens, with embroidered curtains, embroidered napery in designs that show kitchen implements animated into delightfully foolish activities. There are pots of bright flowers in the windows, cupboards of color showing brightly china holders of such dull things as salt and pepper, bread and butter, spices and pickles.

I was invited to a kitchen breakfast

of sausages and buckwheat cakes, hot rolls and coffee in a New York apartment, incongruous as it sounds. That kitchen was as gay that Sunday morning as a child's box of blocks. Everyone wore bright gingham aprons and the hostess served the hot cakes straight from the griddle to the plates, as they should be served.

#### Trays and Boxes, Too

Women are painting tin trays for household service and wooden boxes for bureau drawers, for the kitchen, the parlor tables, for men's smoking materials. They are done on a black foundation or on the natural wood. The design often departs from flowers to Bohemian, Italian, Russian patterns and colorings. You'll find these in "The Needlework Book," also the manner of doing them.

Even the convicts are painting furniture. In the Eastern State Penitentiary, in Philadelphia, under the wardenship of Col. John C. Groome who was Chief of Military Police in France during the war, the convicts are carving and painting small pieces of gay furniture which women in Social Service work sell and send as gifts.

The desire in every woman's heart to change the appearance of frocks and furniture is gratified by this phase of decoration. What was serious oak furniture yesterday is coquettish gray and pink today. The old sofa is glorified by cushions of black velvet or taffeta embroidered with Victorian medallions of bright wool or silk flowers. Shabby chairs look cheerfully forward to gay life by reason of home-made slip covers of embroidered cotton. The somber black crêpe frock of last season is made spring-like by a bow-knot or a garland of roses on the hip, or two bands of small flowers around the bodice. The plain hem on a serge of last October grows flowers in June.

## Descriptions for Pages 82, 84, 85

### Descriptions for Page 82

No. 3644, LADIES' SHIRTWAIST. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 3629, LADIES' BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 1½ yards of 36- or 40-inch material.

No. 3627, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material. Just above the belt a satin-stitch monogram in Chinese design. Embroidery No. 1267, would be effective.

No. 3540, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1¼ yards. To border the skirt with Chinese banding in satin-stitch, Embroidery No. 1267, would be most smart.

No. 3628, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material; draped collar, 1½ yards of 12-inch.

No. 3667, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material. Width, 2¾ yards.

### Descriptions for Page 84

No. 3705, GIRL'S DRESS: two-piece skirt attached to lining. Size 14 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material, ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting. An individual touch may be given this frock by adding a satin-stitch monogram from Embroidery No. 1072.

No. 3653, GIRL'S DRESS: two-piece straight tucked skirt. Size 12 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 3625, CHILD'S ROMPER: buttoning under leg. Size 3 requires 1½ yards of 32-inch material, ¾ yard of 36-inch

contrasting. Two small daisies, easily worked in lazy-daisy-stitch from Embroidery No. 355, would add much to this romper.

No. 3716, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS; short raglan sleeves. Size 4 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material. Dainty in itself, this frock will be more so with a design of French knots, satin and lazy-daisy-stitch worked from Embroidery No. 1053.

No. 3634, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 10 requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch material, 1 yard of 27-inch contrasting.

No. 3698, GIRL'S SET OF APRONS. Small size (8-10), View A, requires 1½ yards of 32-inch material; View B, large size (16-18), 1½ yards of 36-inch; View C, medium size (12-14), 1½ yards of 32-inch. These aprons may be made very gay with cross-stitch from Embroidery No. 1290, or appliqué gingham pockets from No. 1198.

### Descriptions for Page 85

No. 3650, CHILD'S DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards of 32-inch material, ¾ yard of 36-inch.

No. 3714, GIRL'S COSTUME SLIP. Size 8 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material. Just the dainty touch needed may be obtained by adding an eyelet spray worked from Embroidery No. 646.

No. 3702, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' DRESS: separate blouse, four-piece camisole skirt; straight lower edge. Size 14 requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material. Width, 2¼ yards.

No. 3710, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS: straight pleated skirt. Size 14 requires 4½ yards of 27-inch material, ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting.



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## Ward Off Tuberculosis

By Charles Gilmore Kerley, M. D.

X-RAY examination of one hundred healthy adults will show in more than 50 per cent, changes in the lungs produced by the tubercle bacillus in infancy or early childhood. The invasion of the body by this germ results in the condition known as tuberculosis, a disease of communicable class. It cannot be inherited. When a child develops tuberculosis it means he has been infected from outside sources. There is but a small percentage of adults living today who have not at some time become infected in degree sufficient to leave its landmarks on the part of the body attacked.

Those in whom the disease was fatal represent perhaps but 3 per cent of those infected. The reason why the large percentage recovered is because they had sufficient resistance to overcome the infection.

There are two types of the bacillus, the human and the bovine. The human type is inhaled through contact with diseased persons. In them the respiratory tract is apt to be primarily involved. The bovine type is contracted with few exceptions by the use of infected milk from tubercular cows. If the present generation of tubercular adults could be segregated and if all milk given to infants and children were boiled, tuberculosis as a disease would be wiped out in one generation.

Children are particularly susceptible to infection. In the human being it may attack practically every portion of the body. Abdominal tuberculosis is comparatively rare here because of our advanced methods in the production of milk through the proper care of cows and the pasteurization and sterilization of milk.

In this country the cases of those who contracted the disease through the respiratory tract outnumber by far those infected from bovine sources. Diseased tonsils and adenoids supply a ready field for harboring of bacteria. Children suffering from these conditions offer less resistance to any bacterial invasion. Living-rooms may be infected by persons with so-called open cases.

Children brought into such an environment may contract the disease. The great foes of the tubercle bacillus are cleanliness and sunlight. The germs live in sunlight but a few hours—therefore let sunlight and fresh air enter the home and see to it that all rooms before being occupied are thoroughly scrubbed, painted and papered. In children a good many cases develop after measles and whooping cough, and this alone is sufficient reason for active effort in preventing these diseases.

IT is surprising how frequently in cases of tuberculosis in young children we have been able to trace contact with tubercular adults. The elderly persons with the chronic winter cough should be examined thoroughly before they are allowed to associate with children. Likewise nurses and nursery maids who appear delicate or anemic or are subject to coughs should be examined. Two



Be careful of your  
baby's milk

children, members of families living in a cheap, six-family apartment house, developed pulmonary tuberculosis and came to my clinic for treatment. A searching examination of the respective families failed to reveal the source of the infection. On one of my visits as I passed through the dark hall a note was thrust into my hand on which was written, "The janitor, he cough a lot, look at him." I found he had been a carpenter until he became ill, lost weight, coughed and could not work at his trade. He secured the easy position of janitor and was not careful in his habits. His sputum was filled with tubercle bacilli.

The best means of prevention in children is to maintain a high state of physical resistance. Ascertain that the child has normal respiratory passages and then keep him in good condition by proper feeding habits, exercise, suitable play, fresh air and plenty of sunlight. It may not always be necessary, but it is a safe rule to boil all milk for your infants when it is not produced from tuberculin-tested cows. There is no doubt that the majority of cases of tuberculosis apparently developed in later life were contracted during infancy.

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## The Unknown Quantity

[Continued from page 35]

exactly smart to look at. But they say they must see the master on a matter of importance."

"Perhaps I had better speak to them. Where are they?"

"I left them in the vestibule, miss," said Burgess.

She passed down the great stairway, moving quickly, purposefully, so as not to be intercepted at every step by the multitude of guests who were already arriving, and swarmed through the rooms on the lower floor. She nodded hurriedly to Buck Wetherby and stopped a moment to kiss Lady Varleigh in affectionate greeting.

She reached the vestibule, and drew back the heavy curtains that screened it from the rest of the hall. Two men were waiting there. She took them in at a glance, and an odd little misgiving went through her. Were they pressmen? Their clothes seemed to justify the assumption, but their general air served to contradict it.

The taller of the two, a man with a grizzled mustache and vaguely military bearing addressed her.

"I must apologize for seeming to intrude upon you, madam," he said, "but it is with Mr. Wyngold that our business lies."

"So I have been told," said Jeannette. "Perhaps you can give me a message for him."

"I am afraid that is impossible," he said, but he spoke with deference. "Our business is of a strictly personal nature which can only be transacted with Mr. Wyngold himself. I am sorry, madam, but I fear there is no alternative."

It came upon Jeannette suddenly, whence she knew not, that this man had authority.

"You may follow me if you wish," she said. "But please understand that I cannot admit you to my father's room without his consent!"

She reached the study door, paused an instant, then opened it quickly and entered, closing it and holding it so behind her.

"Father," she said, "two men have called to see you. They won't state their business, but they say it is important. I don't think they are pressmen. Will you see them?"

He was sitting by his reading-lamp. He looked up from the paper on his knee, startled.

He got up with a curious uneasiness. His eyes had a wide, glassy look wholly unfamiliar to him. "So they have come!" he said. "They have come!"

His look and air frightened her. She still held the door closed. "They need not come in if you don't wish it," she said. "I'll keep them out; shall I? Shall I, father?"

She spoke insistently, for he did not seem to hear. He had opened a small drawer in his writing-table and seemed to be feeling for something within, but

feeling stealthily—as if he did not wish her to see.

The atmosphere of secrecy became suddenly intolerable to Jeannette. She made a movement to advance, but in a moment her father spoke, checking her.

"No, no, Jeannette! Stay by the door! Keep those men out! Keep them out, I say! Make any excuse you like! But keep them out—just for a few seconds!"

In a moment, with lightning promptness, she turned. The men were actually upon the threshold. She opened the door and met them face to face.

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded Jeannette. "Do you dare to force your way in?"

She stood directly in their way, but the door was pushed from her hold, and swung open behind her, showing the lamp-lit room and the man with his silver hair who stood by the writing-table.

"One second more, Jeannette! Keep them out! I am nearly ready."

She heard her father's voice behind her, strained, entreating, and braced herself anew for his protection.

"Madam," said the martial man, "you are making a mistake. I must explain—"

He broke off, for suddenly another man came swiftly up behind him. For the first time in her life Jeannette greeted Buck with eagerness.

"Oh, Buck! Take these people away!" she cried to him. "My father—"

His look comprehended her and went beyond. She saw horror dawn in his eyes.

"My God!" he said. "Jeannette! What are you doing?"

And in the same instant from behind her there came an appalling sound, crashing through the distant music as thunder crashing from a sunlit sky. It stunned all her senses, and in a moment she was swept aside. Then she tried to turn, tried to spring back into the room, conscious that the two strangers had rushed forward and were between her father and herself, conscious of a dreadful, huddled heap upon the floor, conscious of a horrible, choking smell of gunpowder. But she failed to fulfil the impulse that urged her, for some one held her back. Some one gripped her fast, smothering her face against his coat, and above her head she heard Buck's voice, low and desperate: "Don't look, Jeannette! For God's sake—don't look!"

Then she knew what had happened as certainly as though her eyes had actually beheld it. And she clung to Buck—she clung to Buck—shaking; the last of her strength went from her.

She shut her eyes that they might not look upon that which her brain envisaged with such cruel clearness. Buck lifted her gently and carried her from the place of death.

[Continued in July McCall's]

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3540..30	3625..25	3636..30	3655..45	3792..45	3710..30	3719..45
3556..25	3627..35	3638..45	3656..35	3793..45	3711..35	3721..45
3577..25	3628..35	3639..30	3656..25	3794..45	3712..35	3722..45
3583..45	3629..35	3640..25	3657..25	3795..30	3713..45	3723..45
3592..45	3630..45	3643..45	3658..20	3796..45	3714..25	3724..35
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## The Man-Eater

[Continued from page 67]

walked to the door and gave a peculiar tap not unknown to East or West.

"Open it," said a voice rising above frightened whispers within. "He is all right, whoever has come." A bar fell bumping down, and the door swung inward, with an angry snarl Morgan burst into the pent-house den, followed closely by two of his best troopers. Lamp-light streamed up in their faces from the floor.

"I shouldn't be playing this game," advised Morgan mildly. "If I were you, Faridun, my friend, Salaam."

Two rifles lay beside the lamp. A third rifle hung in air, balanced across the lower pan of a pair of beam scales, which a stocky little rascal upheld with all his might by the ring. Silver rupees clashed off a mound in the higher scale and ran jingling away. A lean, white-bearded man, who had caused them to drop, jumped on foot and stared, holding out both hands, with long scholarly fingers all a-tremble. "You!" said he, and choked. "Adam Khor? You, sahib?" Two other men shrank away, treading barefoot on coins.

"Yes, I am here to correct a mistake," said Morgan. "This fellow"—he nodded at the thief, who still held the beam as if to hide behind it—"has not eaten your bread and salt, father? No. That is good. He has deceived you. He is a *budmash*, an evil-doer, for these toys being weighed are rifles of the Sirkar. I must take them, and take him. That is all."

Faridun the horse-breeder wrung his long hands. "I did not know! I did not know, sahib!" Fear and shame contorted his grin. Guilty, he saw that the captain saw his guilt. It was odious and painful to outface an old man caught so, with bad money shining around his feet.

"That is all," repeated Morgan. "You sold me my mare *Bintu 'l Jabal*, the Echo, the Daughter of the Mountain, my well beloved. A very sweet-going piece of horse-flesh, father. There was no lie in him who sold her."

"*Barak!* My God," shouted the culprit, "you take your thief and his trash. I am an honest man. I hate the sight of him, sahib. Look. The mare is well? Praise the Lord. Come now with me to the stable, and I will trot out and give you her brother, Durang, a beauty, sahib, a babe foaled in the spring. I will give him to you for love."

Morgan laughed. "Next winter I will buy him of you," he replied, and turned to his waiting troopers. "Here; handcuffs. Remove this thief from a good man's roof, which he disgraces. Hallo, outside! A man here to carry three rifles. Father, salaam on your head. Peace to your house again."

[Continued in July McCall's]

## The Ship of Souls

[Continued from page 22]

right arm, he could himself exert a powerful mechanical leverage of the muscles of his body . . . which would release lever number two; and free lever number three. In which case . . .

No one saw Angus Garth, who scorned firearms but trusted traps, in his last proving of his ancient and beloved fur press. No one in the house heard the clang of the uprushing inner end, the thump of the outer end on the ground, just free enough to rest a foot above the ground when a packet was made in the cage.

It was idle now. Its work was done forever, so far as Angus Garth was concerned.

The howl of dogs, premonitory, suddenly rose in the blue night. The body of Angus Garth, held up by the imprisoned head, swung against the side of the baling cage. . . .

[Continued in July McCall's]

## SLEEP YOUR CARES AWAY

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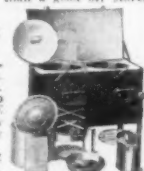
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E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.



## Devil's Dust

[Continued from page 63]

"But you love me," he whispered. "I love you too much," was her simple answer.

Nancy was correct in her estimate of Daphne's reactions. While Hilary was enjoying a legitimate excuse to go to the devil all over again, Daphne was divided between a pitiful attempt at dignity in discussing the West Indies cruise with Nancy and a childish animosity at Nancy's having dared to turn away from a worldly marriage. Inside of a fortnight Nancy was being made aware of the many people without the circle she had been taught to accept for so long. Tongues had a way of wagging and eyes of staring and people insisted on asking questions.

When Hilary had rushed to New York for a revel such as only a Hilary could plan, Madge a week later selected a few pieces of furniture, which had been her own as a girl, and, in company with the Cabots, who sailed shortly, returned to her Park Avenue apartment, New York, which meant for Madge the interesting studio of Victor Strozzi and his coterie of art students, was furnishing more delights and surprises than she had encountered in all her previous forty years.

"It was too bad," she murmured to the Cabots, "that Victor did Nancy's portrait. You were right. Now, it will mean nothing."

"Only a gold medal," Peter corrected. "Already, I hear whispers that such a medal is headed towards Victor's handsome blue serge shoulders."

Daphne gave Nancy to understand she must not expect any further benefits, she had dictated "terms" so to speak, which Nancy was to think over and decide on while they were on the cruise. It was Leslie Cabot who came forward shyly to offer friendship. This was tangible proof that Leslie again looked upon Hilary as the unsuspected hero of her precise, maidenly heart. At least, Leslie could dream her strange, sweet dreams with Hilary as the hero and not be tortured by the conscience-ridden thought of his being another woman's promised husband. That he was the hero of a dozen light loves at once, Leslie could not have comprehended. She felt Nancy unwittingly, had given back her dream-prince.

"And when you come back?" Nancy asked Peter rebelliously, tears making her eyes seem gray, "what then? It is so easy for you to say, 'stay' and 'go' and all that. But I am not that sort of pawn. I'm as dangerous and original in my way as Daphne is uncertain and untrue. If I stay here, meekly, quietly—what then?"

"Ah, you don't know—you don't dare think," she burst out a moment later, "you can't answer any more than I can answer. It is something no one can reply to unless they lie."

"Wait until spring before you say that," he begged. "Stay until then, won't you?"

She was thinking out loud. "I love you although I know it is worse than wrong—it is useless. Our sort of love never ends as our sort of hearts long to have it. It gets cold or crushed in the process! I warn you. Unless both are as brave as they are loyal—do you hear that? Unless both are as brave as—but I won't say it again. I want to be fair to her. I am fair, do you understand? Help her, Peter, forget me, write your play and live your own life... no, I don't mean that... love me, me, me." She threw herself into his arms, drawing down his head until their lips met in a long, confusing kiss.

In February, Daphne and Peter were in Jamaica, Daphne sending laconic postcards and Peter reckless love letters that rested warm and safe on Nancy's bosom for a day and then were sentenced to turn into ashes.

Only once did Nancy send Peter a letter, and then it was to tell him that Barney had called upon her, not to renew his offer of marriage but to ask her to take her former job at the mills—and she had accepted. Barney had

not returned to his dogged courtship because he had fallen in love with Gemma Strozzi, Victor's sister. Barney's love-making progressed swiftly; the wedding took place on St. Patrick's day.

A week after the amazing little marriage, the Cabots returned. Hidden House took on a hectic, occupied air. Nancy waited until Daphne had unpacked her trunks—and her mind—and Peter held her briefly in his arms, whispering: "She is just the same—but I am near you again! I can work and plan and help her—just because of it. I've been worse than helpless without you. I've had malaria of the soul trying to forget how much I love you—and long to escape my duty."

But the following week Nancy returned to the mill office.

Having all her life consistently avoided analytical, directed thinking, Daphne was a ready convert to the fad of spiritualistic investigation which swept over Brighton that spring. The presence of a good-looking, bronze-skinned Hindu, wearing his snowy turban with a regal air, gave Daphne a genuine thrill—and the Hindu secured the wherewithal to buy listed bonds without psychic guidance. Resting among yellow satin cushions, clouds of incense scattering about her, Daphne learned of her aura, her guides, her wonderful, undeveloped clairvoyant abilities, her last few reincarnations (nothing lower than the rank of princess) and began to do automatic writing and have visions.

In less than a fortnight after their return, Peter had settled to work on finishing the play and Nancy had consented to come out to Hidden House for week-ends to help with practical details concerning the garden. Daphne's mind being both lulled and stimulated by her yogi, she was, for the time, rather amiable as to whatever went on about her. The yogi told her that hers was the soul of an Egyptian princess, therefore she must develop her neglected powers; only she must not be hampered by material restrictions, conventional limitations. Like a child, absorbed with a new toy, she surrounded herself with books of occultism, clairvoyants, ouija boards, whatnot. This happy outcome left Peter the leisure to work unquestioned—and be near Nancy.

[Continued in July McCall's]

## Having the Courage of Your Convictions

[Continued from page 74]

what you said when you demanded pictures free from indecencies, free from hokum, true to life and location, filled with real things of distinctive beauty. They thought this to the extent of giving their time, spending thousands of dollars of hard-earned money (because it is always an idealist who will back his convictions with his money), and you failed, not one but many men and women who worked hard to give you exactly what you demanded. The thing upon which they would live and thrive and give to the public exactly what you have been saying you want is merely the courage of your convictions. Saying a thing to yourself, in your own family, does no good; you must say it to the men who are exhibiting pictures. It is they who constitute the final court. Producers will be highly gratified to make you the kind of pictures you want whenever you will line up in the streets and give the same kind of financial reception to a clean, educational picture that is at the present minute given to a daring, hokum-filled, licentious one. Whenever the public takes a firm stand and solidly unites on any one thing, it is going to have it. What is lacking at the present minute in music, in art, in literature, in our schools, in our churches, in our moving pictures, in our civic government, is merely the courage of our convictions.



## Honeymoons last longer when hair keeps its charm



**W**HY do honeymoons wane? Carelessness is usually the answer—carelessness about one's disposition, and carelessness about one's looks.

And care of appearance is not the job of the woman alone. *He* must also use care—to keep himself from getting bald, for one thing!

No—nothing will cure baldness. But proper care will probably prevent it. Even if he already has dandruff, Wildroot Hair Tonic can eliminate it—if he acts now.

Naturally, he does not know as much about the care of the hair as you do. *You* realize what most American girls know—that Wildroot Hair Tonic will keep the scalp healthy, and will also lend a lustrous lure to the hair itself.

You who have studied how to make yourself attractive—you realize that your chance to deserve a continuous honeymoon depends upon the attractiveness of your hair, as well as your teeth and your face.

You probably have a bottle of Wildroot Hair Tonic. Bring it out and keep it right alongside of the tooth paste. The care of the hair is almost as important as the care of the teeth. Use Wildroot regularly, and see that *he* does likewise. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

# WILDROOT HAIR TONIC

## The Man With the Black Patch

[Continued from page 64]

manner; in appearance more of an old school diplomat than a Bolshevik emissary. The externals of his twenty odd male guests and the scene in general in the richly decorated lofty room were no different than might have been expected in the house of any New York millionaire who had laid himself out to give his men friends a real good night. The center of the room was clear, highly polished floor, and a whirling light had been fixed up in a gallery at one end to throw colors on the dancers. Around the walls were many small supper tables, gleaming with fine glass and rich plate; and footmen and waiters were busy attending to the assembly.

Four or five girls, presumably performers, were talking and laughing at the tables. The air was faintly blue with cigar and cigarette smoke. And the atmosphere generally was that of an expensive Bohemian crowd who had been having an exceedingly good time and intended to improve on it as the night grew older. Dancing Even and his partner had champagne and a cordial reception at their host's table.

Gladise laughingly protested against unmasking and told them that they must wait until later in the evening after their famous masked dance had been given. She was carrying off the situation with extraordinary composure. Dancing Even was his normal gay self, bandying conversation, joining in bursts of laughter and acquitting himself generally with the ease of an accomplished fool.

During the hilarious supper Ronoff was very attentive to Gladise. Easily the most attractive figure in the room, she did not seem at all averse to his attentions. In fact, Ronoff had adequate cause for thinking he had made a very useful impression on her. The more shrewd and successful a man is in his daily business, and the bolder his head, the more readily does he "fall" for a tactful young woman if she is pretty and unconventional enough.

**E**VEN sat with one of Ronoff's friends, sipping wine, smoking a cigarette, and talking, with much private amusement, of his supposed dancing tour in Europe. But violet fragrance lingered in his nostrils. His one eye was busy with the human factors in the sybarite scene, and whilst the dancers were clapping for an encore he observed Gladise and Ronoff disappear through a door at the far side of the room. The sight annoyed him. One cannot hold an attractive woman night after night in the intimate embrace of the dance, in complete coordinated surrender to the joy and passion of music, without developing a jealous sense of possession. It was a quarter of an hour before they reappeared, laughing and talking with apparent interest in each other.

Later on Ronoff rose to his feet, hammered the table for silence, and announced that Mr. and Mrs. Starr-Russell would now give one of their famous dances. From beneath the gallery an orchestra struck up, the lights went down, and Dancing Even and his partner stepped into a shaft of color which followed them to the middle of the gleaming floor. He took the slight golden figure in his arms; they glided gently and slowly into the first movement. The perfect grace of the woman was undeniable, the smooth lithe mastery of the man obvious. She in her clinging swaying fringe of gold, he in his slim perfectly cut black and white; together a poem of sight, music and motion. Slowly, rapidly and slowly, again, down the floor, across the floor, they moved in beams of changing hue, their movements so exquisitely in tune and time with each other and the music that they might have been one single ethereal form, an incarnation of human grace moved by invisible strings attached to the wailing notes of the two violins that were sobbing out the heart of the refrain. In the middle of it Even found opportunity to whisper an enquiry as to how things were going.

"I think," she said, "I shall get what I am after. If I am out of the room for some time, don't come and look for me or do anything stupid. Don't go out of the room yourself, but just be handy in case I want you."

At two o'clock Dancing Even looked at his watch and discovered that his partner had been invisible just over half an hour. He began to wander casually around the room in the direction of the door through which the two had disappeared and had nearly reached it when, without warning, all the lights went out. Two or three women screamed in mock alarm, a few men cheered, and some bottles and glasses crashed. The door opened swiftly; there was a faint smell of violets and Even's fingers closed on a woman's wrist. She made a frantic effort to release herself until he spoke. "Gladise."

"Oh, it's you. Quick! Keep anybody from going in here for ten minutes and then get away yourself. D'you get that?" Without waiting for his reply she was gone from his grasp.

For a minute Dancing Even stood inactive. Then he fumbled for a key, found it, locked the door and passed through.

A high moonlit window disclosed a carpeted corridor with several doors leading off from it. Dancing Even listened for a minute. A slight sound as of someone stumbling over furniture came to his ears. He listened and moved across to a door on the right. It was locked and the key was on the outside. Quickly he turned the key and pushed open the door. A man cursed; there was a heavy click and the lights flashed on, disclosing the dishevelled figure of Ronoff leaning against the wall with his hand on the big ebony lever of a main switch. He was acting as though he had just awakened from a heavy drunken slumber and was trying to reassemble his

thoughts. Even closed the door and glanced swiftly round the room. It was luxuriously furnished, half library, half office. The open front of a big wall safe caught his eye, and then a big polished table in the center of the room, upon which were scattered some black cases, the open lids lined with white satin. A narrow sausage-shaped object on the floor attracted his attention. He stooped and picked it up. It was a piece of lead piping sheathed in rubber—the weapon of a burglar. Ronoff moved suddenly towards a wall bell. A couple of swift strides, and Dancing Even had intercepted him.

The Russian staggered forward and stood leaning heavily over the table and the open jewel cases, endeavoring to collect his wits. "Half a million," he said thickly. He put his hand to his head. "My head, it aches. The police—the jewels—" And he slipped across the table. The drink he had consumed, combined with the blow he had received apparently from the neat weapon now in Even's hand, relapsed him into unconsciousness.

Even lifted him up, replaced him in the chair and left the room, locking the door behind him. He returned to the dance floor from which he had been absent only a few minutes, and passed unnoticed through the revellers, who were in the middle of another dance, and got his coat and hat. He had removed his mask and a footman let him out of the main doors. He hailed a passing taxi.

He stopped the taxi outside the block of palatial flats which contained the Stronge apartments wherein he had spent so much of the past three days. When he got to Stronge's door on the second floor he pressed the electric bell three times, two short and one long ring; and stood with his hand on the knob. In half a minute or so it yielded and he entered the panelled hall. He opened the door on the left swiftly and closed it behind him. In the big salon, wearing large motor coats, stood Gladise and her father. On the floor lay a small travelling case. The girl's eyes were sparkling and her face in its setting of furs was innocently beautiful.

"Goin' away for the week-end?" he asked lightly.

"Any fuss?" queried Stronge, calmly, after a few seconds' silence.

"Not at all," answered Dancing Even, pleasantly, helping himself to a cigarette. "Surprisingly quiet show, as a matter of fact."

"I told you it would be a harmless business," commented Stronge, calmly. He drew an envelope from his pocket. "There's a cheque for a thousand dollars in that. If it's not enough, say so. I guess I know how to signify appreciation."

Dancing Even took it and casually slipped it into his pocket. "A swish dancin' fee," he remarked gaily. "I'm now a real professional—what's the masculine of dance?" He danced a couple of steps.

Gladise's mouth assumed its scornful curve. "You're not masculine," she criticized—"you're feminine."

"Oh! I'm a tiger at needlework, dearest heart, when in trainin'," he exclaimed cheerfully. "But," he continued in the same tone, "talkin' of indoor sports, how d'you manage to sandbag old Ronny so neatly?"

Stronge looked at Dancing Even enquiringly, his attitude stiffening slightly. "I understood you to say that there was no disturbance," he snapped curtly. "What happened exactly?"

Dancing Even laughed. "I'm no bloodhound in the matter of scents, but, judgin' by appearances I should say that what happened is in that bag there. You pulled my leg and pinched Ronny's jewels and called it savin' America."

**G**LADISE laughed; but there was a hint of anxiety in her eyes as she looked to her father. "Captain Even!" said Stronge, with ominous suavity, "are you foolish enough to imagine for one instant that I am likely to permit your interference at this stage of the proceedings?"

"It occurred to me that you might have some objections," concurred Dancing Even. "That's why I have you covered through a perfectly good trouser pocket with a perfectly good pistol."

"It's a good argument," announced Stronge, with quiet and deadly politeness, "but somewhat neutralized by the fact that I also have a bead on you through my pocket."

Dancing Even smiled, but his blue eye flickered coldly. "We're all ready for an original little duel, then," he observed, "referee and all. Quite amusing, but I do hate spoilin' a pair of well cut trousers."

Stronge eyed him for a few seconds, and then suddenly relaxed his attitude and removed his hand from his coat pocket. "Captain Even," he remarked quietly, "I'm inclined to think that both my daughter and I have underestimated you."

A deep breath escaped the girl's parted lips, and she seated herself upon the upholstered fender, staring with gleaming eyes from her father to Dancing Even.

"Listen," said Stronge, lighting a cigarette: "I guess you've been in New York long enough to know that Silas J. Stronge is not likely to engage himself and his daughter in burglary."

"I've gathered," agreed Dancing Even, "that S. J. Stronge is a big noise in the hamlet. As for Miss Gladise," he added admiringly, "she gets me completely, bein' a timid sort of cove. Gettin' old Ronny to show his tiasas and then knockin' him on the head. Some nerve!"

"Good!" assented Stronge. "Now let me do a bit of talking and see if I can't shake that gun-play out of your head. Your deduction that my daughter relieved Ronoff of jewels is correct. But your interpretation of the motive is wrong. To gain possession of the Russian Crown jewels, Ronoff and his friends committed unspeakable outrages. The law won't step in, for international reasons. I have stepped in. I'm a live man as well as a patriot. In that bag lies the hire of anarchy in the United States. I've got power, and I have used it, and shall use it to tread out a nest of Bolsheviks. Now, Captain Even, what about it?"

"My constitution," Even drawled, "is not equal to these problems. But, as a matter of curiosity, into what particular bit of your jolly old estate do you propose to put the proceeds?"

**G**LADISE rose and took a letter from the desk. Her father nodded. She handed it to Dancing Even. It was addressed to a well-known anti-communist organization. Dancing Even ran his thumb along the flap and drew out a green slip of paper. It was a cheque for two million dollars signed Silas J. Stronge. Slowly he replaced it in its envelope, and smiled from father to daughter. "That's generous and patriotic," he announced. "Mr. Stronge, I'd like to shake your hand."

The older man rose from the settee and put out his hand. "I knew you'd get the point," Gladise moved back a pace, her face expressing various emotions. Dancing Even, smiling gaily, seized the outstretched hand, and before Gladise could realize what was happening, her father was a breathless heap upon the floor; and Dancing Even had extracted the pistol from the pocket of the fallen man.

"A little trick I picked up in Pekin," remarked Dancing Even, conversationally. "Sorry to be so unsportin', but that pistol of yours rather bothered me. I don't possess one of my own. They bag one's pockets so."

The girl stared at him for a few seconds then, without a word, she rose and assisted her father to the settee. She stood for a moment in hesitation, and finally seated herself beside him, facing the debonaire figure of Dancing Even.

"Captain Even!" exclaimed Gladise, her coolness regained. "I'm reverting to my original opinion of you—I don't know whether you are mostly fool or knave."

"Dearest and most marvellous person, after all we have been through together!" he cried—"I am merely going to see that your father's cheque is honored—with these." He carelessly kicked the bag containing the gems.

"Honored! What do you mean—honored?" demanded Stronge. "Isn't the signature of Silas J. Stronge good enough? You'll pay for this outrage."

Even laughed. "Toppin'!" he remarked admiringly. "Perfectly priceless. I know I'm a bit of an ass and all that; but, you see, the signature on that cheque ain't Silas J. Stronge's. It's 'The Doctor's'!"

The man and the girl made a simultaneous effort to rise, but Dancing Even's single eye in its weary setting forbade a move. "Well!" said Gladise, defiantly, yet curiously—"and who do you imagine 'The Doctor' to be?"

"The Doctor, dear partner," Even announced cheerfully, "as you know, is your father, the biggest crook on this side of the Atlantic. Is that right, Doctor?"

There was a pregnant pause before the old man took up the conversation. "Who," he demanded calmly, "has told you such a preposterous yarn?"

Dancing Even seated himself on the edge of the table. "About the time I met your pal Charles in little old London," he explained. "I happened to call on an old chief of mine at Scotland Yard. He showed me some pictures of the big fish in his particular stream. One of them was a feller in New York who was such a jolly fine cove at his job that the funny old machine they call the law couldn't drag him onto the fly-paper. I remembered your face, and that started me guessin'."

"What's your price?" snapped the "Doctor." "You've got the whip hand at the moment."

"You've paid my fee, my dear Doctor—a thousand dollars, which shall contribute to the comfort of a little old lady in England. The rest of the plunder will go to that most excellent organization upon whom you intended to bestow your dud cheque." Even dropped his left hand and picked up the bag. "Now I really must go. Miss Gladise," he announced, "it's reversing the politesse, but would you kindly open the door for me."

Standing in the open doorway, gay, irresponsible, dominating, he allowed his tired blue eye to rest for a second on the girl, her big gray eyes now bereft of expression. "Dearest Thing," he said slowly, but clearly—"I haven't the honor of knowin' your real name—but you dance infinitely better than the real Miss Stronge, whom I met with her father, in Cairo, months ago."

"Who the devil are you?" the "Doctor" demanded suddenly.

"Of course! we must introduce ourselves, mustn't we? Dancin' Even, jazz merchant, let me make you acquainted with the Doctor, Prince of Crooks, and his daughter, Princess of—what's the feminine of crooks?—crookettes?"

"Whoever you are, and whoever I am," snapped the "Doctor" after a second's pause—"what I said stands: you'll pay!"

Still that one blue eye lingered, gleaming on the girl with her eyes of gray. Suddenly he bent and kissed her parted lips. "I'll pay by instalments," he said gaily. "That's the first."

The door closed swiftly upon him, and the click of a turned key cut the silence of the room.



"I FELT 'fagged' in the morning when I went to the office. At luncheon I ate my food with a growing resentment at the necessity of eating. At dinner I merely nibbled at morsels of food. I was nervous and irritable. Then I began eating yeast—Fleischmann's—and noticed my appetite returning. My face lost its sallowness, and the pimples on my skin disappeared; my grouch went the way of the eruptions."

(Extract from a letter of Mr. A. F. Lockhart, of St. Louis, Mo.)



"Five years ago as an office worker in Milwaukee, I could answer to the description of the 'run-down, nervous, suffering woman' in the patent medicine ads. My sallowness was my greatest worry and I was always troubled with constipation. I had taken medicine for four years, but the doctor said that drugs could not effect a permanent cure. Two years ago I learned from the girls in the office to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. Today I am frequently complimented on my fresh complexion and am told I don't look more than twenty-two. I hold the championship record for swimming and tennis in our club. I still have one incurable habit—half a cake of Fleischmann's Yeast daily with a glass of milk."

(Extract from a letter of Mrs. Ella Fitzgerald of Ypsilanti, Michigan)

"We restaurant eaters must force greasy, quickly fried food into our stomach in a hurry. No wonder it gets sluggish and refuses to perform its duties. And our next move is 'take one of these pills each night!' Even the best stomach cannot stand such treatment. It must soon stop functioning and instead of taking nourishment and health out of our food, it becomes semi-active and just passes it on."

"On the advice of a friend I ate my first yeast cake. Now I feel like the man who puts coal on a fire. He gets heat units, while today I'm enjoying health and vigor units, and am glad to be out of the 'glass of water and pill' class."

(Mr. Thomas Leyden, of Elizabeth, N. J.)



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These remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

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food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active. Health is yours once more.

"I WENT fishing up North about 250 miles from Vancouver in the Spring of 1920, and had an attack of boils in a very bad form which lasted for one year and five months—from 7 to 10 at a time. I tried all kinds of remedies. A fisherman friend made me a bet that Fleischmann's Yeast would cure the boils if I took 3 cakes a day. He said he would buy the yeast cakes. In 10 days my boils began to dry up, in 4 weeks only the marks were left and no new boils coming. I lost the bet and paid for the cakes, but I have not been troubled with boils since."

(Extract from a letter of Mr. John Faulkner, of Nanaimo, B. C.)



"I AM 62 years of age, and looked like 80—a fitter subject for the Old People's Home than an active, outside insurance solicitor. Constipation had been the bane of my life. My feet could hardly carry me along, and my conversational powers were exhausted during business hours. About 12 months ago I was recommended as a last resort to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I can hardly believe it, neither can my associates—that I am the same man of a year ago. 'You look and act like a man of forty,' say my friends today."

(A letter from Mr. Russell Carolan of St. Louis, Mo.)

"A PHYSICAL wreck—I was irritable, nervous, debilitated. I tried the rest cure, the milk diet, and nearly every curative treatment known to science, but to no avail. I was simply depleted of nervous energy. When I heard of Fleischmann's Yeast I was skeptical of the wonderful results attributed to it. In a week's time, after using the yeast, my digestion became better, my complexion brighter, and I slowly regained lost vitality. Is it any wonder that I am a convert to the curative qualities of Fleischmann's Yeast?"

(Extract from a letter of Mr. Clair C. Cook, of Los Angeles, California)

### Dissolve one cake in a glass of water (just hot enough to drink)

—before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation.

Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Fleischmann's Yeast comes only in the tinfoil package

—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. All grocers have it. Start eating it today! A few days' supply will keep fresh in your ice box as well as in the grocer's.

Write us for further information or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. F-5, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.





## Mrs. Wilcox's Answers to Women



**A** SCIENTIST can take a few bones and decide whether they belonged to a man or a monkey. Give him a mixture and he will not assemble them wrongly, but will construct the man and the ape.

Facts of character may be put together in the same way. Given a jumble of essential facts about a brutal murderer and a philosopher and one does not have to be a wise man in order to classify them correctly.

It has long been humanity's habit to think of itself as complex and mysterious. Lately we have discovered that the essentials of living are very few and the essentials of character very simple. There's right and there's wrong, and most of us know them apart.

In each of the half-dozen letters offered today are a few bones of some romance. Few can read these novels-in-little without immediately forming an opinion of some kind. YOUR conclusion, your ideas, criticisms, suggestions, your solution of one or all of these problems is requested.

**Dear Winona Wilcox:**  
I have been reading McCall's last page with great benefit. The other woman's problem and her solution turn the spot light on this business of living. At twenty-four I have acquired, by using my brains while working at a plain office job, real estate worth \$12,000.

And I have had two husbands, neither of them worth a hoot as a provider. My second husband, with whom I live, earns enough to clothe himself immaculately and to run an expensive car.

I take care of myself and my child. Dissatisfied? Not exactly. Each man has been my pal, chum and lover. "Other women" stuff completely out of sight.

But if I wanted all my "rights" as a wife, rights of support, I'd soon lose my companion.

All quite modern, isn't it? But sometimes I wonder if I wouldn't like the old way better. I'm tired of being self-reliant and capable. I envy the wife who doesn't work for wages. What will the years bring to all of us self-supporting wives?—R. D. H.

Surely this is a heart-of-woman problem peculiar to the time. Answers and opinions for publication are requested.

### PROBLEMS OF MANAGEMENT

**Dear Winona Wilcox:**

Only the wife of a grouchy man can realize the torture of enduring his sullenness. After days of weeping over my man's moods, it dawned on me that silence would work two ways.

When he came home one night, I kept quiet. The stillness was stifling, but I managed to preserve it.

Second evening, the same program; I thought I would scream.

Third evening, he asked if I were sick.

Fourth evening, neighbors came in and got our baby to do a new stunt. Father was delighted. "Why didn't you tell me?" he asked. I smiled sweetly in reply.

Fifth evening, he began to tell the office news. I responded with home interests, item for item. He registered pleasure—then more doldrums.

But I kept to my plan and gradually he developed into a fluent talker. We've been married many years, he gets sulky occasionally, but I can recommend my system. Invariably one evening of it cures.—M. W.

Many wives have complained that moroseness is incurable. Who has succeeded with the above or a different treatment?

**Dear Winona Wilcox:**

We had put up a good fight together for thirty-five years. Then an uneducated widow of thirty took him by flattery—a sweet morsel to an old man.

He became a monster at home. I complained. He told me I had been a good wife, but never had quite filled his heart. The younger woman was "a good sport." I was too intellectual! She thought he had money. I told him to go to her with the truth. If she would marry a poor man, I'd consider divorce.

Then I fled from the daily horror of it. At the end of my ordeal, I took the story to my daughters. They said at once:

"Father is losing his mind! You must go back to him! Don't let the world know about his folly!"

I went back. As I had surmised, the widow had turned him down flat when she learned he had no money.

He was woefully changed. Repentant? No! Smug and egotistical. He had slumped in character in the black years he had loved the good little sport. With her, he had taken to the cheapest fiction, stuff he once despised. He tried to play around with the high school crowd. The flappers jeered at him. It was horrible.

At home he is silent and ugly. He had been the soul of honor, now he cares nothing for right or wrong.

All this I endure because my children have asked me to. But do you not agree that from a modern viewpoint it is a mistake?—C.

Character always toboggans down the hypotenuse of a sex-triangle. What is an old wife's duty to a man whose affinity chase ends in a moral slump?

### SELF-DECEPTION OR UNDERSTANDING?

**Dear Winona Wilcox:**

Help me out of a nerve-racking dilemma. I am in love with my employer, a married man of forty.

He loves me, he has told me so. He is a gentleman, he does not annoy me, but when I catch his eye, what suffering, what love! He never speaks to me of his wife, but often of his little girls.

He is so noble that no one ever would dare accuse him of making love to his secretary. I can't help adoring him.



**THIS page is open to your personal opinions and inquiries. Your ideas are welcomed on every problem that perplexes womanhood. Questions will be answered by personal letter when stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.**

**Write to Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.**

but I have kept from betraying myself, until concealment is impossible. For this reason: He is on vacation. I handle his mail. Inadvertently, I opened a personal note. It was addressed to him as "Belovedest" and signed "Yours forever."

I cannot guess who she is. I hate her, but cannot hate him. I'm sure he hasn't lied to me about his love for me. But then—that note! Never tell me to leave him. It is impossible.—B. T. P.

The girl deceives herself about the "nobility" of the man. Who will try to straighten out her mental tangles for her?

**Dear Winona Wilcox:**

I had known him always. Because our parents expected it, I became engaged to him. I had dreamed of a wonderful thrill in my lover's arms. I experienced none. I decided I did not love him and returned his ring.

He went away. Then I realized that love is not always an intense thrill. This I wrote him. He replied that he thought all had happened for the best. He had met a new girl whom he might marry.

Is it possible that the love he felt for me for years can be swept away by a girl whom he has known only a few months?—A. D. A.

A simple story opening the door to many lines of discussion: Can true love veer so fast? How may a girl know true love? Let some one tell this girl.

**Dear Winona Wilcox:**

Just before my child was born, my husband shattered all my ideals. I knew he was on the road to ruin, but he was worth saving. I took a position. I gave him what freedom he desired. I never intruded in his affairs.

One day I saw him embracing a girl. Somehow, I managed to laugh. That reformed him. My composure made him fear he was losing me and he became the most devoted of husbands.

Not for years could I forget how he had tortured my soul, but I held my tongue. And now his folly doesn't matter any more. Self-control in every emotional crisis is the secret of a wife's success.—T. E. J.

This girl did not win by yielding. There's nothing harder for a woman to do, and nothing wiser. Who else has won in the same way?



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vacation.  
personal  
test" and



## "You need not dread your baby's second summer, if the diet is correct"—say baby specialists

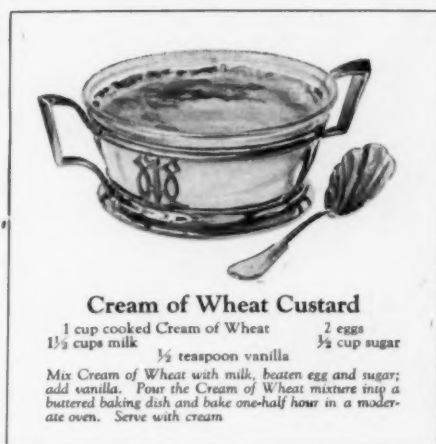
ALONG with the pleasure which a baby brings, there is a natural undercurrent of anxiety. Especially is this true of the second summer.

For teething time comes in the second year and then babies seem specially susceptible to hot weather ailments.

Yet baby specialists tell us that second summer upsets are largely caused by an unwise diet.

Solid food is a new experience to unaccustomed little stomachs and must be chosen wisely. It must also be prepared with scrupulous care, to guard against the slightest taint which comes so quickly in hot weather.

Two things are necessary in the first solid food a baby takes. It must contribute certain essentials for growth and health and must be in such simple, easily digested form that it will not impose the slightest burden on digestion.



**Cream of Wheat Custard**

1 cup cooked Cream of Wheat 2 eggs  
1½ cups milk ½ cup sugar  
½ teaspoon vanilla

Mix Cream of Wheat with milk, beaten egg and sugar; add vanilla. Pour the Cream of Wheat mixture into a buttered baking dish and bake one-half hour in a moderate oven. Serve with cream.

### Baby specialists use Cream of Wheat

Because Cream of Wheat so perfectly answers these needs, baby authorities everywhere advise its regular use as a cereal from the tenth month on.

The most vital essential a baby needs is energy. For who uses more? When you consider that a baby starts at zero, to develop the best possible body and mind, his task is more

tremendous than that of any grown-up. It calls for boundless energy.

Cream of Wheat answers this need richly. For it is made of the heart of the best hard wheat, that part richest in energy elements which scientists call carbohydrates.

Coupled with this high energy content, is another ideal quality—its easy, quick digestibility! In fact, digestion of Cream of Wheat begins in the mouth; and is finished so easily that all of its energy is quickly ready for use.

It is this combination of energy value and easy digestibility, not so often found in foods, that makes Cream of Wheat a food which safely contributes the essentials a baby must have in the second year; which places it first on the diet lists of so many baby specialists.

The need for energy is universal. In Cream of Wheat grown-ups too, will find a rich and ready supply. And you can serve it in so many delightful ways other than as a cereal—in tempting desserts, breads, vegetable and meat dishes

Recipes for these new dishes are collected in a booklet which we will gladly send you. We also have, for mothers, a new booklet of information on feeding babies and children. Both are free; check coupon below.

# Cream of Wheat

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota  
In Canada, made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg

Cream of Wheat Company, Dept. 6-B  
Minneapolis, Minnesota

- ☐ Please send me, free, your recipe booklet, "Thirty Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat."
- ☐ Please send me, free, your booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children."
- ☐ Please send me sample box of Cream of Wheat for which I enclose 5c to cover postage.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

# COLGATE'S

## RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



**"Oh! What Wonderful Teeth!"**

The joyful strains from Mendelssohn—and the happy pair turned to accept well wishes from their friends. And one enraptured guest, as the radiant bride smiled in acknowledgment, was heard distinctly to exclaim—"Oh! What wonderful teeth!"\*

Wonderful teeth are not a matter

of good luck, but of good care. Good-looking people all over the world use Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. It cleans teeth the right way—"washes" and polishes—does not scratch or scour.

It is a safe, common sense dentifrice that preserves your tooth enamel.

Large tube 25c  
at your favorite store

COLGATE & CO. Established 1806

\*An actual incident at  
a recent society wedding

THE GUNDO-HENNEBERRY CO., CHICAGO